P. J. O'Rourke Says *Hasta Luego* to Danny Ortega

U.S. $2.75
CANADA $3.25

# THE AMERICAN SPECTATOR®

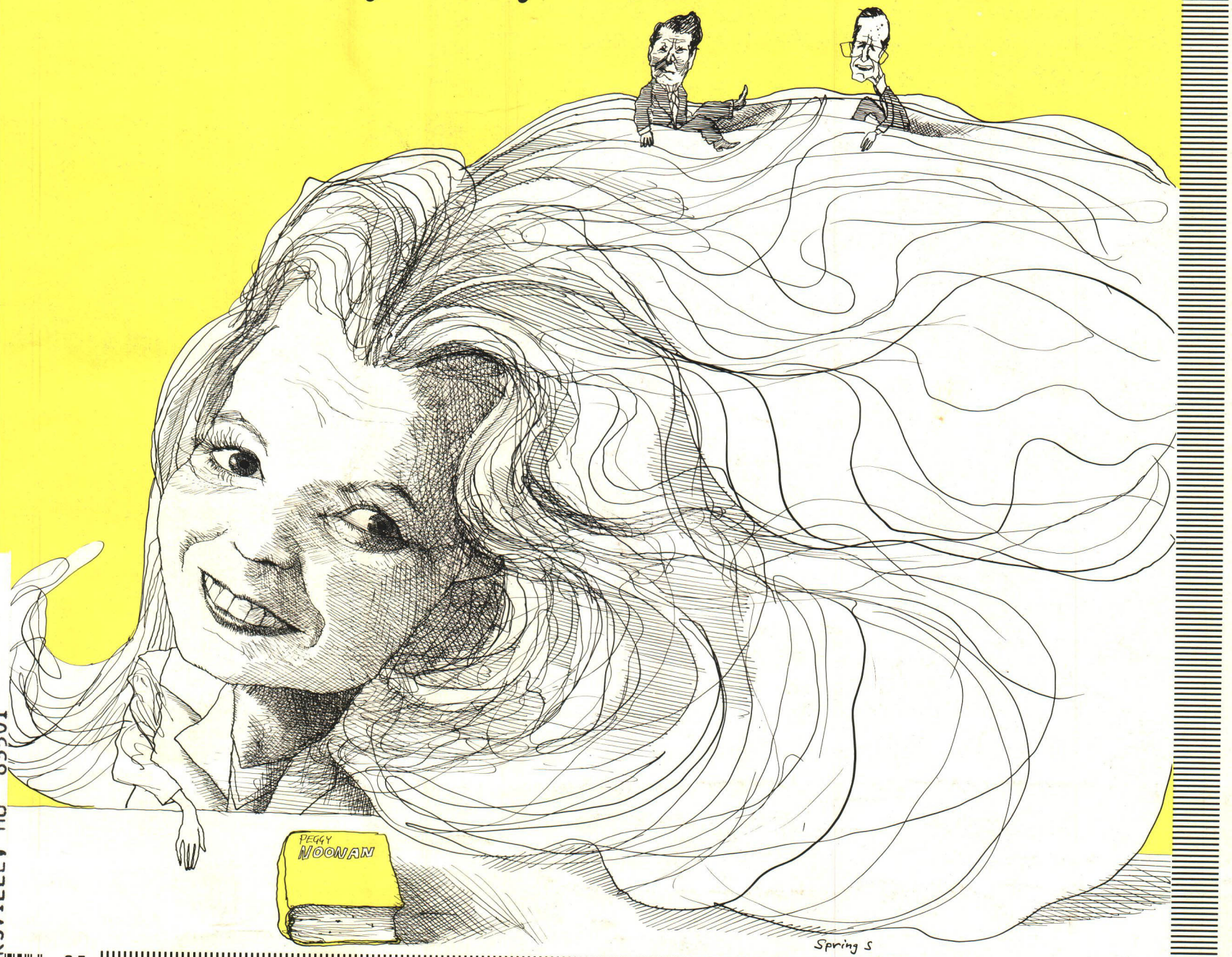
IBRARY
APR 19 1990
DISCARDED
NE MISSOURI STATE UNIVERSITY
KIRKSVILLE, MO

MAY 1990 A MONTHLY REVIEW EDITED BY R. EMMETT TYRRELL, JR.

*California's Worst Mayor* • *Colorado's Best Pubs*

## Peggy Noonan's Turn

by Mary Eberstadt




61********** 3-DIGIT 635
8404005566 AP D DEC90
PICKLER MEMORIAL LIBRARY
NE MISSOURI STATE UNIV KI
KIRKSVILLE, MO 63501
0 73361 64590 6 05
LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

# The Most Anger-Provoking Book In America

## Reveals How The News Media Have Been Deceiving The American People

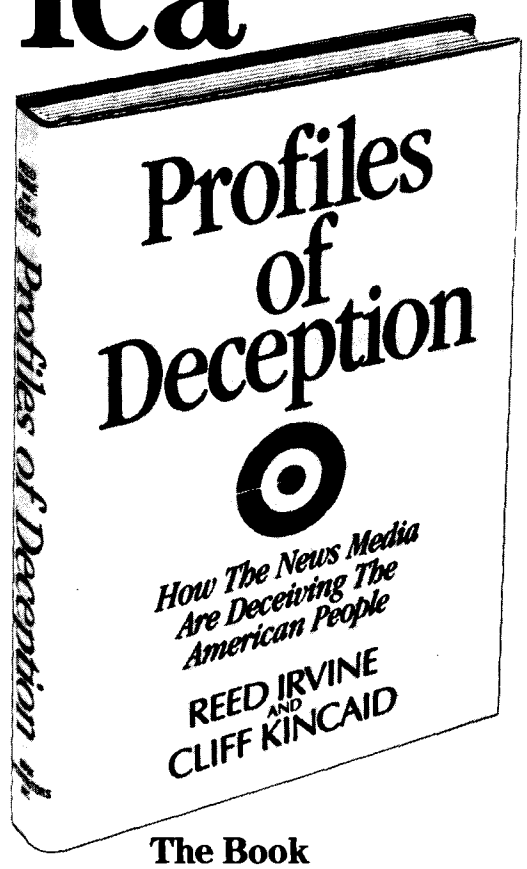
From Washington, D.C. comes the most fascinating, informative and anger-provoking book you've ever read...a book which shows you with incontrovertible facts how reporters, behind-the-scenes writers, editors AND many of the most famous news personalities on TV and in the press have been putting out one-sided, deceptive news in order to manipulate public opinion...*and get you to agree with them on the most important issues facing America.*

### Shocking, but true

A TV program on "Hunger In America" showed a baby dying of "starvation." But it was actually a 2½ pound premature baby.

TV and newspaper reports said Vice President Quayle was "hissed and booed" by cadets at the U.S. Military Academy. But it never happened. The story was made up.

You and every American need to know the facts in *Profiles of Deception.*


Profiles of Deception
How The News Media Are Deceiving The American People
REED IRVINE AND CLIFF KINCAID
Profiles of Deception

### The Danger Of Misleading The Public

This eye-opening, documented book is the product of the highly acclaimed news media "watch dog" *Accuracy In Media* headed by Reed Irvine. 20 years ago Reed Irvine became alarmed with the way news people can literally *shape a nation* by putting out slanted, one-sided, misleading news stories. His work in exposing this dishonest method of manipulating public opinion has been praised by 3 U.S. Presidents.

Now Reed Irvine together with Cliff Kincaid tell you exactly how news people, whose views are far different from those of the average American, have deceived you over and over again about important news events you remember.

### Over 100 "Profiles of Deception"

- The book takes you right into a U.S. House of Representatives subcommittee hearing room where you'll learn the alarming facts about Fidel Castro's long involvement in smuggling cocaine into the United States... and learn why this news never reached most Americans.
- You will learn the facts which prove reporters have been putting out flagrantly misleading news reports from Nicaragua... and have misled all America about a growing danger our country faces.
- You'll discover exactly how Dan Rather set a trap for presidential candidate George Bush on the CBS Evening News...and deceitfully tried to swing the last presidential election.
- You'll learn the real reason South Africa expelled U.S. reporters...and why the views of the vast majority of black South Africans are almost never heard in this country.
- You'll discover how Tom Brokaw and Chris Wallace manipulated the news to damage Judge Robert Bork.
- You'll learn how TV networks conceal from you who's really behind demonstrations you see on your TV screen.
- You'll learn the techniques of how they try to 'get' the President and the Vice President.

And this is just the beginning.

You'll read over 100 "Profiles of Deception" revealing how news people, week after week, have been using the "news" to manipulate public opinion and shape government policies the way THEY want. The book gives you the facts. It names the names.

### What This Means To You

First of all, it means you will have one of the most fascinating reading experiences of your life.

It means you will learn exactly how TV, many newspapers, news magazines...even Hollywood movies and TV entertainment programs...are being used to mislead the American people about the most important events of our time.

### A Challenge

But most important of all, it means that YOU, by telling others what you learn in this shocking book, can help expose and end this dangerous practice which is undermining one of the foundations of our democracy. Send for your copy of *Profiles of Deception* today.

### The Book That Proves They're Right

*"The public is entirely justified in thinking that a lot of American journalism is unfair or inaccurate."*
**Robert MacNeil**

*"The press, the radio and television stand indicted of the crime of failing in their great and growing responsibility to give the American people an honest picture of the news of the day."*
**Barry Goldwater**

### No Risk Offer

Every American who believes in fair, honest, unbiased news reporting simply must read this remarkable book. If you don't agree it is the most fascinating, easy-to-read, "almost impossible to put down" book you've ever read, it won't cost you a penny. But please mail the no-risk coupon today. This advertisement may not be repeated.

### Not In Stores • Mail Coupon

**Book Distributors, Inc., Dept. 27**
155 East Main Street
Smithtown, New York 11787

Please rush me the hard cover volume PROFILES OF DECEPTION for 10 days' no-risk trial. I must agree that I and every American need to know the facts it reveals or you will refund my money including postage and handling immediately.

☐ I enclose $19.95 plus $1.50 for postage and handling.
☐ Charge to my credit card:
☐ Visa ☐ Diner's Club
☐ MasterCard ☐ American Express

Acct. # _____ Exp. Date _____

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

# Get Russian News From The Source.

## Russia's only uncensored newspaper is now available in the U.S.

### *A FREE COPY IS WAITING FOR YOU!*

For the first time ever. *Literaturnaya Gazeta* is being translated into English. You can now get the Russian view on all the exciting events taking place in Russia and Eastern Europe.

*Literaturnaya Gazeta* has been publishing uncensored news and commentary on political and social problems in the Soviet Union since it was founded by Maxim Gorky in 1929. Some in the Soviet Union say *glasnost* never would have come about without the *Gazeta's* continued editorial support for reform. Now with its objective in sight, *Literaturnaya Gazeta* is taking a leading role in analyzing today's events.

*Literary Gazette International* is unlike any American newspaper. By its own definition it is a literary and socio-political journal. Every article is an in depth look at its subject, whether a feature, or a debate on political policy. A recent issue had an article on a convent in a small Ukrainian town, a round table discussion on the dialectics of unity, and an intriguing look at whether Soviets think the U.S. wants to give them financial aid. Another article reveals insights on how Russians view themselves. It says, "We are referred to as a 'superpower', but in many respects we are still a poor developing country." It continues, "Therefore it is our main duty today not only to make an honest assessment of our past and rid ourselves of the vestiges of Stalinism in our domestic policy, but also to separate Stalinism from communism in the eyes of the world." Nowhere else will you find such open, honest talk published by Russians.

We are so confident you'll be fascinated with *Literary Gazette International* from cover to cover, that we would like to send you a copy free of charge. Simply call **1-800-776-0662,** 24 hours a day, 7 days a week, and we'll send you a complimentary issue.

24 hours a day, 7 days a week

# 1-800-776-0662

The Literary Gazette
Литературная Газета
INTERNATIONAL

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

*You deserve a factual look at. . .*

# The "Intifada"

## Is Israel using excessive force to suppress it?

For over two years now, the "intifada," the uprising of the Arab population in the territories administered by Israel, has occupied the attention of print and broadcast media and has therefore been of concern to the public. Much of that concern has centered on the methods used by the Israelis to suppress this uprising. Television especially has left the impression that those methods are too harsh, that the Arabs in the administered territories are subject to human rights abuses on a grand scale and that their civil rights are routinely violated.

### What are the facts?

■ As a result of their brilliant military exploits in the Six Day War, the Israeli Defense Forces (IDF) have gained a reputation of prowess and professionalism. It is therefore difficult to understand why the competent Israeli military have until now been unable to squash this uprising. One inevitably compares it with the "efficiency" of, for instance, the Chinese, who, at a cost of perhaps 4,000 lives, took care of *their* uprising in a single day; by the Syrians, who "settled" their uprising in the City of Hama by killing an estimated 25,000 of their own people and by leveling the city; or with the Iraqis, who dealt with their restive Kurdish minority by summarily poison-gassing entire villages.

■ There is, of course, little question that the IDF could easily have handled the intifada in the same "efficient" manner. Had they done so at the very beginning, it would in all likelihood have been the end of the whole affair. There would not have been years of turmoil, of extensive television coverage, of countless agonizing editorials in the media of the world, and endless denunciation of Israel in international forums. But Israel is a western democracy and is, of course, unable to act in this manner. The reason that the "intifada" has been allowed to drag on for so long is the almost incredible restraint by the IDF and their scrupulous concern about the lives and the properties of the Arab population.

■ The "intifada's" goal is not the creation of an Arab mini-state. This uprising is the latest link in the chain of the never-ending war of the Arab nations against Israel, the unchanging goal of which is the total destruction of the Jewish state. The "intifada" uses the techniques of street violence, by which Israeli soldiers and civilians find themselves under continuous assault, threatened daily by stones, Molotov cocktails and occasional gunfire. Faced with this never-ending provocation, the restraint of the IDF has to be admired. While every human life is precious, what is remarkable is the relatively small number of casualties—fewer than die during outbreaks of violence in Lebanon, in Kashmir, in Sri Lanka or in Azerbaijan, or during the drug wars in American inner cities. And this small number is reflective of the determination of the Israeli government to minimize casualties and of the forbearance and professionalism of the IDF.

■ In their effort to minimize casualties and injuries, the IDF have detailed and specific instructions on use of force and of weapons. For instance, soldiers are only allowed to open fire when fired upon. They are never allowed to fire into crowds; they are not allowed to fire if innocent bystanders could be hurt; they are not allowed to fire at fleeing attackers. In order further to reduce casualties, the Israelis continue to experiment with plastic bullets, rubber bullets and other non-lethal weapons. Automatic weapons are completely forbidden. If at all possible, nightsticks are being used instead of guns. The role of IDF soldiers in maintaining order and tranquility in the territories is made infinitely more complicated by their being confronted mostly by children, teenagers, and women, while the able-bodied men stay safely in the background, egging them on.

The "intifada" is a violent uprising, an extension of the unrelenting war of the Arab states against Israel. It has been allowed to go on for over two years, only because of the patience, forbearance and respect for human life and property of the Israeli government and military. The "intifada" cannot solve the problems of the Middle East. Peace in the area can only come about by face-to-face negotiations between Israelis and the Arab inhabitants of the administered territories. In a recent speech, Prime Minister Shamir stated: "Israel has submitted a logical, fair and just plan for the solution of the conflict. If Arab governments sincerely want to contribute to the solution of the conflict, to the elimination of violence, and to the achievement of peace, then they must use their influence on the Palestinian Arabs to dissociate themselves from the useless, destructive and hopeless ties to the PLO."

**Yes**, I want to help in the publication of these ads and in clarifying the situation in the Middle East. I include my tax-deductible contribution in the amount of

$ _____. AS/26

My name is _____

I live at _____

In _____ State _____ Zip _____

Mail to: FLAME, P.O. Box 590359, San Francisco, CA 94159

This ad has been published and paid for by

**FLAME**

*Facts and Logic About the Middle East*

*Gerardo Joffe, President*

*(fly. Western Regional Director of CAMERA)*

*P.O. Box 590359 ■ San Francisco, CA 94159*

FLAME is a tax-deductible, non-profit educational 501(c)(3) organization. Its purpose is to combat media inaccuracies, through public education and publicity. Your tax-deductible contributions are welcome. They enable us to pursue these goals and to publish these messages in newspapers and magazines. Our overhead is minimal. Almost all of our revenue pays for our educational work and for these clarifying messages.

THE AMERICAN SPECTATOR®

**Volume 23 Number 5, May 1990**
**Copyright © *The American Spectator* 1990**

Editor-in-Chief: R. Emmett Tyrrell, Jr.
Publisher: Ronald E. Burr

Managing Editor: Wladyslaw Pleszczynski
Copy Editor: Troy P. Gately
Editorial Intern: Eric Ueland
Executive Assistant: Jenny Woodward
Advertising Manager: John Funk
Production Manager: Denise M. Ferguson
Assistant Production Manager: Anne L. Wilcox
Business Manager: David P. Shanahan
Circulation Manager: Vanessa A. Bergh
Customer Service Manager: Rex C. Vardeman
Subscription Manager: Denise G. Cannon
Assistant to the Publisher: Pamela R. Young
Business Intern: Joseph W. De Bolt, Jr.
Staff Assistant: Daniel J. Erech
Business Advisor: Frank Wenzel

*Senior Editors:* Adam Meyerson, Karl O'Lessker

Art Advisor: Sheila Wolfe
Washington Correspondent: Tom Bethell
New York Correspondent: William Tucker
National Correspondent: Victor Gold
Roving Correspondent: Micah Morrison
New York Editor: Whit Stillman
Indiana Editor: Kent Owen
Rocky Mountain Editor: Dave Shiflett
Movie Critic: Bruce Bawer
Kapellmeister: Baron von Kannon
Chief Saloon Correspondent: Joe Mysak

*Contributors:*
Aram Bakshian, Jr., Fred Barnes, Richard Brookhiser, John R. Dunlap, Terry Eastland, Gregory A. Fossedal, Malcolm Gladwell, George Sim Johnston, Roger Kaplan, Michael Ledeen, Thomas Mallon, William McGurn, William H. Nolte, Franz M. Oppenheimer, P. J. O'Rourke, John Podhoretz, Joe Queenan, Jeremy Rabkin, Andy Stark, Benjamin J. Stein, Irwin M. Stelzer, George Szamuely, Terry Teachout

*Legal Counsel:*
Solitary, Poor, Nasty, Brutish & Short

• • •

*The American Spectator* was founded in 1924 by George Nathan and Truman Newberry over a cheap domestic ale in McSorley's Old Ale House. In 1967 the Saturday Evening Club took it over, rechristening it *The Alternative: An American Spectator*; but by November 1977 the word "alternative" had acquired such an esoteric fragrance that in order to discourage unsolicited manuscripts from florists, beauticians, and other creative types the Club reverted to the magazine's original name.

A one-year subscription (12 issues) costs $30; outside the United States, $34. Foreign airmail rates sent on request. Toll free subscription number 800-341-1522. All correspondence (manuscripts, subscriptions, threatening letters, federal grants, etc.) should be sent to *The American Spectator*, P.O. Box 10448, Arlington, Virginia 22210. (703) 243-3733. In accordance with the rights granted by the First Amendment and as a matter of policy, the opinions expressed in the magazine are those of the authors and do not necessarily reflect the views of the board of directors of *The American Spectator*. Unsolicited manuscripts must be accompanied by self-addressed stamped envelopes. U.S.A. newsstand distribution by Eastern News Distributor, Inc., 1130 Cleveland Road, Sandusky, Ohio 44870.

Published remarkably without regard to sex, lifestyle, race, color, creed, physical handicap, or national origin.

Economic reporting funded partially by The Pew Charitable Trusts.

*The American Spectator* (ISSN 0148-8414) is published monthly at 1101 N. Highland Street, Arlington, Virginia 22210. Second class postage paid at Arlington, Virginia, and additional mailing offices. One-year subscription is $30. Vol. 23, No. 5. POSTMASTER: Send address changes to: The American Spectator, P.O. Box 10448, Arlington, Virginia 22210-1448.

The Audit Bureau



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

# C O N T E N T S


Peggy's Turn.....Mary Eberstadt 14
*The hottest political memoir in a long, long time sometimes makes you wonder: if it hadn't been for Peggy Noonan's literary gifts to Ronald Reagan and George Bush, why then Michael Dukakis might today be President!*

Mood Swings in Managua.....P. J. O'Rourke 18
*The father of modern McCarthyism chronicles the Great Nicaraguan Bourgeois Counterrevolution.*

The Evil Emperor of Irvine, California.....David Brock 22
*Larry Agran, a Jane Fonda in Tom Hayden clothing, is winning a national following as California's most ambitious left-wing mayor, with an agenda that carries far beyond the Irvine city limits.*


## DEPARTMENTS


The Continuing Crisis..... 8
Correspondence..... 9
Editorials/It's Not Over/More Right Stuff.....R. Emmett Tyrrell, Jr. 10
Capitol Ideas/On the Road to Jerusalem.....Tom Bethell 11
Eminentoes/Fairlie Tales.....Philip Terzian 29
Spectator's Journal/Benin Growth.....Jean-Paul Côtier 30
Presswatch/Peter and the Wolves.....Terry Eastland 32
The Public Policy/Putting Junk to Rest.....Joe Mysak 34
The Talkies/Men and Their Vessels.....Bruce Bawer 36
The Great American Saloon Series/Crawling Through the Clouds.....Dave Shiflett 38
Current Wisdom.....Assorted Jackasses 50


## BOOK REVIEWS


*C. S. Lewis*, by A. N. Wilson.....James Bowman 40
*Against the Grain*, by Boris Yeltsin.....Fred Barnes 42
*Lincoln*, edited by Don E. Fehrenbacker.....William McGurn 43
*Parting With Illusions*, by Vladimir Pozner.....Cathy Young 44
*Hollywood*, by Gore Vidal, and *Emperor of America*, by Richard Condon.....Victor Gold 45
*Learning by Heart*, by David L. Kirp.....John R. Dunlap 46


Cover drawing by John Springs

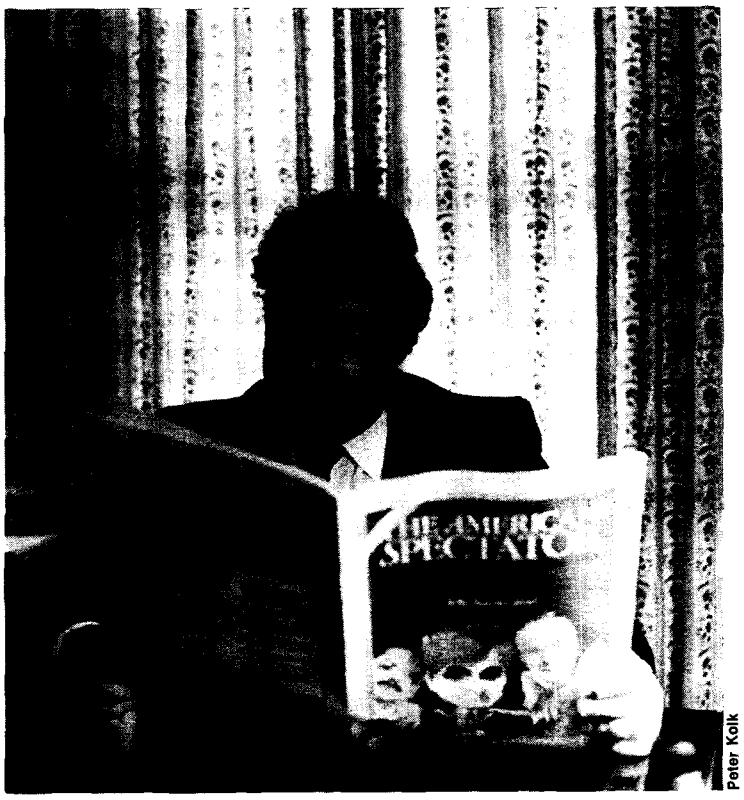
"A dazzling x-ray of American history"
GEORGE F. WILL
In this remarkable, sweeping history, Michael Barone has drawn from deep within the political and social record of modern America to show how Americans have shaped their politics in the eventful decades since the Depression. Barone's masterful account of the rise of the prosperous and powerful nation we know today departs in stimulating and consequential ways from many time-honored interpretations of the American past. Most significantly, Barone demonstrates that in choosing their political fortunes Americans have been motivated less often by economics than by cultural allegiances—regional, ethnic, religious, rural, and big city—and that the genius of American democracy is its success in absorbing our diversity as a people.
Combining his proven mastery of political facts and trends with a rich and compelling narrative, Barone tells the story of how the country of our parents was transformed into our own country and the country of our children.
"Our Country picks up just where James Bryce's The American Commonwealth left off.
For his effort, Bryce was made a Lord. The least we can do for Barone is to acknowledge that he has no peer."
DANIEL PATRICK MOYNIHAN, U.S.S. (N.Y.)
OUR COUNTRY
THE SHAPING OF AMERICA
From
ROOSEVELT TO REAGAN
BY
MICHAEL BARONE
805 pages. An alternate selection of The Book of the Month Club and History Book Club. $29.95. Available at bookstores now or call 800 323-7445 (between 9:00AM and 5:30PM EST) to place your credit card order.
THE FREE PRESS




LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

**American Spectators . . . not just voyeurs.**

*Charlton Heston*
*Charles Mandel*
*Theodore J. Forstmann*
*Herbert Hoover, III*
*Carson L. Moss, Jr.*
*Neal L. Andrews, Jr.*
*Constance Claffery Larcher*
*Dana Andrews*
*Claudia Rosett*
*Countess Vivi Crespi*
*William J. O'Neil*
*Rebecca W. Rimel*
*Charles Moore*
*Henry Fairlie*
*Kenneth Adelman*
*Eli Lilly II*
*Henry Grunwald*
*James L. Buckley*
*Hon. Gerald R. Ford*
*Robert Bartley*
*Vernon Walters*
*Ray Price*
*George Nash*
*Paul Hagstrom*
*Lewis Lapham*
*Eugene Methvin*
*Joseph Coors*
*Hugh Kenner*
*Erwin A. Glikes*



Peter Kolk

**Robert H. Bork, John M. Olin Scholar in Legal Studies at the American Enterprise Institute and author of the current bestseller** *The Tempting of America* **(The Free Press).**

*G. Gordon Liddy*
*William M. Hammett, III*
*Alfred S. Regnery*
*Arnaud de Borchgrave*
*Peter Brimelow*
*Joseph A. Califano, Jr.*
*Sir James Goldsmith*
*Edwin J. Feulner, Jr.*
*James McFadden*
*Suzanne Garment*
*John D. Ong*
*Michael Novak*
*Charles Peters*
*William H. Bowen*
*Henry Regnery*
*Irving Kristol*
*Maj. Gen. George S. Patton III*
*Randolph Richardson*
*Henry Kissinger*
*Roger Rosenblatt*
*Craig W. Black*
*Rupert Murdoch*
*Lewis Lehrman*
*Shmuel Moyal*
*S. I. Hayakawa*
*John R. Nelson*
*Paul McCracken*
*Norman Mailer*

**The American Spectator thinks** *you* **can be one of us. The few, the proud . . . the literate. To subscribe, call us at 800 341 1522 weekdays 8 am to 5 pm; we will send you twelve issues for a mere $27. And, glasnost or no glasnost, we promise to keep your name off the mailing lists of GUM, NAMBLA, and Neiman Marcus.**

*Dr. Clyde Culbertson*
*Jerry O'Rourke*
*I. Andrew Rader*
*John Reel*
*Therese Bellaimey*
*Kenneth Tomlinson*
*William Regnery*
*Hallie Hargrove*
*George S. Saunders*
*Stephanie Lee*
*Forest W. Byers*
*William R. Fitz*
*Hon. John Sununu*
*Gerardo Joffe*
*Leon S. Dure, III*
*Reinaldo Herrera*
*John S. Herrington*
*Hon. Evan G. Galbraith*
*Frederick August von Hayek*
*Terry Hulsey*
*Philip J. Holthouse*
*Peter R. Kann*

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

IN THE SPRING 1990 ISSUE OF

# THE Public Interest

**CHARLES MURRAY** studies the emerging British underclass—and its lesson for America.

**THOMAS SOWELL** reveals some startling facts about higher education in the United States.

**JOEL SCHWARTZ** explains how deconstructionism debases humanity.

*Also:*

- how the EPA fueled a senseless **radon panic**
- why **homelessness** is less severe than we think
- how regulation helped cause the **S&L debacle**

*Subscribe today*

*to the nation's foremost journal of domestic policy and receive* ***6 issues****— including the Spring issue and the upcoming special issue on Congress—* ***for the price of 4!***

*Edited by Irving Kristol and Nathan Glazer.*

THE PUBLIC INTEREST Subscription Dept.
P.O. Box 3000, Dept. PI
Denville, NJ 07834

NAME

ADDRESS

☐ I enclose a check for $18; please sign me up for 6 quarterly issues instead of the usual 4.

☐ Bill me or charge my credit card; my $18 payment still buys me 5 issues instead of the usual 4.

MC/VISA/AmEx (circle one)

ACCOUNT NUMBER EXP. DATE

SIGNATURE TAS1


LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

# THE CONTINUING CRISIS

• March has passed, and so has the J. Gordon Coogler Awards Committee. That is to say, this year the Committee is taking a pass on awarding Coogler prizes for the worst books of 1989. In no way must this be construed as evidence that the Republic's literati have ceased to produce their customary lush numbers of poorly written, moronically conceived *omnium gatherums* of literary swill. James MacGregor Burns published a monstrosity of a book, and a lady from Intercourse, Pennsylvania, had her first collection of poetry published without a hitch. But when the final nominees were presented to the Coogler Committee for its ultimate deliberations we discovered, much to our embarrassment, that the nominees were with two exceptions the very same books as were nominated for National Book Awards, and the Coogler judges would not want their awards to be viewed as some impudent lampoon of such an illustrious cultural institution as the National Book Foundation. The giants of American culture are easily aroused. Just this month a horrifying ruckus broke out after the number one comrade at Pantheon Books quit in response to the request that the company make a profit rather than lose millions annually publishing books for 1960s dinosaurs. Manhattan resonated with the howls of wild Terkels, Vonneguts, Styrons, Schells, and the appalling Dr. Chomsky. The editors of *The American Spectator* would not want to get on the bad side of these ferocious tyrannosauruses, oh no.

• Mr. Robert Novak—columnist, television commentator, and respected philatelist—formally lodged a complaint on March 16 against *The American Spectator*'s editor for being insufficiently rude in these pages, a complaint promptly endorsed by Mr. Fred Barnes and by Mr. P. J. O'Rourke. So, we shall see what we shall see.

• In Democratic party news one of the rising forward-lookers of the party is under pressure from the old guard to quit the race for the Harris County Democratic party chairmanship in Harris County, Texas, owing to recent revelations that it is a transsexual, president of the Houston chapter of the Gay and Lesbian Democrats of America, and in 1961 was convicted of the shooting-and-torching murder of a Houston man. The candidate, known as Leslie Elaine Perez, 52, has vowed to hang in there, however, asserting: "They're scared to death I'm going to win. I'm just one person facing those redneck, conservative folks down there. . . . I just want to help get Democrats elected." Another embattled New Age Democrat is Mr. David Delarosa, 28, who has been charged in Pleasanton, California, with having enjoyed sexual relations with a sheep, who was not his wife. The case has divided the local animal rights community, whose members are of course gladdened by Mr. Delarosa's acknowledgement of the sheep's basic humanity. Unfortunately, Mr. Delarosa has admitted to tying the animal with orange nylon rope, thus raising the question of consent on the part of his mate.

• Communists were defeated in free elections in East Germany, Hungary, and Nicaragua, and Mr. Nelson Mandela journeyed to Zambia to kiss Mr. Yassir Arafat despite the latter's grizzled muzzle. In a move reminiscent of the early presidency of President Franklin Delano Roosevelt, President Mikhail Gorbachev shoved legislation through the Congress of People's Deputies expanding his presidential powers. In Washington, D.C., Mayor Marion Barry pled not guilty to eight felony charges, and received a hero's welcome upon returning to the city from his most recent detoxification mission. Mrs. Rosalie Searles of Unadilla, New York, emerged with no serious injuries after being run over twice in one day—first by her drunken husband, then by a fireman who also was on the sauce. A Georgia state legislator, Democratic Rep. J. Beverly Langford, introduced legislation enjoining the general assembly to assess "the extreme danger of cane toad licking." The toad, an indigene of Australia, emits a toxin, which, says Rep. Langford, "when licked raw is a powerful hallucinogen." Rep. Langford insists that his bill is meant in jest, but that he has acquired such esoteric information on an otherwise forgettable reptile suggests that the old boy is not all that disinterested, eh, you rascal you?

• Egyptian democracy suffered a setback when Mr. Ahmed Shetya, a deputy of that country's People's Assembly, took to the floor, denounced official corruption, brandished a gigantic knife, and resigned without putting his weapon to any purpose whatsoever. He could have at least carved his initials in his desk. Upon retiring, American senators frequently carve their initials in their desks. Before the Civil War Senator Daniel Webster carved "Liberty and Union, now and forever, one and inseparable." Before his 1988 presidential campaign, Senator Gary Hart carved "For a Good Time Call Cheryl, 445-9090." But Mr. Shetya abruptly took a few slices heavenward and stormed toward the exit.

• San Francisco, which is now plagued by one of the largest homeless populations in the nation, faces still another species of vagrant. Hundreds of male sea lions have begun congregating on the pleasure boat slips at Pier 39, endangering the wooden slips with their tremendous bulk. Often weighing over 800 pounds, the indolent creatures are immensely fatter than most of San Francisco's homeless, though perhaps more polite. Federal law protects them from molestation, but many local pleasure boats are without moorings, and the boats' sybarites are growing desperate. From Montevideo, Uruguay, comes the good news that the government will allow the gentlemanly pastime of dueling again to be practiced by consenting adults, and sixty bikers on Harley-Davidson motorcycles led an otherwise conventional funeral for Mrs. Gloria Carter Spann in Plains, Georgia. Mrs. Spann, who was the sole surviving sibling of President Jimmy Carter, was named outstanding lady motorcyclist back in 1978 when a strange disease gripped America. Lithuania voted to secede from the Soviet Union.

• The United States population reached 250 million early in the month despite all the emphasis now placed on safe sex. Animal rights advocates successfully prevented Mr. James Monahan from leading Ventura, California's St. Patrick's Day parade with a green-dyed pig under his arm. Mr. Monahan vowed to wear anti-perspirant, but to no good effect. The animal rights champions insisted that the emotional shock of dyeing the pig would be beyond the last limits of the tolerable, and so the pig was transformed not into a symbol of blarney, but rather into a plenitude of delicious meals for all. The San Francisco Zoo's red kangaroo, Skippy, became the first zoo animal in world history to receive a pacemaker and has apparently been returned to his old vigor. Participants in many American women's studies programs were given something to think about when the governing authority of Iraq, the Revolutionary Command Council, de-



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

creed that pious Iraqi men can now kill their mothers, wives, daughters, sisters, aunts, nieces, and female cousins for adultery. Overcooked supper is probably not a good idea either.

• The Hoover Institution announced that the Communist parties of the world lost 8 million members last year, mostly without loss of life. It was the largest drop in the world's Communist population since Joseph Stalin's purge trials. In Chicago, Illinois, Mr. Hugh Archer, president of Rotary International, announced plans to establish the first Rotary Club in Moscow; and the largest Communist party in the West, Italy's Communist party, is renaming itself, dropping its hammer-and-sickle symbol, and adopting a new social democratic philosophy so as to make it more palatable to Socialists, Greens, and the other malcontents. The universally popular "Smile Button" would be an excellent replacement for the Communists' hammer and sickle, the only requisite revision being that the smile be turned down into a scowl.

• Former President Richard M. Nixon addressed House and Senate Republicans without incident. An artificially inseminated white woman, Mrs. Julia Skolnick, has sued a sperm bank and a fertility service for mixing the sperm of her deceased husband, also white, with that of an unknown black man, eventuating in a baby girl—presumably gray—and according to Mrs. Skolnick subject to racial prejudice. Finally, the Rev. Elizabeth Claire Prophet of something called the Church Universal and Triumphant is predicting nuclear holocaust on April 23, so be sure to get your subscription renewals in *tout de suite*!

*—RET*

# CORRESPONDENCE

**Re-elect the President**

With his usual clarity, astuteness, and objectivity, Richard Nixon brings common sense and historical perspective to the present day Communist/free world political scene ("Should We Help Gorbachev?" *TAS*, March 1990). Quite a contrast to the muddle-headed tunnel vision and prejudicial pontificating of assorted news media moguls and Pish-poshers, isn't it ("Pishposh of the 1980s," same issue)?

*—Irene Prater Dell*
*Carl Junction, Missouri*

I have just read Richard Nixon's article in the March issue, and again, I'm struck by the brilliance and clarity with which he writes. While I never agreed with his views when he was President, I have found since then that I have done him an injustice. He more than anyone else I have heard or read of (with the possible exception of George Kennan), has impressed me as being extraordinarily acute about the place of our country in the world and in foreign affairs generally. It is reassuring to hear that he seems to be respected by President Bush, and that they have been in contact.

*—Reney Myers*
*Delray Beach, Florida*

Next year will mark the twentieth anniversary of Richard Nixon's imposition of wage and price controls in August 1971, an action much celebrated at the time by everyone from the UAW to the Business Roundtable.

The result of that foolish step was that hundreds of billions of dollars were needlessly transferred to Third World oil producers, the U.S. automobile industry was close to mortally wounded due to the forced and abrupt downsizing, and more billions were misdirected into alternative fuel programs, none of which were priced competitively and few of which are still operating.

The last dire ripples of oil price controls are only now disappearing, almost ten years after their lifting. It is most unfortunate that few journalists, or even economists for that matter, have identified this bit of U.S. government intervention and the melancholy role it has played these past two decades.

It is interesting and paradoxical that in his article on Gorbachev in *TAS*, Mr. Nixon suggests that Gorbachev can only prove perestroika is a truly liberating program if he takes more radical measures; the first being—guess what?—"lifting price controls."

Though Mr. Nixon's prescription to Gorbachev that he decontrol is, of course, 100 percent correct, it would be more becoming if he were to relate it to his own experience with controls, throwing in an apology to the American people for good measure.

*—Samuel H. Husbands*
*San Francisco, California*

**Abortion and the GOP**

Thought Fred Barnes's article "Republicans Miscarry Abortion" (*TAS*, January 1990) outstanding.

Thank you. *—Anonymous*
*(postmark: North Jersey, New Jersey)*

Fred Barnes's advice to Republicans missed a very important problem. He assumes that a large majority of Republicans are pro-life, an assumption as dangerous as appearing in print the day after the 1948 election with a prediction that Harry Truman had been securely retired back to Missouri.

Many Republicans have ducked hard choices, overlooked anti-abortion rhetoric that seemed more wind than substance, to avoid voting for anti-conservatives. The situation is changing. Many Republicans will sit home, or even worse, vote against anti-abortion candidates. From the unusual intensity of fund-raising mail we are receiving in this off-year, I suspect donations are feeling "abortion stress." Republicans can only hope the Democrats have equally divisive problems to face.

Where can an economic conservative find a political refuge free of religious or secular bigotry and authoritarianism?

*—Kirby Atterbury*
*Bethel Island, California*

**Keep HOPE Alive**

In recent columns, Tom Bethell raises several interesting points regarding the efforts by advocates of resident management and ownership of public housing, President Bush and Jack Kemp included, to help more low-income families realize the American Dream of homeownership.

At the outset, I must say it's very encouraging that today's public housing debate has shifted toward the goal of *homeownership* for the poor, and away from massive government housing construction, as many liberals support, or eliminating the housing safety net altogether, as some on the right favor. Unfortunately, Bethell's caricature of the "limited equity" approach advocated by resident leaders like Kimi Gray, Bertha Gilkey, and others belittles the importance of the gains we're making in changing public housing from a system which has hitherto created only dependency and despair into one which can lead to self-sufficiency and opportunity for needy Americans.

Bethell's overriding criticism is that the current program imposes severe restrictions on a person's ability to realize a profit on the resale of a public housing unit converted to resident ownership. "What incentive, then, will they have to buy in the first place?" he asks. Presumably, Bethell would have poohpoohed the Homestead Act because pioneers had to wait five years before selling their land, and no one in their right mind would pick up and move West under *those* conditions, right?

Let me first say that as a Member of Congress, I fought vigorously against resale constraints. I believed then, and still do, that it would be highly beneficial for a tenant to be able to sell his or her home for a profit and perhaps move up the housing ladder like other Americans, or maybe leave the home to their children. President Bush and I are currently considering proposals to allow residents to increase their profit the longer they live in their home, i.e., 10 percent after one year, 20 percent after two, up to 100 percent after ten years, as part of our HOPE initiative.

While I certainly understand that economic incentives are powerful motivators, I also realize that for poor Americans who feel trapped in perpetual welfare, the chance to take control of their own community and possibly own their own home is a powerful motivator, in and of itself. Bethell only pays lip service to this considerable factor, but Stuart Butler of Heritage was closer to the truth when he called it "the real quantum leap." Anyone who visits one of these communities and talks with the residents quickly realizes that the pride, dignity, and sense of opportunity that goes along with management and ownership is not exclusively an economic consideration.

The Urban Homesteading initiative as it currently stands is a giant leap forward from the days when public housing was looked upon as warehousing for the poor. I hope Tom Bethell will stay tuned as we move closer and closer to a democratically controlled, market-oriented system of providing public housing assistance for those in need.

*—Jack Kemp*
*Secretary of Housing*
*and Urban Development*
*Washington, D.C.*

**Where to Begin (cont.)?**

I enjoyed reading Michael Ledeen's article ("The Beginning of the Beginning," *TAS*, February 1990) and agreed entirely with many of his points. The problem, I think, ought to be summarized by asking: How do you ensure the political destruction of the Soviet leadership and the overhaul of their economies without tremendous physical destruction and human suffering (both of which normally accompany revolution)?

I am not sure that it is at all possible, though I hope it is. The issues are well described by Mr. Ledeen, but he has perhaps understated the difficulties. In one paragraph he says "give them the tools to create new wealth,"

*(continued on page 47)*



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

# EDITORIALS

## IT'S NOT OVER

by R. Emmett Tyrrell, Jr.

From reading the American press one gets the idea that the Cold War is over, and that in the unusually mild early months of 1990 all goes swimmingly in lands once concealed behind an iron curtain. The facts do not always support this illusion. Secret police cannot be put on unemployment compensation so easily. They resist job training in new fields. They rather like breaking bones and harassing citizens. I now know this first hand—or perhaps second hand. Judge for yourself.

Lithuania is alive with aspirations to independence. Fifty years ago it was shorn of its independence by Joseph Stalin, his Red Army, and indigenous Communists. Now the proud people of Lithuania have declared their independence. Even Lithuanian Communists call for it—or should I say some Lithuanian Communists? As editor of *The American Spectator* I sent an American writer to Lithuania recently to cover independence day and subsequent elections. He has now returned with a tale of horror.

My writer was surrounded by security goons all the time he was in Lithuania. He was threatened, accosted on the street, and physically harmed. He was intimidated and frightened in the creepy way that totalitarian bullies know so well.

My writer was no hack journalist. He is a distinguished student of history and literature. He is a Ph.D. candidate at one of the most prestigious universities in the United States, and a member of that university's most famous academic program. I will not reveal his name out of consideration for his privacy and well being, but what he went through in Lithuania should be reviewed by authorities in our government and in the American press. He speaks Lithuanian among other languages, has traveled the world, and is extraordinarily intelligent. Thus his experience in Lithuania was not that of an innocent abroad.

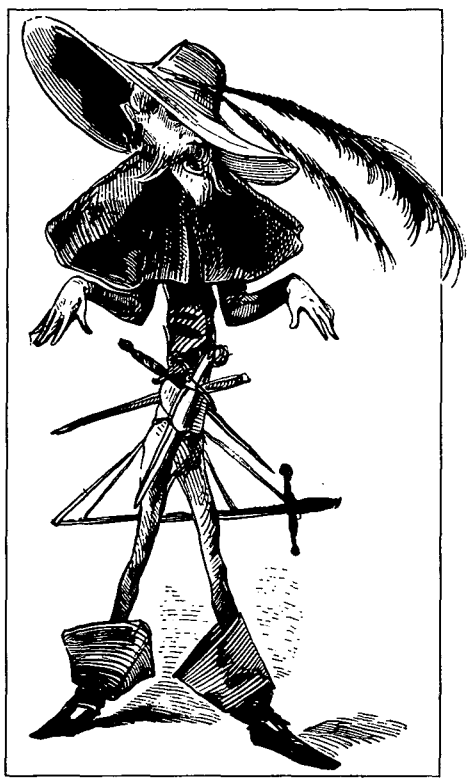
My writer traveled to Lithuania on one of the regular tours that have been taking visitors there. While en route he was told to seek out supposedly friendly Lithuanians. He did so, asked them about their country's economic, political, and social conditions; and then his problems began. Thugs accosted him on the street. His clothes were slashed. People approached him carrying taping devices. At night groups of men would murmur outside his door about how best to kill him, occasionally punctuating their threats by rattling the door knob. On his flight to Moscow he was repeatedly abused and afflicted with the electric shocks one might administer with a cattle prod. It was not a pleasant trip.

Those familiar with the brutal tactics of secret police will recognize that my writer got off rather easily. But they also will recognize that these forms of harassment are characteristic of such brutes as those in the KGB. The harassment of my writer makes very little sense to most Americans. We have been led to believe that Mikhail Gorbachev is leading a vast liberalization process in his realm. Harassing an American writer serves no higher purpose than to put Gorbachev's ostensible project in doubt.

Yet the ongoing events in the Soviet Union are not under the control of American script writers living in Hollywood or, for that matter, in Washington. In fact, there is no script. We do not know what the outcome of Gorbachev's plans might be. We should know, however, that in his totalitarian land bureaucracies of murderers have been at work for more than seventy years. They have infiltrated everywhere. Many of them want to frustrate any move toward independence in the Baltic or anywhere else.

Perhaps Gorbachev will put these thugs out of business in the near future. Possibly they will put him out of business. And it is equally possible that both the thugs and Gorbachev are working harmoniously in maintaining power over a country whose only uncontrollable problem is that it is bankrupt and cannot supply its army and secret police with technology equal to that of the West. Americans are fetched by the conclusion that Gorbachev and his countrymen are on the road to freedom and democracy, but then look at the vote Gorbachev commands in his Soviet Parliament. He shoved his plan for a stronger presidency through 1,817 to 133. That does not sound very democratic to me. □

*Adapted from RET's weekly* Washington Post *column syndicated by King Features.*



## MORE RIGHT STUFF

It has been a while since the editors of the editorial page of the *Wall Street Journal* won a Pulitzer Prize for editorial writing, and from the mutterings I hear among the giants of journalism in this great city the *Journal*'s editors need not hold their breath in anticipation of another. Their work is not admired. They have committed a significant faux pas. They have been right about the major issues of our time, and to be a successful insider in American journalism one has to be wrong—repeatedly and thunderously wrong. Moreover, the *Journal*'s editors have the gall to snicker at the erroneous reports and predictions of consensus journalists. No wonder they are out of favor.

Just the other day the *Journal* broke into a chorus of har hars over the failure of political analysts in the media and academe to anticipate the East Germans' rejection of socialism. For weeks the vast echo chamber of American media had resounded with improbable reports that the East Germans were going to reject West German Chancellor Helmut Kohl, who had championed a free and united Germany, and support a socialist party that had practiced timid conciliation toward the East Germans' slave masters. The *Journal* thought it very amusing that the Christian Democratic Union and its conservative allies routed the left. Then the *Journal* compounded its gaucheries by reminding readers that the analysts had been equally wrong in predicting a left-wing victory in Nicaragua.

There is a very elegant etiquette practiced by many leading American journalists, pollsters, and political analysts that many who are not active in the press may not be aware of. The giants in these professions are supposed to be wrong in predicting elections, especially when conservatives beat the left as has been the drift of things for more than a decade now. That way they can express socially acceptable dismay over the state of the world.

Remember, the giants were wrong in 1980 when they predicted a victory by the most injury-prone President since Warren Harding. Four years later, they were wrong in predicting a close race between Ronald Reagan and Walter Mondale. Four years after that, they were wrong when they counted Vice President George Bush down and out after the Iowa caucuses and continued to compose elegies to the present President of the United States until every member of the Dukakis family knew



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

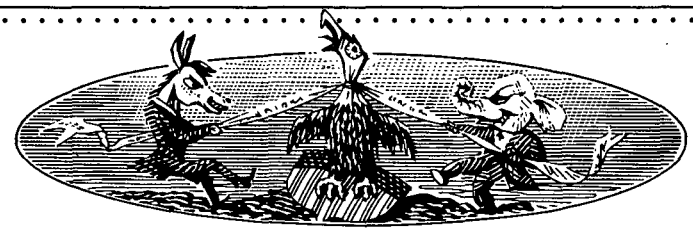
the race was over. Across the Atlantic the prognostications of the American press have been equally inaccurate, particularly when Margaret Thatcher or Herr Kohl was running for office. Every American has a right to be wrong, but the giants of the American political press corps have taken this right and elevated it to the status of moral obligation.

But why have so many in the press chosen to tell us that the left would win free elections in countries that have obviously been ravaged by the left and where an active anti-leftist choice is available? There are other ways the press could have gotten these elections wrong. They could have predicted a win for vegetarians or nudists. Don't tell me there was no nudist party running in the German elections. The variety there was amazing.

The reason so many in our press have been predicting leftist victories in improbable places is that they suffer what the shrinks call projection. That is to say, the naive or unconscious attribution of one's own feelings or desires onto others. In the case of the Nicaragua vote, journalism's giants predicted a Sandinista victory because they projected onto Nicaraguan voters their own distaste for America's anti-Sandinista policy. In the case of the East German vote, they predicted a socialist victory because they projected onto the East Germans a fear of capitalism and a confidence in socialistic bureaucracy. This tendency for projection is what led them to anticipate erroneously an anti-American response from Panamanians to our invasion of their country and from Grenadians to our invasion of Grenada.

The American press is repelled by many aspects of American policy and expects that even the beneficiaries of our policies will be repelled. How long this condition will last I cannot say. I am not a psychiatrist, but it is a little funny, no? □

# CAPITOL IDEAS



## ON THE ROAD TO JERUSALEM

by Tom Bethell

As we drove from Tel Aviv to Jerusalem (about the same distance as Washington to Baltimore) Daniel Doron pointed out that the highway actually crosses the "Green Line," going through the West Bank for a few miles. I would never have known it because the territories of Judea and Samaria (whether "occupied" or "liberated," depending on your political point of view) are not marked by highway signs, and Israeli road maps (including the maps provided by rent-a-car companies) do not mark the boundaries of the West Bank.

We turned off the main road and drove up to Jerusalem by a back road, Daniel pointing out the flowers and shrubs already coming into blossom. It was beautiful country and as you approach Jerusalem, you really do feel at the top of the world. Doron's great-grandfather was an early Zionist, traveling to Israel from England in the 1860s, when the land was still under Turkish rule. Doron was born in Israel; later he made some money in the New York art market and founded the Israel Center for Social and Economic Progress, based in Tel Aviv. Something of an original, with side interests in Shakespeare and the causes of the Industrial Revolution, he is a leading exponent of the view that Israel's problems are as much economic as political, and that there is an unappreciated connection between the two. A week before we drove to Jerusalem, Doron had presided over a four-day conference on Israel's economic problems. In attendance were Milton Friedman of the Hoover Institution, Roger Starr of the *New York Times*, George Melloan of the *Wall Street Journal*, and many others.

The Green Line marks Israel's boundaries up to June 1967. It is so called, Doron pointed out, because from an airplane the political line dividing Israeli and Arab territory was geographically clear. Israel was "green"; the West Bank, then under Jordanian rule, more closely resembled a desert. In Biblical times, according to Doron, the hills of Judea and Samaria were terraced and cultivated so that the rain didn't just sluice away the top soil. But with the arrival of the Arabs, everything began to deteriorate. Goats would uproot young trees and vegetation, thereby inadvertently damming the terraced hills. Rainwater would build up and then burst through, washing away soil and stones and accumulated labor. After the creation of the state of Israel the Jews began to restore the old terraces. By the time of the 1967 war, there was a visible Green Line.

Is it just a coincidence that desert terrain and Arab domain overlap as much as they do? Writing in 1963, C. Northcote Parkinson quotes a writer named C. S. Jarvis as saying in *Three Deserts* (1936): "The Arab is sometimes called the Son of the Desert, but. . . this is a misnomer as in most cases he is the Father of the Desert, having created it himself, and the arid waste in which he lives and on which practically nothing will grow is the direct result of his appalling indolence. . . . In his campaign of destruction, the Arab has been most loyally supported by his animals, the camel and the goat."

The great problem in Arab societies is that they do not enjoy the rule of law. In fact, the concept is not really understood. (This is perhaps not surprising, as it is less well understood in the U.S. than it was, say, 200 years ago.) In Arab practice (if not theory), law is subordinate to force. Powerful people are able to exempt themselves from the law's application, and so impose their will on others. These imposers in turn are constantly threatened by even more powerful groups, or tribes. The most powerful of all get to run the country, send ambassadors to the U.N., and so on. Thus the society is mired in a competition of ruthlessness, and property cannot be secure within it. This accounts for the "indolence" and "fatalism" of the Arab who does not choose to compete for power (i.e., the great majority). He must join one gang or be enslaved by another. In either event, the wealth that he accumulates will be placed at the disposal of his superiors or of his enemies. In such an environment the goat is a useful beast—portable property, which can be unleashed to scavenge on the property of others and hidden under the bed at night!

The Jews not only have the rule of law but can be said to have invented it. And the tremendous difference that this makes, in encouraging the creation and maintenance of wealth, is now visible for all to see in the Middle East. Unfortunately, the Israelis made a bad mistake in 1948 and they have persisted in it. Economic life was subjected to central control and direction. To a large extent, they adopted socialism. This in turn has not only impeded the creation of wealth, it has discouraged Jewish immigration. In fact it has driven Israelis abroad—a "tight-lipped subject," according to Julian Simon, a demographic expert whose *Economic Consequences of Immigration*[1] was recently published. He said it was difficult to get figures on emigration from Israel because the authorities often make the (questionable) assumption that those who leave will return.

Max Singer, the author of *Passage to a Human World* and a policy analyst who (with Herman Kahn) founded the Hudson Institute, lived in Israel from 1973 to 1977. He described the economic system there as one of "polite, non-violent Bolshevism," its huge Labor and Histadrut (union) organization creating immense frustration: "It's difficult to get ahead there." He added that "most Israelis don't think very much about the economy, because they're so busy thinking about security and/or religion." But he believes the economy does act as a "substantial" deterrent to immigration, "and is the reason that some leave." Alan Wurtzel, chairman of the board of Circuit City and a former president of Operation Independence, which promotes the economic independence of Israel, worries that the country will be "the last

*Tom Bethell is* The American Spectator*'s Washington correspondent.*

[1]Reviewed by Gregory A. Fossedal in the February 1990 *TAS*.



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

socialist economy in the hemisphere."

"Will we wake up after Romania but before Albania?" Daniel Doron recently wrote in the *Jerusalem Post.*

Israel's rigidly regulated economy has not only made life difficult for all who live there, it has aggravated the political conflict between Jews and Arabs. This neglected point is one that Doron loves to talk about, and he did so as we drove up to Jerusalem. Once, he said, he invited Thomas Friedman of the *New York Times* to attend a conference on the economy but Friedman told him that he knew nothing about economics and didn't want to. In a socialist system, Doron went on, citizens (whether Jew or Arab) are reduced to the status of petitioners, forever in need of licenses, permits, exemptions, planning permission, tax breaks, and privileges. Some requests are granted, most are inevitably denied. A system which by design discriminates against many Jews, will readily discriminate against all Arabs. One mechanism is the draft. Arab Israelis (about 800,000 out of 4.5 million) are not eligible for military service (there is a three-year compulsory draft for Jewish men), and yet completion of military service is a condition for receiving many social benefits.

Shortly after the *intifada* began, Doron wrote in the *Jerusalem Post*:

> When we Jews permit our government to distort our economy so badly, we pay for it with stagnation and lack of growth. But we comfort ourselves with the rationalization that this is a necessary sacrifice, for reasons of state security, social justice, etc. For most Arabs, this is cold comfort. Hence they are less likely to accept passively the hardships we have become inured to. Moreover, most Arabs are not public sector employees, immune to economic constraints. Being mainly unorganized laborers and small entrepreneurs, they lack the defenses we have to protect ourselves against these hardships: *protektzia* and the old boys' network. . . . In an economy where all resources are ultimately divided according to political spoils, [Arabs] cannot advance far without getting their share of the political spoils; thus, had there not been other factors to radicalize them, our economic system would do so, just as it radicalizes less advantaged Jewish groups.

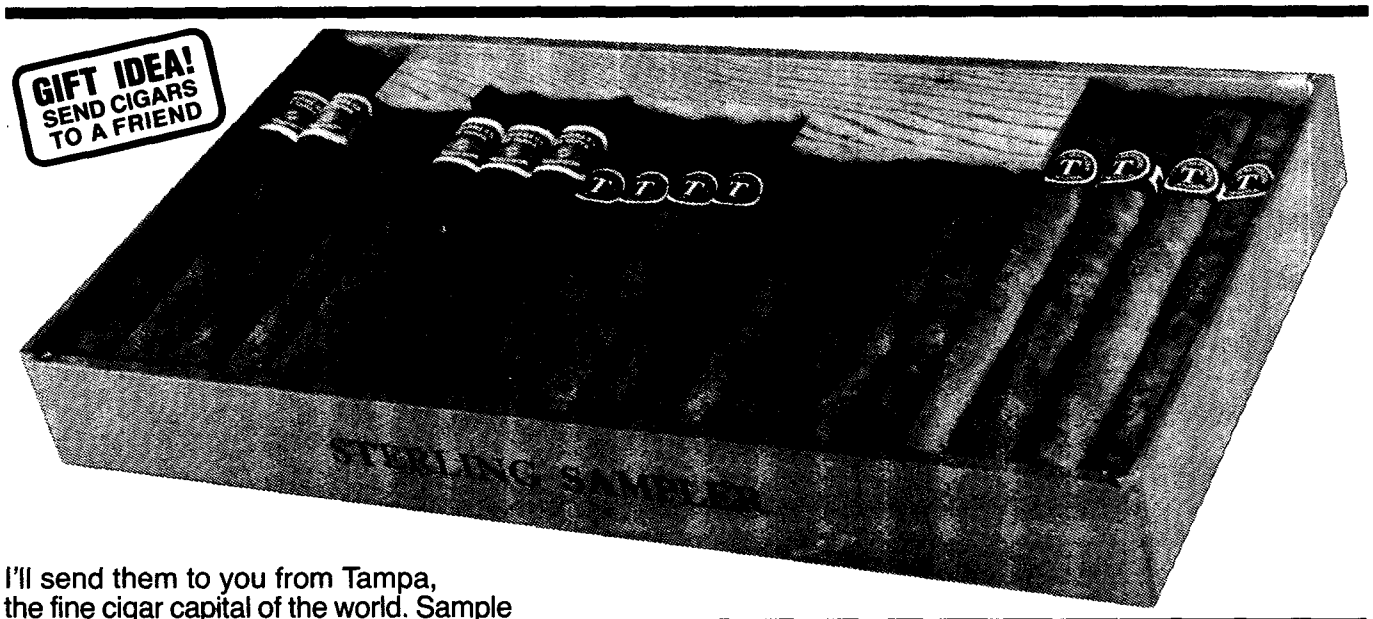
Milton Friedman visited the West Bank in 1969, describing his impressions in a *Newsweek* column entitled "Invisible Occupation" (May 5, 1969). The "Jordanian Arabs were peacefully going about their business," he wrote. "I had no feeling whatsoever of being in occupied territory." At the outset of the occupation, Minister of Defense Moshe Dayan had "laid down a policy of laissez-faire," the term to be construed both politically and economically. Jordanian functionaries kept their jobs, both Jordanian and Israeli money circulated side by side, West Bank farmers could grow whatever they wanted, and could sell their produce "at any price they can command, not only in the West Bank but also in Jordan itself."

The military, Friedman noted, "are in Israel the strongest supporters of free markets and non-intervention." They can see that "the anonymous market frees them from burdensome tasks," and helps to reduce conflict. The elimination of economic barriers would foster "the economic integration of the West Bank with Israel without requiring political integration." Likewise in the nineteenth century, when laissez-faire dominated in Europe, economic cooperation was accompanied by international peace: "trade unites and politics divides."

That was in 1969. Twenty years later much had changed. "When the spiritual leader of the Gaza uprisings [i.e., the beginning of the *intifada*] was asked on Israel television what his major grievances were he quickly answered: taxes and working conditions," Doron wrote in the *Jerusalem Post* in February 1988. "Arabs in all walks of life are sending us a message that we keep ignoring. An important reason for their growing bitterness and frustration . . .


# YOU DON'T NEED CASTRO'S PERMISSION TO ENJOY THE UNIQUE HAVANA FLAVOR!

## CUBAN-SEED-LEAF CIGARS FOR THE MAN WHO THOUGHT HE COULDN'T AFFORD THEM!




I'll send them to you from Tampa, the fine cigar capital of the world. Sample the cigars in my new Sterling Sampler and enjoy a wonderful new smoking sensation. I'll include a generous sampling of vintage-leaf, long-filler and cut filler cigars, all perfectly blended for mildness and flavor.

These superb smokes are made with expertly blended Cuban-seed-leaf tobaccos grown and cured the old Cuban way in Honduras from seed smuggled out of Cuba. They're mild, flavorful and extremely satisfying to the cigar smoker who's looking for something new, something better, something exceptionally tasty. Experts can't tell them from Havanas. You won't be able to either, when you try them. Natural wrapper. If you're ready for a luxuriously enjoyable smoking experience, try them now.

— "Yours is the only decent cigar I have had in over 12 years," one new customer wrote me the other day.
— "Of all the cigars I have smoked, both cheap and expensive, yours is the best of the bunch," wrote another.
— "Outstanding! Best cigars I have had since returning from overseas," wrote H.E.O., of Columbia, SC.
— "I am very impressed with the mildness and freshness of the sampler you sent," said J.J.M., of Lincoln, IL.

**MY OFFER TO CIGAR LOVERS**

I'll send you postpaid a selection of 42 factory-fresh cigars–vintage-leaf long-filler and cut-filler smokes. If these cigars aren't all you expected, return the unsmoked ones by United Parcel or Parcel Post within 30 days and I'll refund your money. No questions asked. Your delivered cost is only $10.90 for 42 factory-fresh, Cuban-seed-leaf cigars.

**THOMPSON CIGAR CO.** Dept. BB07
5401 Hangar Ct., Tampa, FL 33634-5391

O.K., TOM! Ship me the Sterling Sampler under your money-back guarantee for only $10.90.

☐ Check for $10.90 enclosed (Fla. residents add 6% sales tax)
☐ Charge $10.90 to my ☐ VISA ☐ MasterCard

PLEASE PRINT

Credit Card No. _____ Exp. Date _____

name _____

street _____

city _____ state _____ zip _____

OFFER GOOD IN U.S. ONLY

CREDIT CARD USERS SPEED DELIVERY BY CALLING **TOLL-FREE 1-800-237-2559**
**IN FLORIDA, CALL 1-800-282-0646**




LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

is the repressive economic regime we have imposed on them." Evidently, between 1967 and 1987 laissez-faire gave way to a more rigid economic control, just as Moshe Dayan gave way to Ariel Sharon.

Initially, I suspect, the Arabs on the West Bank experienced the Israeli presence as a relief from the systematic oppression of Arab society. In the next twenty years, however, the level of state control in Israel proper steadily increased (as it undoubtedly also did in the West Bank and Gaza). "Government spending grew from 35 percent of GNP in the first half of the 1960s to consume 72 percent of GNP during the first half of the 1980s," Alvin Rabushka and Steve Hanke note in their monograph, *Toward Growth: A Blueprint for Economic Rebirth in Israel* (published by the Institute for Advanced Strategic and Political Studies). Moreover, they add, this "explosion in the public sector's share of the economy has been the result of soaring non-defense expenditures." Transfer payments tripled between 1967 and 1987.

In any event, these economic changes may explain why the *intifada* did not begin until twenty years after the occupation. Initially (as Friedman suggests) it was more liberating than oppressive.

None of which is to suggest that anything constructive is likely to emerge from the vaunted "peace process" which Secretary of State James Baker and the Bush Administration have so recklessly been pressing upon Israel, leading to the recent downfall of the government. Nor is it to suggest that the "peace process" will in fact culminate in the creation of a Palestinian state on the West Bank. In my view that is not going to happen. Yoash Tsiddon-Chatto, a member of the Knesset, told me that no more than twenty (out of 120) members would support the creation of what he called "a second Palestinian state" (the first being Jordan).

Not unnaturally, however, the rise of statism in Israel has encouraged Palestinians to believe that the acquisition of economic wealth depends on the prior acquisition of state power. Almost certainly war between the two adjacent states would ensue. More importantly, such a "political solution" is inappropriate to what is, in part, an economic problem. Western political thought today seems unable to go beyond legislative majoritarianism, sanctified as "democracy," in which 51 percent of the people can transfer into their own pockets the wealth of the minority, unrestrained by constitutional considerations. This is basically the system that we now have in the U.S. It prevails in Israel with even less restraint.

Disappointing, then, that U.S. Supreme Court Justice Antonin Scalia seemed to disparage constitutional checks to unbridled majoritarianism when he addressed an august gathering in Jerusalem including the president of the country and members of the Knesset and Israel's supreme court: "Now I know a bill of rights is an issue here in Israel, and perhaps you think I am urging you, if you want judicial assistance for a deregulated or privatized economic system, to adopt a written, judicially enforceable constitution." He might do so, Scalia went on to say, "if we still lived in 1791. But I fear that modern democratic times are not terribly receptive to constitutional proposals that place restrictions upon the redistribution of wealth." We live, he said, "in the age of the full-time legislature." This, alas, is one of the less admirable features of our age.

Conservatives have been instructed recently that there is nothing worse than "an activist judiciary." But in an age of rampant legislative activity, what is needed—both here and in Israel—is a judiciary assertive enough to check the redistributive enthusiasm of the people's representatives. □


## HISTORY OF WORLD WAR II

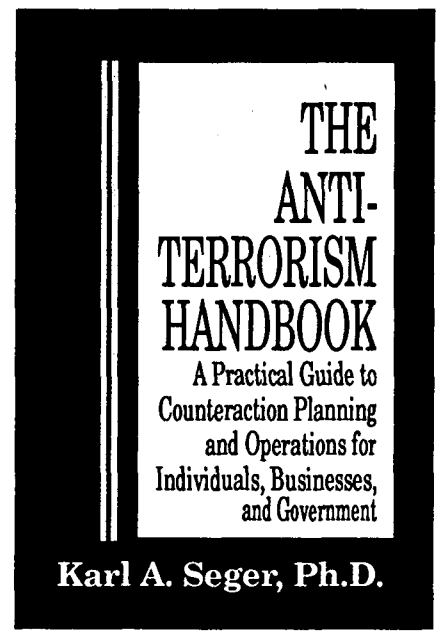
- ❑ **ACE!; A Marine Night Fighter Pilot in World War II**
  Colonel R. Bruce Porter with Eric Hammel
  **300 pages, $22.95**
- ❑ **THE ANGELS; A History of the 11th Airborne Division**
  Lt. Gen. E. M. Flanagan, Jr., USA (Ret.)
  **480 pages, $24.95**
- ❑ **AUGUST 1944**
  **The Campaign for France**
  Robert A. Miller
  **300 pages, $17.95**
- ❑ **BURMA; The Untold Story**
  Won-loy Chan
  **160 pages, $14.95**
- ❑ **CLEAR THE BRIDGE!**
  **The War Patrols of the U.S.S. *Tang***
  R. Adm. Richard O'Kane
  **480 pages, $24.95**
- ❑ **CORREGIDOR**
  **The Rock Force Assault**
  Lt. Gen. E. M. Flanagan, Jr., USA (Ret.)
  **320 pages, $18.95**
- ❑ **DEFEAT OF THE WOLF PACKS**
  Geoffrey Jones
  **236 pages, $16.95**
- ❑ **DEVIL BOATS**
  **The PT War Against Japan**
  William Breuer
  **236 pages, $16.95**
- ❑ **ENCYCLOPEDIA OF THE SECOND WORLD WAR**
  Ian Hogg and Bryan Perrett
  **450 pages, $40.00**
- ❑ **THE HALDER WAR DIARY, 1939-1942**
  Edited by Charles Burdick and Hans-Adolf Jacobsen
  **672 pages, $35.00**
- ❑ **HELL ON WHEELS**
  **A History of the 2d Armored Division**
  Donald E. Houston
  **496 pages, paper, $12.95**
- ❑ **"HOWLIN' MAD" vs THE ARMY**
  **Conflict in Command, Saipan 1944**
  Harry A. Gailey
  **288 pages, $17.95**
- ❑ **THE LIBERATION OF GUAM**
  **21 July-10 August 1944**
  Harry Gailey
  **256 pages, $16.95**
- ❑ **THE LOS BAÑOS RAID**
  **The 11th Airborne Jumps at Dawn**
  Lt. Gen. E. M. Flanagan, Jr., USA (Ret.)
  **296 pages, $17.95**
- ❑ **LOST VICTORIES**
  Erich von Manstein
  **584 pages, $22.50**
- ❑ **MASTER OF AIRPOWER**
  **General Carl A. Spaatz**
  David Mets
  **448 pages, $22.50**
- ❑ **THE MEMOIRS OF FIELD-MARSHAL KESSELRING**
  Introduction by Kenneth Macksey
  **320 Pages, $22.50**
- ❑ **MEN OF THE LUFTWAFFE**
  Samuel W. Mitcham, Jr.
  **384 pages, $18.95**
- ❑ **MUSTANG**
  **A Combat Marine**
  Gerald P. Averill
  **380 pages, $18.95**
- ❑ **NEITHER FEAR NOR HOPE**
  **The Wartime Memoirs of the German Defender of Cassino**
  General Frido von Senger und Etterlin
  **368 pages, $22.50**
- ❑ **NINETEEN STARS; A Study in Military Character and Leadership**
  Edgar F. Puryear, Jr.
  **464 pages, paper, $12.95**
- ❑ **OPERATION BARBAROSSA**
  **Strategy and Tactics on the Eastern Front, 1941**
  Bryan I. Fugate
  **448 pages, $22.50**
- ❑ **OPERATION CITADEL**
  **Kursk and Orel, the Greatest Tank Battle of the Second World War**
  Janusz Piekalkiewicz
  **288 pages, $25.00**
- ❑ **OPERATION DRAGOON**
  **The Allied Invasion of the South of France**
  William B. Breuer
  **280 pages, $17.95**
- ❑ **ORDER OF BATTLE**
  **U. S. Army, World War II**
  Shelby L. Stanton
  **648 pages, $60.00**
- ❑ **RED ARMY ORDER OF BATTLE**
  **in The Great Patriotic War**
  Robert G. Poirier and Albert Conner
  **416 pages, $22.50**
- ❑ **ST. NAZAIRE COMMANDO**
  Stuart Chant-Sempill (OBE MC)
  **236 pages, $16.95**
- ❑ **THE SECRET WAR WITH GERMANY**
  **Deception, Espionage and Dirty Tricks, 1939-1945**
  William B. Breuer
  **278 pages, $17.95**
- ❑ **76 HOURS**
  **The Invasion of Tarawa**
  Eric Hammel and John E. Lane
  **288 pages, $22.95**
- ❑ **SHERMAN**
  **A History of the American Medium Tank**
  R. P. Hunnicutt
  **576 pages, $60.00**
- ❑ **WAHOO; The Patrols of America's Most Famous WWII Submarine**
  R. Adm. Richard O'Kane USN (Ret.)
  **380 pages, $18.95**

## New From PRESIDIO ★ PRESS

**America's Foremost Publisher of Military History**

# THE ANTITERRORISM HANDBOOK

**A Practical Guide to Counteraction Planning and Operations for Individuals, Corporations, and Government**


THE ANTI-TERRORISM HANDBOOK
A Practical Guide to Counteraction Planning and Operations for Individuals, Businesses, and Government
Karl A. Seger, Ph.D.

A recognized expert in counter-terrorism, Dr. Seger presents an antiterrorist approach for the individual, for businesses and government offices, and also addresses the larger issue of a national threat. A most important book on this critical world problem.

**$22.50, ISBN:0-89141-369-3, cloth, 6x9, 256 pages**
**May 1990**

PRESIDIO PRESS GUARANTEES YOUR SATISFACTION

GUARANTEE: Our high standards of editorial care, quality printing and binding, and over all excellence assure your satisfaction. If for any reason you are not completely satisfied, return the book with invoice number to Presidio Press, P.O. BOX 1764BZ, Novato, CA 94948, within 15 days after you receive it, and we'll refund your full purchase price .

Presidio Press, P.O. Box 1764BZ, Novato, CA 94948

| QTY | TITLE | PRICE | TOTAL |
|---|---|---|---|
| | | | |
| | | | |
| | | | |
| | | | |
| | | | |
| | | | |

Method of payment check one: ❑ Visa ❑ M.C. ❑ Am. Express ❑ Ck/M.O. (U.S. $ only)

Exp. Date Mo. _____ Yr. _____

Card No. _____

Authorized Signature _____

| | |
|---|---|
| SUBTOTAL | |
| Calif. residents only pay. 6.25% TAX | |
| SHIPPING/HNDLG | $ 2.50 |
| TOTAL (U.S. DOL) | $ |

Please allow 6-8 weeks for delivery.

Phone Orders Toll Free
1-800-966-5179

Name _____

Address _____

City/State _____ Zip _____

Phone _____




LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Mary Eberstadt

# PEGGY'S TURN

The hottest political memoir in a long, long time sometimes makes you wonder: if it hadn't been for Peggy Noonan's literary gifts to Ronald Reagan and George Bush, why then Michael Dukakis might today be President!

*Then there was this interesting meeting. (I'm getting ahead of myself in terms of the narrative, but why not?)*

*(I'm even going to do a digression. The sentence that begins the preceding paragraph—"Then there was this interesting meeting"—is, and I really hate to admit this, a* thirtysomething *sentence. It's how my retarded generation talks. . . . )*

—Peggy Noonan
*What I Saw at the Revolution*

A book is like . . . a thing in nature, really, so endlessly variable, so variably endless. Like a flower was to Georgia O'Keefe, who painted the same ones over and over as if to say, Look here! Look on this thing this way, and that, and that.

(Where were we?) Well, *What I Saw at the Revolution*,[1] a memoir by former Reagan speechwriter Peggy Noonan, is such a book. Not only a book but a hit, a smash actually, the most talked-about political book of the season, maybe more. Solidly glowing front-page reviews in the *New York Times* and *Washington Post* book reviews; full-page ads in same; excerpts in *Mirabella* and the *New York Times Magazine*; a boost by Joan Didion in the *New York Review of Books*; respectful to rave notices in the *Washington Times*, in the *Economist*, in *USA Today*; a place on the best-seller list; and more.

Now the thing about this book is, it has gossip. Good gossip and good details, mostly about Washington in the mid-1980s. It has some nice writing and sometimes some excellent writing, and it also has lots and lots of long sentences with their run-ons and many conjunctives and capital letters and italics—*yes, there are lots of italics*—and onomatopoeic spellings and idiosyncratic punctuation and, parentheses (very important). And sentence fragments. But most of all, exclamation marks! Exclamation marks, and similes:

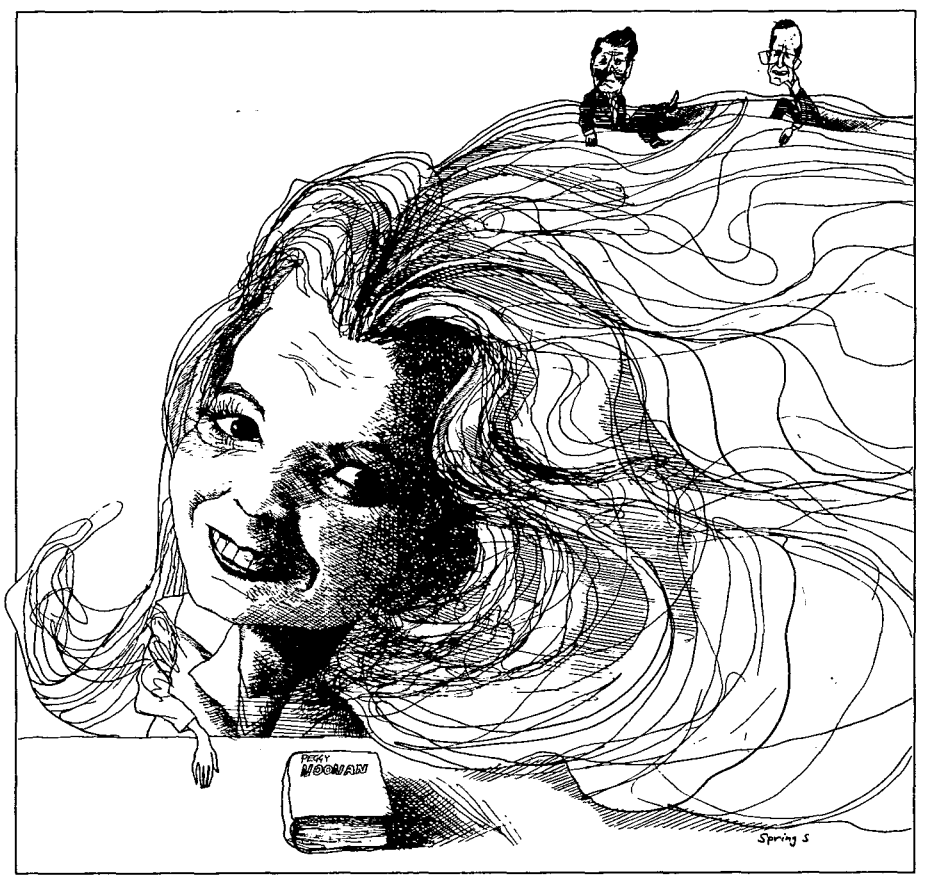
A speech is poetry: cadence, rhythm, imagery, sweep! A speech reminds us that words, like children, have the power to make dance the dullest beanbag of a heart.

But back to this book, it also has a story. A story of a girl from a poorish Irish family who grew up in a neighborhood where

the commonest sight in the suburbs, the emblem of the age, was a hefty woman heaving down the street, four children straggling behind her as she pulls roughly on the arm of the youngest, whose mouth is ringed like a clown's by a cherry ice; she is huge and old and tired, she is carrying her fifth child, and she is huge and old. She is thirty-two.

A story of how a girl who wanted more than that, a rebel with a love of books, goes from waitressing and an obscure college to radio, from radio to writing for Dan Rather at CBS, from CBS to writing for Ronald Reagan at the White House, and finally back to New York. An opportunity tale for an opportunity time; Horatio Alger in Frye boots.

Now this girl, I mean this woman, became a speechwriter, and not only a speechwriter but the best-known speechwriter since at least the Kennedy years, maybe the best-known speechwriter of all time. She wrote fine speeches for President Reagan, some of them outstanding: on the 40th anniversary of D-Day, on John F. Kennedy, on the heroes of the *Challenger* space shuttle. She wrote during and after the '84 campaign, and she wrote the President's touching farewell speech of 1989. Mostly, she tells us (and when she doesn't, lots of other people in the book do!) she wrote . . . well . . . wonderfully:




"Peggy wrote the Pointe du Hoc speech, Mr. President." Eager Ben [Bently Elliott, the chief speechwriter]. Reagan lights up. "That's it. That was wonderful, it was like 'Flanders Fields.' "

After the speech [on JFK] Jacqueline Kennedy Onassis had walked up to him [President Reagan] "just glowing" and said in her breathy voice, "Mr. President, nobody ever captured him like that. That was Jack."

The next morning [after Reagan's speech on the *Challenger* space shuttle] there was a deluge. Secretary Shultz called me, Admiral Poindexter, Senator Chafee. Ann Higgins sent up telegrams. A man sent words for a song, "They left us looking heavenward." Charles Jones, the manager of the White House mail section, wrote, "[. . . ] please excuse the intrusion, but I want to congratulate you on a great speech."

I would get it [a draft] back from Ben. He would not have changed it much, but he would have written little exclamation points along the margins, and sometimes on some sections he would write, "Excellent!" And I would be shocked that Ben's critical faculties had failed him. Then I would read over the speech and realize for the first time that it was actually pretty brilliant, so delicate and yet so vital, so vital and yet so tender.

She also wrote, briefly, for George Bush, giving him the "kinder, gentler nation" and "thousand points of light" phrases that endure to this day. And

[1] Random House, $19.95.

*Mary Eberstadt is executive editor of the* National Interest. *She was a member of the State Department's Policy Planning Staff between 1985 and 1987.*



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

that speech, too, went . . . you know:

I still like that speech; I reread it the other day. I felt as if I'd pulled together the strings of the highest, strongest kites, tied them together, and handed it off to a man who used it to lift him up high—ten points [in the polls] and fourteen points, and higher.

(Now at this point some people may be wondering, But, didn't ten or twenty other people also write speeches for Ronald Reagan? And I think they probably did. But, except for once or twice, you won't find their speeches mentioned in this book. And you won't find much about those other speechwriters either. Maybe that's because this is a personal memoir. Or maybe it's because "They [the other speechwriters] tended to be sad sacks and complain, and resentment isn't a magnetic personal style.")

Now anyone who's been to Washington knows you can't leave town without scores to settle and you can bet your Susan B. Anthony that plenty of them are settled here. Nancy Reagan is "Mommy," "Evita," "the Hairdo with Anxiety"; "a *Galanosist*, a wealthy, well-dressed woman who follows the common wisdom of her class." On Larry Speakes: "his face is sensuous and dumb." Robert McFarlane "decided long ago, as young people sometimes do, that intelligent people speak in an incomprehensible manner." Michael Deaver leaked to the press; he slighted speechwriters; he had "a liking for P-words." Maureen Reagan's "face was like the face of Bette Davis in *The Private Lives of Elizabeth and Essex* when Errol Flynn did something impertinent."

Then there are the conservatives. There are some nice words in the book about people who happen to be conservatives, for example Pat Buchanan and Bill Bennett. But about conservatives *qua* conservatives . . . well, that's something else again.

Now you may be thinking, Hold on, isn't Peggy Noonan herself a conservative? and the answer is yes, she says she is, meaning: she is anti-Communist, anti-abortion, and pro-economic growth. But she is also a writer, and when "you're a writer," she says, "you don't have a side." And maybe that's why so many of the things she writes about conservatives make them sound . . . well . . . pretty awful. Sometimes funny things are quoted about them without comment:

Yeah, said someone across a dinner table, if conservatives are so interested in traditional values how come half of them are faggots—I mean total flaming lulus?

Sometimes conservatives are described in more, well . . . declarative form:

. . . well, the hard-core movement people were so . . . well, you know how it is with intense people in an intense environment, and so many of these guys were fish who swam upstream, and add to that the difficult natures that politics often draws and movements draw, and . . . and add all that up and you get . . . well . . . what you get is a bunch of creepy little men with creepy little beards who need something to seethe on (State Department cookie pushers! George Bush! the Trilateral Commission!), some hate to live for. [ellipses in the original]

I think they go home and they fall asleep at eleven-oh-three and get up at five-forty-five and go jogging and then they eat cereal with the kids and correct their homework at the table and come in at seven-fifteen with their briefcases and say, "Good morning! What can we do to advance traditional values today?"

**Now this girl, I mean this woman, became a speechwriter, and not only a speechwriter but the best-known speechwriter since at least the Kennedy years . . .**

Now it's true that Ronald Reagan (Ronald Reagan, that's who Peggy Noonan wrote speeches for) was also something of a conservative and that many reviewers have remarked upon the kind treatment, the outright adulation, he is said to receive in this book. And it's true that at times he is described nicely, even poignantly: "He is probably the sweetest, most innocent man ever to serve in the White House." "He had courage." "He wasn't in it for the ego; he was actually in it to do good." In fact most of the book's best writing—its most insightful and feeling prose—is reserved for Reagan: his boyhood struggles, his consequent feel for the American Everyman, his unflagging, all-embracing sense of humor. (Chapter 8, which takes Reagan as its chief subject, is both the best in the book and one of the finest impressionistic accounts of Reagan in print.) There are some wonderful anecdotes:

He had a tact and delicacy so great that I suspect no one has ever been embarrassed in his presence.

Once he went down to Jacksonville, Florida, to meet with a big group of high school students. And a boy stood up and asked a question, a young kid with a thick southern accent and a speech impediment. No one could make out what he was saying. When the student finally finished the president leaned forward and said, "You know, I'm awfully sorry, but I've got this hearing aid here, and I can't understand. I'm so sorry," he said, as he put his hand to his ear. And the boy nodded. "That's all right," he said, with sympathy and grace.

A citizen sent him stationery with a nerd with a long nose peeking over a wall and saying "No More Mr. Nice Guy!" He sent notes to George Shultz on them.

He sent money to strangers and friends. Once he wrote someone a check for a hundred dollars, and the recipient couldn't cash it because it was signed Ronald Reagan and the cashier at the bank said that was worth more than the amount. Ronald Reagan had to call the bank and arrange for it to give the money. This happened a number of times.

But as I think it was Dürrenmatt said, no man can survive his biographer, and the funny thing about this book is that the sharpest similes and the most quotable quotes about Reagan show . . . well, show something else about him:

. . . the battle for the mind of Ronald Reagan was like the trench warfare of World War I: never have so many fought so hard for such barren terrain.

. . . when I thought of him in those days, it was as a gigantic heroic balloon floating in the Macy's Thanksgiving day parade, right up there between Superman and Big Bird.

Did he write at night, alone, in his diary, like Claudius: "They all think I am unaware, but I know of their m-m-m-machinations, I am not as d-dull as they imagine, or as removed."

But this is a memoir and as in any memoir not everybody in it is ridiculous or laughable or dumb. "Brilliant": that's Richard Darman. "He and his wife are bright and warm": Donny Graham, publisher of the *Washington Post*. "The gifted columnist": Meg Greenfield. "Grace meets grace": that's Ted Kennedy, responding to a speech by Ronald Reagan. "Sophisticated, experienced": George Shultz. A writer of "essays of great beauty, fluidity and knowingness": Francis X. Clines of the *New York Times*. "That intelligent woman": Elizabeth Drew. A man of "high standards"; a "terrific writer for broadcast": Bill Moyers. "Open-mind-


**Writers, Researchers!**

**Gain Complete Control Over Your Scattered Notes, Memos, Clippings, Research Papers, And Letters... ...In Just 8 Minutes A Day!**

Paper clutter makes you inefficient, frustrated, and can really hurt your career. You can't find things when you need them. You waste precious time searching for needed documents or information. Worst of all, you lose some of your best ideas, just when they would do the most good for your career. All because of paper clutter.

But in just 8 minutes a day, with **Squarenote™** on your IBM PC or compatible, you can gain complete control over your scattered notes, clippings, letters and documents. Locate any document, clipping, phone number, name, or idea in seconds. You'll never lose an idea again! You'll actually see the tops of your filing cabinets and desks, slim down your briefcase, and clean out your pockets.

**Squarenote** is the easiest-to-learn, easiest-to-use software ever created for the PC. It's for writers and researchers, not computer experts. It runs on any PC.

What **Squarenote** does for you is to collect all your information into one accessible, printable, sortable index card file... like the card files you have used for years.

**"This program saved my neck** when faced with teaching two new courses and only two months to prepare. Squarenote gathered all the research, organized it, and even printed out my lecture notes. A basic, essential tool for anyone doing research..."
ECS, Ilion, NY.

We are making a special offer to readers of the American Spectator who have been among our most loyal users and buyers for years. Call us now at 617 277 9222, or write us at the address below. **Send No Money.** Just mention this ad, and we'll send you a copy of **Squarenote** to try, at our risk, for 30 days.

Try it. Clean up your desk and briefcase! Preserve those precious ideas! If after 30 days of use you want to keep it, send us just $99, (a savings of $100 from our list price of $199). Or return it and you owe us nothing. ***Call now!***

PC Magazine's Editor's Choice Award

**UnionSquareware**
27 St. Mary's Court, Brookline, MA 02146
Telephone 617-277-9222




LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ed and fair"; "as corny and emotional about America as a drunken YAFer"; "I've always liked him": Dan Rather.

Now the fact is, nothing is easily gotten to, all the time, that's worth getting to. (Ooops! I know that sentence should have gone, say, "Sometimes it's hard to get what you want." But it's got authenticity this way; I like it.) There were, for example, the "mice," the assistants to Donald Regan and others who took it into their heads to edit speeches. But you always have your nay-sayers, your wet blankets, your guy who takes his hammer to the *Pieta*. Some said they resented how the *Times* and the *Post* and the networks always "found out," as the book puts it, who had written a speech the day it was delivered. There were other complaints too. Some said she was in it for the ego! Some said she wrote like a girl!

Mostly it probably came down to the jealousy thing. "I don't know what to think about jealousy. I couldn't believe Regan was jealous, but the others? Yes." Or maybe the class thing, what with the "Harvardheads" in the White House and the State Department guys with their "little bitty wire-rim glasses and wives named Sydney." The class thing, and the related thing about all those people in government who are . . . well, you know (I won't say it but it rhymes with "bitch"):

I know it's not polite, I know class antagonism is distressingly retro, but the problem with the rich in America is that they are often embarrassed by their affluence, ashamed they have more (ashamed they want more!). They believe, as the born-in-affluence director Oliver Stone had Gordon Gekko say in *Wall Street*, "It's a zero-sum game."

And so on. The West Wing was full of "the daughters of millionaires" like "Miss Catsupfortune" and "Miss Daddysalobbyist." "Beware the rich, who are overrepresented in politics." "Well all right, maybe all rich men are thieves . . ." "But my only real complaint was that Darman was a millionaire . . ."

Or maybe it was the male thing: "What do you expect, it's a totally masculine culture." In Washington, "men were completely in charge." "When men are in politics together, testosterone poisoning makes them insane." "The members [of Congress] were held together at least to a degree by a leveling crudity, by the common coin of sexual sameness." "If you are a woman and you get the boys mad they will act like baaaaaad boys and send, as a member of the speech committee did, memos that begin, 'You're cute when you're angry!' " (PS: sometimes there was *both* the jealousy thing *and* the male thing because "when a woman at work in a male environment draws jealousy there's little she can do.")

Also, there was the clothes-and-accessories thing:

A secretary told me, "You dress different." I was at that time partial to long black skirts and soft black boots. "That's not so bad," she said, "but everybody here at your particular level wears suits with a sort of mantailored blouse and a scarf or a tie. But what's really different is your hair. You have this long, free-flowing hair."

[Nancy Reagan] looked down at what I was wearing, which was, unfortunately, a wrinkled khaki skirt and a blue work shirt and heavy walking shoes with white woolen socks. She looked me up and down, and I swear her mouth curled.

I was so excited I dressed nicely, with an expensive sweater and a truly adult Norma Kamali black linen skirt.

[When] the job of head of the Office of Public Liaison opened up. . . . Pat [Buchanan] asked me to come by.

"I read your memo. Shelley read it too, and she said something interesting. She said why not Peggy Noonan?" "Oh Pat. I don't know. I don't have enough clothes."

## Now you may be thinking, hold on, isn't Peggy Noonan herself a conservative?

And sometimes there were just those days, like the day the *Challenger* blew up. As the book puts it, "The shuttle had gone kaboom, leaving the neighborhood optimist embarrassed at the cookout." You remember the *Challenger*: the terrible trail of smoke, the weeping families and crowds. Peggy Noonan remembers it too: the terror of the blank word processor, the horror of the ticking clock, the agonizing urge for a cigarette (just quit, and anyone who's done it knows how *that* feels!). But in the end the speech came out fine, it really did, because "the staffing process had no time to make it bad." Darman called it "perfect." The President called with thanks. ("I wanted to say: you know, I didn't have a cigarette.") All agreed: it was a "great speech."

And in fact, it was. Now the funny thing about the *Challenger* speech was, it was not only dignified and elegiac, it was also a speech that marked a turning point of sorts for Peggy Noonan. Because although it was horrible the way they died, really a tragedy, in Washington one mourns between phone calls, and before the funerals were over the networks and the newspapers and the magazines and really just about everybody had "found out" who'd written the speech; and if you go to Nexis today and punch in "Peggy Noonan" you are bound to find "author of the *Challenger* speech" close by; and to this day there are more Americans alive who know Peggy-Noonan-wrote-the-*Challenger* speech than there are people who can tell you the names of more than one of those heroic astronauts.

Well, what about it? As Ben Elliott said in a letter to *National Review*, Noonan "helped to make a great man greater; so if, along the way, she has also reaped a small share of the credit, what's wrong with that?" What indeed? Now many people would say, Nothing; and as William F. Buckley pointed out in *National Review* a few months ago (in an editorial retracting the magazine's former criticism of Peggy Noonan) (which was published after Peggy Noonan and two of Peggy Noonan's former bosses wrote in and complained about *National Review* complaining about her) . . . well, as Mr. Buckley pointed out, it's hard to be indignant about, uh, "taking credit" when Reagan himself didn't seem to mind the networks "finding out" and the papers "finding out" and Random House and the rest of us "finding out" who wrote his words.

So you can forget about the taking-credit thing and what some might call the exploitation-of-real-tragedies thing, they're not the problems here. You can forget about why it is that people who can write perfectly nicely, sometimes beautifully, why it is that when people like that start talking about themselves they put out these long sentences that go whooshing through the pages like a train in an Alfred Hitchcock movie. You can even forget, if you like, that every one—every one!—of the people ridiculed in this book is already, as every hostess and journalist and official in Washington knows, Out, Finished, Passé. And that almost all of the people praised in it are—how did Ronald Reagan put it?—better off than they were four years ago. (Some authors remember the little people who helped them make it!) (This author remembers the big ones!)

No, as T. S. Eliot said somewhere, That is not it at all. No, the thing about this book is the same old thing about people who live in places like Georgetown and Manhattan and go to the best parties and then tell everybody else how awful the rich are. It's the thing about people who call themselves conservatives and then make their names mocking the GOP and all those "creepy little men" in it who will never really Make It or get invited to the kinds of parties and dinners that those who have Made It like to complain about. It's the thing about women who are talented and accomplished and successful and who still carry on as if they are forever getting their livers yanked out like Prometheus. Maybe there should be a name for somebody with all those things. Maybe it's *Norma Kamali-ist*, as in: a wealthy enough, chicly dressed woman who follows the common wisdom of her new class. □



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

# Great Ideas. Great Minds.

•Challenging opinions by 54 National Columnists and Cartoonists
CONSERVATIVE CHRONICLE $1.50
IRS, Taxes & Other Looney Tunes
Under Liberals, Nation's Capital A Disaster Area
Read Pat Buchanan's column on page 1.
SOCIAL SECURITY SURPLUS FUNDS
CONGRESS
For quick reference to all articles, turn to TOPIC INDEX on page 1

Pat Buchanan

James Kilpatrick

William F. Buckley

William Safire

## *Over 28 columnists and 24 cartoonists featured weekly in the Conservative Chronicle!*

**Now, every week** read Pat Buchanan, Edwin Meese, William Safire, James Kilpatrick, William Buckley, William Rusher, Charley Reese, Donald Lambro, Joseph Sobran – altogether over 28 nationally-acclaimed columnists and 24 cartoonists with conservative appeal.

**The Conservative Chronicle,** a 32-page tabloid, is packed with the great opinions of our country's finest conservative minds. Find out what they are saying every week about the nation's economy, morality, foreign affairs and Washington affairs, education, and a host of other topics of timely importance. All columns published in full. **All 52 issues for only $36.00.**

**You'll also enjoy** the wit and humor of the Conservative Chronicle's featured cartoonists, including Steve Kelley, Mike Shelton, Ranan Lurie, Jerry Barnett, Bill DeOre, Jeff MacNelly, Henry Payne, Tom Gibb and Dick Wright.

**Don't miss this great line-up** of conservative leaders. Call toll-free or mail coupon and take advantage of this exceptional value. Handy topic index in each issue. Money back guarantee!

CONSERVATIVE CHRONICLE

Toll-free service:
800-888-3039
Phone hours: Monday-Friday 8 a.m. to 9 p.m. CT

*Conservative Chronicle*
Box 11297AS, Des Moines, IA 50340-1297

*Yes, I accept your subscription offer of 1 year (52 issues) for $36.00 (add $20.00 for foreign postage). I understand I can obtain a full refund on unmailed copies at any time.*

Payment: ❒ Check ❒ Bill me
❒ VISA ❒ MC ❒ AX Exp. date _____
Card # _____
Name _____
Address _____ Apt. #____
City _____
State _____ Zip _____

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

P. J. O'Rourke

# MOOD SWINGS IN MANAGUA

The father of modern McCarthyism chronicles the Great Nicaraguan Bourgeois Counterrevolution.

On the morning of February 26, the day after Violeta Chamorro's victory over Danny Ortega, I walked into the Inter-Continental hotel in Managua and Bianca Jagger was sitting alone in the lobby. Bianca had been ubiquitous during the election campaign: there was Bianca looking smart in an unconstructed linen jacket and yellow socks to match, Bianca looking serious with press pass and camera, Bianca looking thoughtful listening to Jimmy Carter, Bianca looking concerned conferring with Senator Christopher Dodd, Bianca looking committed in simple tennis shoes and neatly mussed hair, Bianca looking important wearing sunglasses after dark. But this morning Bianca looked . . . her age. Here we had a not very bright, fortyish, discarded rock star wife, trapped in the lonely hell of the formerly cute—one bummed out show-biz lefty.

I was feeling great myself, ready to turn somersaults over the Ortega defeat, full of good cheer and pleased with all the world. But then the forlorn, sagging little shape of Bianca caught my eye, and, all of a sudden, I felt EVEN BETTER.

I hadn't come to Nicaragua prepared for such joy. Like most readers of papers and watchers of newscasts, I thought the Sandinistas were supposed to win this one. I'm a member of the working press; you'd think I'd know better than to listen to journalists. But there's a little bit of the pigeon in every good confidence man. I even believed the February 21 ABC/*Washington Post* poll that had Ortega leading Chamorro by 16 percentage points. That is—I blush to admit this—I accepted the results of an opinion poll taken in a country where it was illegal to hold certain opinions. You can imagine the poll-taking process: "Hello, Mr. Peasant, I'm an inquisitive and frightening stranger. God knows who I work for. Would you care to ostensibly support the dictatorship which controls every facet of your existence, or shall we put you down as in favor of the UNO opposition and just tear up your ration card right here and now?"

Furthermore, when I arrived in Nicaragua I found an Ortega political machine that was positively Bushian in its relentless drumming on the issue-free upbeat. Danny's smiling (I presume they used a photo-retoucher) face and Danny's heartthrob-of-the-poli-sci-department moustache were everywhere to be seen. As was Danny—pestering babies, attempting dance steps, wearing Ed Begley, Jr. the-dog-was-sick-on-the-carpet shirts and tossing free baseballs into crowds of squealing totalitarianism fans. The Sandinistas' black and red, doberman mouth party colors were painted anyplace paint could stick. Sandinista songs played from every radio. The Danny for President slogan *todo sera mejor* (meaning "everything will be better" and not, as I momentarily thought, "major dried toads") was as perfect an all-purpose campaign promise as I have ever heard. There were Sandinista music videos with singing and dancing that could send Paula Abdul back to wagging pom-poms for the L.A. Lakers. And there were Sandinista ad campaigns tailored to every segment of the electorate. A billboard for city youth (voting age is 16 in Nicaragua) showed a moonstruck couple in Ortega T-shirts walking hand-in-hand toward a voting booth beneath the headline, "When you do it for the first time, do it for love." Banners for the countryside showed a fierce portrait of Ortega with the motto *Daniel Es Mi Gallo*, "Daniel Is My Fighting Cock." (These can now be profitably recycled by the Kentucky Fried Chicken franchise outlets soon to open in Nicaragua.)

I confess I believed the Sandys had all the corners nailed down, and I spent the last couple of days before the election committing that original sin of journalism, "writing the lead on the way to the ballpark." What was I going to say about a loathsome Sandinista victory? I supposed I'd have to natter on about the unfair advantages of using state resources for party ends, about how Sandinista control of the transit system prevented UNO supporters from attending rallies, how Sandinista domination of the army forced soldiers to vote for Ortega and how Sandinista bureaucracy kept $3.3 million of U.S. campaign aid from getting to UNO while Danny spent $3 million donated by overseas pinks, and millions and millions more from the Nicaraguan treasury, and so on.

But this seemed like weak tea, crybaby stuff. No, I thought, I'll have to go shoveling in the manure pile of political science, trying to uncover the appeal that Marxism and other infantile world views still hold for people. One nice thing about being a conservative, at least I wouldn't feel betrayed by the masses. Democracy is only one of human liberty's safeguards and not always the most effective one. Back in the U.S. we've got a House of Representatives full of bed-wetting liberals to prove it.

"The Dog Is Dead But the Tail Still Wags." That was what I planned to call this article. (It's still a good title—I'll save it for my review of Christopher Hitchens's next book.)

Thus I was in a grim frame of mind when I went to the press conference held by that most ex- of America's ex-Presidents, Jimmy Carter. The press conference was at the Sandinistas' imposing media complex, one of the few buildings in Managua that won't fall down if you urinate against the side of it. This propaganda palace was built with money donated by patsy Swedes, named after their bumped-off prime minister, Olof Palme, and hence called, by the small contingent of con-

*P. J. O'Rourke is the author, most recently, of* Modern Manners *(Atlantic Monthly Press).*



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

servatives present, the "Good Socialist Press Center."

Carter was the head of one of the three principal international election monitoring groups which were fluttering around Nicaragua pronouncing everything they saw fair and equitable. There was the U.N. ("the turkeys"), the OAS ("the chickens"), and Carter's group, the Council of Freely Elected Heads of Government ("the geese").

What Carter thought he was doing, besides proving there are worse things than Marines that the U.S. can send to Nicaragua, I don't know. But there he was, the man who gave the store away in the first place, still grinning like a racoon eating fish guts out of a wire brush and still talking in that prissy, nose-first, goober-grabber accent, except this time in Spanish: " . . . *new-WAY-vuh Knicker-RAH-wuh deh-muh-crat-TICK-uh* . . ."

Carter oozed moral equivalence. "There have been serious problems in the campaign process on both sides," said Carter. "We have to give credit to the Nicaraguan people for establishing an excellent electoral process," said Carter. "If the election is certified as honest and fair, the United States should lift sanctions," said Carter. It's a shame Jimmy was too young to be an international observer at Germany's elections in 1932. "We have to give credit to the German people for establishing an excellent electoral process." Maybe he could have gotten Hitler some help rearming.

The "press" at the press conference were a dirty and confused bunch, even by press corps standards. Inspection of credentials showed most of them to be correspondents for the Xeroxed newsletter of the Berkeley High-Colonic Liberation Front or television reporters from the Boulder Reincarnation for Peace Coalition's public access cable program. When a genuine newsman asked Carter about a report of UNO poll-watchers being arrested, the backpack journalists hissed.

A number of celebrity fellow travelers were in Nicaragua for the vote-off—Jackson Browne, Jimmy Cliff, the Sandinistas' Washington lawyer Paul (where's-the-Smith-Act-when-we-need-it) Reichler, and Ed Asner, who didn't look like he'd missed any meals due to the injustice of the capitalist economic system. But the real show was these *sandalistas*: prosperous, educated lefties from the United States who've flocked to Nicaragua for a decade to . . . well, to *help*. Although it's something of a puzzle why rebellious middle-class Americans went to Nicaragua to help Sandinistas wreck Central America, instead of, say, going to South Africa to help Boers chase schoolchildren with whips or to Uganda to help Idi Amin eat people.

Some say the *sandalistas* are just young and dumb. But those folks are only half right. At first glance the Birkenstock Bolshies seem young. They wear "youth" clothes and have adolescent body language—constantly distributing hugs and touches and squirming with emotion rather than sitting still in thought. But, looking closely at the uniform ponytails and earrings (many of the women wear them too), I notice the tresses that were still long in back were ofttimes gone on top, and, the lady *sandalistas*, their underarm hair was streaked with gray.

**I confess I believed the Sandys had all the corners nailed down, and I spent the last couple of days before the election committing that original sin of journalism, "writing the lead on the way to the ballpark."**

A number of college-age kids were present, too—earnest and homely and not at all the type who would have been lefties in my day of high fashion revolt. In 1968 these kids would have been in the ham radio club or Future Stenographers of America.

The Ortega-snugglers were dressed as though they were going to a Weather Underground Days of Rage costume party. They were all in jean skirts and draw-string pants, clogs, folk art jewelry and tie-dyed tank tops—fashions fully twenty years out of style. I wonder what my hip friends and I in the summer of love would have thought about people wearing zoot suit jackets and reat pleat pants with key chains dangling to the ground.

The Carter press conference was on Saturday morning, the day before the election. That afternoon I attended a less complacent press conference given by the Center for Democracy at the Inter-Continental Hotel. The same bunch of backpack journalists was here, too, hissing even before anybody asked a question. Some of these lifestyle leftovers had gone so far as to don the red and black Sandinista neckerchief, an item of apparel identical in design to the neckerchief worn by the Boy Scouts of America. The effect was of a scout troop gone deeply, seriously wrong, growing older and older but never graduating to Explorer and earning merit badges in "Lenin," "marijuana" and "poor hygiene."

I hadn't been keeping up to speed on Nicaraguan nonsense and had no idea why the lefties were heckling the Center for Democracy. The center is one of those painstakingly bipartisan, painfully fair organizations that I myself usually heckle. CFD was the first election monitoring group invited to Nicaragua. It was invited by both sides and had been observing the election campaign since spring of last year. But now the CFD's credentials were downgraded so that its observers couldn't enter polling places, and more than fifty CFD observers had been denied Nicaraguan visas at the last minute.

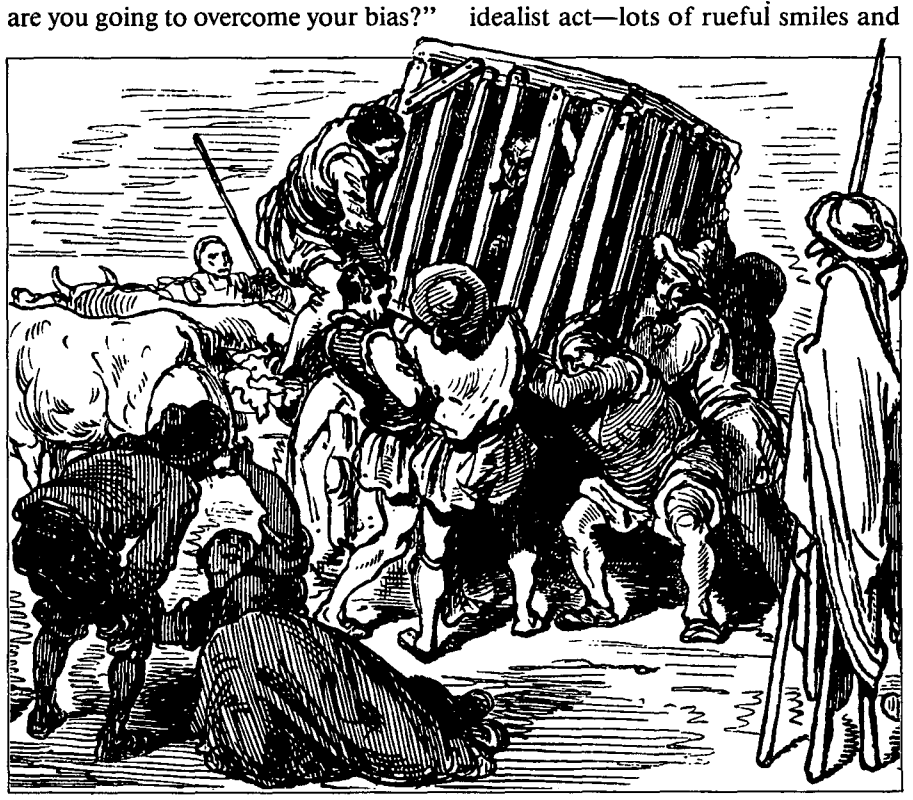
The trouble was that the Center for Democracy got caught telling the truth. CFD observers were at an UNO rally in the town of Masatepe on December and they saw a Sandinista mob set upon Chamorro supporters with machetes. The mob killed one person and chopped the arms off a couple others while the Sandinista police stood around like potted palms. Now, it's all right for observer groups to observe such things, that's what they're there for. But if the Sandinistas had wanted truth-telling groups that's what they would have asked for. The OAS observers at the Masatepe rally obligingly waffled and claimed "both sides" were to blame. But the CFD delegation—which included such dyed-in-the-hair-shirt liberals as Bob Beckel—was outraged by the Sandinista attack and said so.

Thus the press conference questions directed to Center for Democracy president Allen Weinstein weren't questions at all but diatribes capped with little rhetorical inquisitions such as, "How are you going to overcome your bias?" and, "Don't you think it's idiosyncratic that yours is the only observer group complaining about credential problems?" after which half the press conference attendees would clap. One particularly impassioned and bearded fellow named Carlos explained how the fact that the CFD was an observer group in the first place and came to Nicaragua at all proved its members had no respect for Nicaraguan sovereignty. Carlos is a professor at Glendale College in California where he teaches "Chicano Studies."

I'd gone to Nicaragua with the head of the National Forum Foundation, Jim Denton. Forum has been sponsoring interns from newly decommunized Eastern Europe, bringing them to the United States so that they can see how democratic institutions work and learn to avoid making terrible mistakes like electing Jimmy Carter. Denton took two of these interns, Slawek Gorecki from Poland and Martin Weiss from Czechoslovakia, to Managua. Jim and I thought the *sandalistas* were funny. Martin and Slawek did not. They were sickened and enraged that citizens of a free nation would go somewhere to promote dictatorship. Even more than disgusted, they were mystified. Trying to explain American lefties to Martin and Slawek was like—simile fails me—trying to explain American lefties to two reasonable and intelligent people who'd never seen any.

Martin and Slawek—and Jim and I too, for that matter—preferred meeting with Comandante Rafael Solis, president of the Sandinista National Assembly. Here was a comprehensible scumbag, somebody who was making a buck off the evil he espoused.

Solis was master of the world-weary idealist act—lots of rueful smiles and





LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

care-laden brow rubs. His manners were gracious and welcoming, his grin warm and genuine. He was the kind of Commie who'd never ship anyone to a concentration camp in a boxcar, he'd send them in a taxi.

Solis said he was confident of an Ortega victory and of a large majority in the new National Assembly. But was he? With the improved sensitivity and increased intelligence that hindsight brings, I detect some loyal opposition bullpen warm-up from Solis. He claimed he was looking forward to national reconciliation and hoped the UNO parties would play a part in it. He dismissed the statement by Interior Minister (and head of the secret police) Tomas Borge that the Sandinistas were "prepared to lose the election but not to lose power."

"That is," said Solis with the aplomb of a born politician, "campaign rhetoric." He touted a "perestroika atmosphere" in Nicaragua, predicted "foreign policy compromises," and, in response to needling from Slawek, said, "As to the changes in Eastern Europe, I haven't heard any criticism from the Sandinista leadership. We think these changes are positive, democratic." And he went on to claim that Nicaragua would be making the same changes soon and, also, had made them already.

At sunrise on election morning we headed around Lake Managua and north into the mountains, visiting polling places in Sebaco and Matagalpa and little villages in between. Then we drove farther north to Jinotega in what had been contra territory. Everywhere we went it was the same: awful roads through beautiful scenery to lousy towns. The whole country is cracked, shattered, dirty, worn-out. Everything dates from the Somoza era or before. Ten years of revolution have produced nothing but the Olof Palme Press Center. Even the lamest People's Republic cosmetic touches were missing. Sandinista graffiti is the only fresh paint in Nicaragua. The nation looks—and smells—like that paradigm of socialism, a public restroom.

The voting was done in dingy schoolrooms with all the window glass broken or missing and bare wires running across the ceiling to 15-watt light bulbs. Every voter had the ballot-marking process explained to him personally so that the election went forward at the speed of mammal evolution. People were waiting in line by the hundreds to vote.

Each polling place was run by a brisk, snippy, managing Sandinista woman of middle age, the kind of woman who, in a free society, is known as "my first wife." Denton, Martin, Slawek, and I didn't have the proper credentials to enter polling places, but we did anyway and, for the most part, got away with it—though at the price of being treated like ex-husbands.

The U.N., the OAS, and the Carter group were all going around doing about the same thing we were in the way of checking for vote fraud. That is, they popped their heads in and made sure there was no Sandinista with a pistol in a toddler's ear saying, "Vote for Danny or the rug monkey gets it." We didn't see any cheating like that, and the U.N., the OAS, and the Carter group said they didn't either.

We did see a truckload of soldiers being hauled around to vote. "Who are you for?" we yelled. "*Cinco! Cinco!*" they shouted, holding up five fingers to indicate they were voting for the fifth line on the ballot, the Sandinistas. "*Uno,*" said one little fellow in the back, and they all giggled and made as if to pummel him.

In the village of San Ramon we saw some horseplay. The men and women had decided to get in separate lines. Then the line of men shoved the line of women off the school porch and into the rain. The women confided to us that the men were going to vote for Ortega.

**Some of these lifestyle leftovers had gone so far as to don the red and black Sandinista neckerchief, an item of apparel identical in design to the neckerchief worn by the Boy Scouts of America.**

And we saw former Democratic presidential hopeful Bruce Babbitt standing around at one polling place, looking clueless. Jim Denton said, "That's Bruce Babbitt," but for the life of me I couldn't remember who Bruce Babbitt was even though I'd covered the 1988 primary races. I guess this tells us all we need to know about Bruce's political future.

The only Nicaraguan we heard complain was a guy who wasn't allowed to vote because he was drunk. "He admits that he's drunk," the Sandinista policeman told us. "Everybody makes mistakes," the drunk told us. And we told the policeman, "They let Teddy Kennedy vote in the Senate."

When we came back through Sebaco late in the afternoon, some of the same people who'd been standing in line to vote at seven that morning were still waiting. "We've been in line since four in the morning, since three in the morning, since two in the morning," one person told us with cheerful rural vagueness about time. "And if it is necessary we will stay here until . . . *ten*," said another man, naming the latest hour of the evening he could think of offhand.

Of course people don't stand in line for twelve hours in drizzly weather at the ass end of nowhere to vote for the status quo. So that was three hints I'd been given that Ortega might lose. But there's no getting through to the highly perceptive. It wasn't until another journalist told me the Sandinistas were in trouble that I believed it.

We'd gone back to the Olof Palme center to wait for returns. Around 11:00 p.m. a network television newsman with (don't be shocked) left-wing connections came by looking agitated. "P. J., I was just over at Sandy headquarters and something's gone seriously wrong," he said, meaning the opposite. "All of Ortega's people are really upset. The early returns show them getting . . . " Getting what the billboard said, when you do for the first time, you should do for love.

The UNO people had heard the same buzz and were in a mood of contained but swollen hope. Chamorro's coalition was holding its election night party at a restaurant in one of Managua's few remaining middle-class enclaves. The crowd was a model of bourgeois propriety. Occasionally someone would stand on a chair and say "*Viva UNO*" in a loud voice, but that was about it. The place was all clean shirts, hearty handshakes, polite honorifics, and, "How's your brother in Miami?" It was difficult to picture these decent, hard-working, prosperous, common-sensical people overthrowing a government. Sometimes it's hard to remember that bourgeois propriety is the real revolutionary force these days. All over the world we're bringing down dictatorships—or at least forcing them to go condo.

The Sandinista "victory party" was, on the other hand, a massive street disco populated by kids who in the U.S. would be selling crack, getting the name of their favorite heavy metal band tattooed on their butts, or planning a drive-by shooting. These are the last people on earth that *sandalista* types would consort with back home. But all sorts of big, homely, dirty-haired American girls in stained T-shirts and dweeby little chicken-necked American boys in ripped jeans were fraternizing the hell out of the lumpen Nicaraguans (who were dressed in their Sunday best, by the way).

There was no evidence of Danny difficulties at the street dance, really no trace of politics except the general air of thuggishness that hangs over all "mass" political movements. Lots of beer and cane liquor was being consumed and much smooching in the shadows was being done and fist-fights and up-chucks were beginning to dot the crowd. After half an hour of walking around with our hands over our wallet pockets, we decided our little group of *wing-tipistas* belonged back at the Chamorro party or—even better by the standards of the bourgeois propriety revolution now afoot—home, asleep in our beds.

I awoke to the sound of lugubrious Spanish on the television. It was Danny Boy giving his concession



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

speech, old Landslide Daniel. I understand Jimmy Carter had tracked Danny down in the middle of the night and told him—loser-to-loser—the jig was up. The Sandinistas had done everything they could to insure the validity of this election in the eyes of the world. Now they had to eat what they cooked. Quite a bit of "crow in red sauce" has been served around the globe this year.

Danny's speech was a long one. There are no brief excuses for Communism. And it was punctuated with more pauses for dramatic effect than a high school production of *Macbeth*. Lined up behind Daniel were most of the Sandinista nomenklatura, pouting and sniffling and generally looking like dear Uncle Bill had died and left his fortune to the cat. At the end of Danny's speech, he and his pals raised their fists in the air and warbled the Sandinista battle anthem, the one with the last line about Yankees being "the enemies of all humankind," singing us farewell in the manner of the Mickey Mouse Club except this crowd couldn't carry a tune on a shovel. The TV cameras pulled back to show the Olof Palme press corps singing along through their tears.

Me, I was singing myself, making up little tunes and dancing and capering around:

*Benjamin Linder was blown to a flinder,*
*Brian Willson run o'er by a train,*
*Now it's* hasta luego *to Danny Ortega,*
*And United Fruit's come back again!*

I rushed out to gloat. I especially wanted to gloat over the Americans—the ripe suck liberals and MasterCard Marxists—see them backing and filling and blowing smoke out their pants cuffs. At the Inter-Continental, across the lobby from Bianca, Paul Reichler was excusing the Nicaraguan people to the news media, saying they had "voted with their stomach." The poor misguided fools. I suppose they should have voted with their ---hole, Paul Reichler. A few yards away that human rum blossom Senator Chris Dodd was telling reporters the election "wasn't a victory for UNO. The Nicaraguan people just wanted change." Yes, yes. And the 1988 presidential race wasn't a victory for Republicans either. The American people just wanted Michael Dukakis ground into a heap and sold as fiber supplement.

Driving through the streets of Managua, seeing American hippy-dips all fiddle-faced and dejected, it was hard to resist the temptation to yell things out the car window. "Get a job!" Or, "What's the matter with your legs, Toots, don't you know 'Fur is Dead'?" In fact I couldn't resist it. My favorite thing to do was just make a little pistol motion with my hand and shout, "Nicolae Ceausescu!!!"

I headed for the Olof Palme center to rank on the backpack journalists. Oh, it was almost too sweet for telling, how they bellyached and sourpussed and went around in sulks. Carlos, the professor of "Chicano Studies," tried to look on the sunny side.

"We can't abandon the people of Nicaragua," he said with a straight face, and, "The struggle will continue. People will be even more committed." But, in the end, Carlos was reduced to near-racism in his attempt to explain why the polls said Danny would win but the voters said otherwise. "It's the Latino culture," said Carlos. "People love to say one thing and do another."

The younger *sandalistas* looked like they'd just seen Lee Atwater open for the Grateful Dead. They weren't angry, really, just deeply, deeply disappointed. Here they'd blown their semester break and mom was going to have a cow when she got the VISA bill for the plane ticket, and then the Nicaraguan people went and let them down like this. But the old *sandalistas*, the New Left geezers, they looked like they'd gone to hell in a bong. It's into the trash can with this sixties litter, and you could see they knew it. They looked like Abbie Hoffman was looking the last couple years of his life, as though every night when they go to sleep a BMW chases them through their dreams.

And in that BMW, or hoping to be there soon, were all the regular Nicaraguans down at the Eastern Market.

Were they surprised that UNO won? They laughed. "We expected victory, especially the mothers," said a mother.

"All the mothers are happy," said another mom.

"We hope Violeta fulfills her promises," said the proprietress of a shoe store. "Or we'll get rid of her too," she added in the tone of an experienced democrat.

"If Ortega doesn't give in, the people will rise up," said a cobbler. "We have *other countries* that will help us." And he nodded toward the Congressional Press Gallery I.D. I was wearing around my neck.

"What about the polls?" I asked. "Why were they so wrong?"

"People were afraid," said a man in a barber shop.

"The same old experts who always come here came here and gave us the same old results they always give," said the barber.

Another customer began yelling, "All we had to eat was old lard and the kind of sugar they feed to cattle!"

And that set off a passing drunk who may have been confused about geopolitics—or maybe not—but, anyway, had the right attitude. "Tomorrow, Japan!" he shouted. □


SARKES TARZIAN INC

**WRCB**, CHANNEL 3, CHATTANOOGA, TENNESSEE

**KTVN**, CHANNEL 2, RENO, NEVADA

**WTTS**, 92.3 FM, BLOOMINGTON, INDIANA

**WGCL**, 1370 AM, BLOOMINGTON, INDIANA

**WAJI**, 95.1 FM, FORT WAYNE, INDIANA

**CENTRAL OFFICE**, BOX 62, BLOOMINGTON, INDIANA 47402
TELEPHONE: 812 332 7251

*Providing the Best Radio and Television Service*




LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

David Brock

# THE EVIL EMPEROR OF IRVINE, CALIFORNIA

Larry Agran, a Jane Fonda in Tom Hayden clothing, is winning a national following as California's most ambitious left-wing mayor, with an agenda that carries far beyond the Irvine city limits.

*"As an attorney myself . . . I've concluded one of the most important things we can do as attorneys or citizens generally is to take control of local government. Most smaller cities or medium-sized cities can be easily controlled politically with about five lawyers and some of their supporters. It's probably easier if you have only three lawyers and their supporters, and you just decide what kind of a community you want to live in. . . ."*

—Irvine Mayor Larry Agran, speaking to the National Lawyers' Guild, June 18, 1989

Irvine, California, 55 miles southeast of downtown Los Angeles, once just a vast expanse of orange groves, was founded in 1960 as the first of Orange County's master-planned "new towns." As opposed to the suburban bedroom communities of the 1950s, the idea was to create several "villages" within the city—each with its own look and feel—combining homes, workplaces, shopping, schools, and open space. The width of grass strips along the streets, the color of roof tiles on the regimented houses, the length of time garage doors could stay open—everything was ordered in the place, geographically larger than Boston and San Francisco combined. Residents voted for cityhood in 1971. By the 1980s, Irvine was one of the fastest growing cities in California, a major center of aerospace, computer, and high-tech manufacturing, and the locale *U.S. News and World Report* deemed the "best place to live in America." The city itself had long ago chosen "another day in paradise" as its motto, but that was before a serpent slipped into the garden. Today, many of Irvine's 110,000 residents are beginning to wonder whether paradise has been lost.

Aside from the hyper-planning, Irvine is an archetypical suburb, affluent but by no means chichi, where straight-laced engineers toil in low-rise glass office buildings, shop in ghastly strip malls, and drive home on wide, clogged roads. But an element of the exotic was introduced one day in 1975, when Larry Agran came to town. Raised in California's San Fernando Valley, graduated from Harvard Law School with honors, groomed as a lawyer for the ACLU and a state senate committee, Agran moved to Irvine when his wife, Phyllis, was accepted at the University of California's medical school there. He did some private legal work, then became a house-husband, and finally decided to run for elected office "largely because you look around and see what bumbling representation does exist," he once told the *Los Angeles Times*.

The decision came rather suddenly for the tame local political establishment. "He registered to vote the same day he filed to run for city council," recalls Bill Vardoulis, who was Irvine's mayor at the time. "A guy comes on the scene nobody has ever heard of, and spends $9,000 in a race where all you need is 12,000 votes. He had computerized mailings the likes of which we'd never seen." Two weeks before the election, an article in an obscure newspaper published by Tom Hayden's pro-rent-control Campaign for Economic Democracy and circulated on the UC Irvine campus provided a glint of what was to come: the piece listed politicians who were helping spread CED's tentacles into unsuspecting communities, including, in Irvine, Larry Agran. Vardoulis saw the article, scratched his head, and decided not to make anything of it.

In his early years on the council, Agran, now 44, was a minority of one. Painting himself as a sober, grassroots advocate of slow-growth and an environmentalist, he built up his core constituencies by beating up on the Irvine Company, which founded the community originally and still owns about a third of its land. "It was Larry against the big bad developer," says Barbara Wiener, who served with Agran on the council for four years.

Outside of Irvine, Agran began pushing another agenda, through the 1,000-member Local Elected Officials group, which he founded in 1983. The goal was to "promote local responses to non-local matters: world peace, apartheid, nuclear weapons, Central America," Agran explains. In the course of an interview, Agran uses non-threatening, bipartisan terms to describe the movement to get cities to enact foreign policy measures, expounding on such initiatives as cultural exchanges and trade and investment links with foreign cities. This is quite reminiscent of the fraudulent manner in which he has sold himself to Irvine's electorate, but more about that later.

One need look no further than Agran's *Bulletin of Municipal Foreign Policy*, which carries articles like "Some Tips for Building Nicaraguan Sister Cities" and "Think Globally, Sue Locally," as well as endorsements from the Rev. William Sloane Coffin and Noam Chomsky, to figure out what the effort is all about. "Just the right sort of organizing effort and a very encouraging development," declaimed the esteemed Professor Chomsky. In light of the movement's credits, his enthusiasm becomes plainly understood: 900 resolutions passed around the country in favor of a nuclear weapons freeze; 118 laws banning nuclear weapons production in local jurisdictions, an effort that coincided with the failure of the freeze movement; refusals by 120 cities to cooperate in a civil defense program proposed by the Federal Emergency Management Agency (FEMA), which forced the scuttling of the plan; more than 100 policies prohibiting cities from links with

*David Brock is a senior editor of* Insight *magazine.*



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

firms doing business in South Africa; 1,300 sister-city arrangements between American cities and foreign cities, "especially so-called adversary cities," as Agran has phrased it; and twenty-two local declarations of "sanctuary" for Salvadoran refugees, a political movement designed to foster opposition to U.S. policy in Central America.

In a more candid moment, Agran has been quoted as saying that the ultimate aim of the movement is to "take back foreign policy from the federal government." In appearances everywhere from National League of Cities conferences to meetings at New York's radical Riverside Church, Agran speaks of the "illegal U.S. wars in Vietnam and Grenada," advocates an immediate, unilateral ban on nuclear weapons testing, and describes the U.S. policy of support for the Nicaraguan resistance as "a policy that ultimately had as its objective the killing of Nicaragu an citizens and the violent overthrow of their popular Revolution."

Agran's most cherished idea is a unilateral transfer of $30 billion a year, in each of five years, from military outlays (a cut three times the size of the one proposed by liberal Democrats in Congress) to "programs of proven effectiveness in our cities and towns," such as a "comprehensive social security system to provide income, health, nutrition and housing security for everyone, not just seniors." He's called for the entire budget for the Strategic Defense Initiative to be used to "help cities cope with growing traffic problems." According to a study of four U.S. cities by the U.S. Conference of Mayors, Agran's proposed change in federal budget policies would eliminate 6,920 Orange County jobs and mean a loss of $6.3 million annually from Irvine's economy. Flailing "twisted federal priorities" and "our entrenched warfare state," the mayor invokes the statistics as a sign of his political courage—usually when he's speaking outside of Irvine, that is. As the Cold War winds down, a development, by the way, achieved with the very policies Agran has spent years vilifying, he is pushing his plan to gut military spending even harder, on the dubious claim that "economic security" has displaced traditional military preparedness as the linchpin of our national security. Calling him a "liberal Democrat [who] thrives as a maverick in Republican territory," an editorial in the March 22 *New York Times* praised Agran for his work in the peace dividend field.

As Agran expanded his national reach, the locals back in Irvine, like Barbara Wiener, began to think something was fishy. "People would come to city council meetings to testify on Larry's side of an issue, and half of them wouldn't live in Irvine," she says. "Then we looked at some of his contributor lists, and they were full of things like big labor unions in Los Angeles." Still, their skepticism wasn't enough to stop his council colleagues from giving him his turn at the revolving mayorship in 1986, and they went along again in 1988, when Agran drafted and got passed a provision for the popular election of mayors. Agran ran and won a two-year term.

Since then, Democrat Agran has been portrayed by a fawning press, both national and local, as Super-Liberal, managing to get elected in probably the most conservative area in the country, Orange County, which gave Ronald Reagan 67 percent of the vote in 1980, 73 percent in 1984, and George Bush 69 percent in 1988—a larger margin of Republican victory than in any other county in the country. In Irvine, the GOP has a 65-35 percent advantage in voter registration, the local congressman is right-wing Republican Chris Cox, and the airport is named after John Wayne. The miracle-maker has been listed in the *Los Angeles Times* as one of the "people to watch" in the county; hailed by Irvine political scientist Mark Baldassare as the "perfect example of a new fiscal populist leader"; and featured as the crown jewel in a recent article in *Orange County Magazine* titled "Bucking the System: Democrats Challenge the GOP's Grip." Agran gets mileage out of this seeming anomaly in appearances outside the community, too, as when he told the Macalester College Mayor's Forum in St. Paul, Minnesota, last year that "historically and philosophically, Orange County has been home to Richard Nixon and the John Birch Society. . . . No wonder it's a pleasure for me to accept out-of-town speaking engagements." This was his on-the-road Mr. Hyde mode, in which he exposes not only his true ideological colors, but also his disdain for the political culture in which he has built his career.

When I spoke with him recently in the coffee shop of the Irvine Hyatt hotel, Agran assumed his usual local Dr. Jekyll persona, outfitted in a Chamber of Commerce gray suit and rep tie, and exuding the winning personality of none other than the greatly competent Governor of Massachusetts. "Irvine," Agran tells me, leaning over his fresh-fruit shake, "has the best run local government in the country." His tone is earnest, yet it also evokes the unmistakable hubris of Harvard Yard. Explaining his political beliefs, the mayor dismisses my suggestion that he is a socialist and even carefully avoids the L-word. Nonetheless, a smoking-gun on this question turned up in the January/February issue of the *Democratic Left*, the magazine of the Democratic Socialists of America. In a short list of "DSAers who hold elective office" is the name Larry Agran.

**Agran began pushing another agenda, through the 1,000-member Local Elected Officials group. The goal was to "promote local responses to non-local matters: world peace, apartheid, nuclear weapons, Central America."**

Confronted on the matter, Agran explains: "Well, I get their magazine, and if you subscribe to the magazine, you are automatically a member. That's the way they work it. So that's how I'm a member." But Sherri Levine of the New York-based DSA says that is not the way it works. By becoming a dues-paying member of DSA, which Agran did, one can get the magazine free of charge; one can also subscribe to the magazine for eight dollars a year without joining DSA. Thus, contrary to the impression he tried to create, Agran willingly joined the group. What is more, after I raised the question, Agran accused me of "red-baiting," an example of the technique he has used to great effect in silencing his critics in Irvine.

Agran's mystique is built on such sleight-of-hand: he portrays himself as more moderate, and his constituents as more liberal, than the facts bear out. "On issues like the environment, transportation, child-care, controlling and directing land development, people demand an activist government. Their expectations are by no means conservative," he says. Vintage Agran myth-making, that, abetted by a media establishment which so desperately wants to believe it. But the true story of Agran's rise to power isn't quite so neat. While it shows how the adversarial culture of the far left thrived in places beyond Berkeley and Santa Monica even during the Reagan years, it also shows that once politicians on the left begin to be exposed, they can shrivel up as fast as an East bloc puppet regime. How much longer Agran thrives is an open question that will be settled in a heated re-election race this June.

Agran introduced hardball politics to Irvine with the Cosgrove Caper. Before the 1988 election, the Irvine city council had been split between Agran and his ally Ed Dornan, a junior college English professor, and realtor Sally Anne Sheridan and lawyer David Baker; UC Irvine professor Ray Catalano held the swing vote. In 1988, an amendment to the city charter provided for the direct election of the mayor and the elimination of one council seat. Agran spent $50,000 against opponent Barry Hammond's $5,000 to win 57 percent of the vote for mayor. For the

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

two open council seats, Agran ally Paula Werner, a teacher, placed first, and Sheridan second. But Agran's victory opened a third seat to complete his term. Insurance executive Cameron Cosgrove, the other Agran council candidate on the ballot, had come in third in the voting, entitling him as first runner-up to the seat. The hitch was that also in the June balloting voters had approved Measure D, providing a way for voters to petition for a special election for a seat vacated by the election of a mayor. In compliance with the measure, 10 percent of the electorate so petitioned the city. But Agran disregarded the move and refused to schedule another election, arguing—contrary to what the ballot measure specifically stated and to the city attorney's opinion—that Measure D did not apply to the 1988 election. The council, now Agran-controlled, backed him up, and Cosgrove was sworn in.

Two Irvine residents, Howard Klein and Cristina Bustos-Thomas, promptly challenged the move, petitioning the state attorney general for permission to sue. The attorney general, John van de Kamp, who was featured at an April 1988 Agran fund-raiser, has contributed to Agran's 1990 mayoral campaign, and is now pushing the abortion pill for women in his race for governor, sat on the complaint for five months before deciding it had merit and could go to court. Klein filed suit. Agran proceeded to spend more than $140,000 in city funds to defend his anti-democratic maneuver. And Cosgrove's attorney spent weeks deposing the citizens who had circulated the petition for a new election under Measure D, sending an intimidating signal to anyone who might try to fight Agran's city hall. (While the names of those circulating and signing a petition are not disclosed ordinarily, the city attorney buckled under Agran's pressure.) In February 1990, with Cosgrove still in the council seat, a judge ruled in his favor on the premise that since Agran had resigned his seat July 13, 1988, and the secretary of state had not officially made Measure D a part of the city charter until July 15, the council had grounds to seat Cosgrove. Klein's motion for reconsideration was dismissed and the city council is threatening to seek recovery of court costs from him. In the meantime, the entire sordid affair has inspired an antagonistic editorial writer at the *Orange County Register* to tag Agran's cadre of supporters "Agranistas," and the name is sticking. (Ironically, Measure D had been dreamed up by Agran as a way of protecting himself from the voters, since its primary intent was to set up a system under which incumbents could run for mayor without giving up their council seats.)

**Agran received a $500,000 grant from HUD to remodel half of an Irvine dog kennel into a 60-bed shelter for the homeless. At the time, there were only five homeless families in Irvine.**

Acquiring the council majority, by hook or by crook, has allowed Agran to become in effect a majority of one, throwing wide open his Pandora's box of Fabian-style socialistic proposals. The homeless and homosexuals have figured most prominently. Evidencing his penchant for a centralized government approach to perceived public problems, not to mention the insensitivity of a demagogue, Agran got a $500,000 grant from the U.S. Department of Housing and Urban Development to remodel half of an Irvine dog kennel into a 60-bed shelter for the homeless. At the time, there were only five homeless families in Irvine, all housed by Irvine Temporary Housing (ITH), a non-profit group, in rent-subsidized apartments throughout the city, ensuring both privacy and decent accommodations. ITH opposed the plan, as did many citizens, who feared the shelter would lure street people and derelicts from surrounding towns, and further humiliate them by putting them in with stray dogs. A local uproar spurred HUD to take back the money after Agran refused to consider another site. A member of the ITH board, Agran later retaliated by getting its director, Jim Palmer, fired.

Under Agran, "people who have an axe to grind have been given the umbrella of Irvine political authority to grind them in public," in the form of proliferating city commissions, says former Councilwoman Wiener. In 1988, Agran's human rights commission drew up an ordinance banning discrimination in employment and housing on the basis of race, color, religion, national origin, sex, age, sexual preference, or physical handicap. Over the objections of citizens who argued that it would encourage frivolous lawsuits, Big Brother record-keeping, and even affirmative action programs for homosexuals, the council passed the law. Members of a group called the Irvine Values Coalition thought the law legitimized an immoral lifestyle, and they collected signatures to put Measure N on the November 1989 ballot, to repeal the explicit protection of homosexuals.

"I'm a mom with three kids and I don't want gay pride festivals or public sex in bathrooms in my city," said Christina Shea, leader of the coalition. "I'm not on a crusade to wipe out homosexuals, but I'll fight if they want to bring homosexuality into the public arena." Of course this had been accomplished already by the mayor. Members of the Orange County Visibility League, a group of self-described "militant gay activists," sponsored marches, acts of civil disobedience, and even kiss-ins on the streets of Irvine in the midst of the Measure N battle. Agran & Co. raised $53,000 to defend the ordinance as opposed to the $13,000 Measure N's backers spent, but it passed with 53 percent of the vote. Agran lost his characteristic public composure following the defeat, and residents caught a glimpse of Mr. Hyde: at a community dinner, he strode to the dais and said he didn't know if the appropriate attire for the night was "black-tie or a hood."

Another Agran commission, the Irvine Science Advisory Task Force, worked with the council in the approval of a July 1989 law restricting the use of chlorofluorocarbons (CFCs) within the city's jurisdiction. It bans the sale and use of plastic foam food packaging if the chemicals are used in their manufacture, the use of CFCs in industrial processes like cleaning computer circuit boards, and the use of building insulation containing the compounds. The ordinance does not bar the use of the compounds in automobile air conditioners or refrigerators, since there are no current substitutes, but it will require service stations and repair shops to capture and recycle the compounds. From summer 1990 on, 400 to 500 businesses in Irvine that use the CFC compounds must adapt their equipment to prevent the gases from entering the atmosphere. Some wonder whether the law makes illegal the use of brake cleaner, suede shoe cleaner, and even fingernail polish remover.

Agran's Irvine has been at the forefront of a much wider national debate on the use of CFCs. Urged on by environmental activists and encouraged by the Irvine action, several dozen cities have initiated some type of CFC ban, though none has been as draconian as Irvine's. The crux of the issue is that scientists have said CFCs and other chlorinated solvents are destroying the earth's ozone layer, which protects the planet from ultraviolet radiation. The compounds are also associated with the so-called global-warming phenomenon. Reflecting the divisions in the scientific community on how to deal with CFC use, the Irvine council's move was opposed by Bela Lengyel, a retired university physicist and Irvine resident, who told the council that the effect of the ordinance on the globe's ozone layer "would be too small to be detected by any known scientific method." Others noted that the alternatives currently available are flammable and could endanger employee safety, be carcinogenic, or pollute the water.

Councilwoman Sheridan had more practical concerns. Residents will be unable to find air conditioner repairmen willing to invest in the costly recycling equipment required under the law, and Irvine's small businesses will not be able to compete with others in the area that are not so restricted, she said. An air conditioning serviceman said it would increase the price of air conditioning repairs in Irvine by $140 to $200. Many of the city's high-tech businesses also objected. A spokesman for Western Digital said his computer products firm, which is building a $100 million facility in Irvine, would lose its manufacturing capability if the law passed. Nonetheless, Agran was able to convince his colleagues that to turn down the law would be to "kiss off the future of the globe."

Todd Nicholson, president of the Industrial League of Orange County, who had testified against the ban, now notes that it has proved so unworkable that the city's new $70,000 "environmental coordinator" is having to issue all manner of exemptions. The outcome demonstrates Agran's environmentalism-without-pain approach: you feel good about "doing something," yet you don't really do anything. "The whole thing was a political act," says Nicholson. "There was a big push to



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

adopt it on first reading before the weekend meeting of Local Elected Officials in Irvine. There wasn't the usual consultation with groups that would have been affected by the law," which could have made for a more workable one. Irvine became the first city in the country to enact such a sweeping CFC ban on July 18, three days before a conference of two dozen local officials convened in Irvine to launch a national effort to restrict CFCs. The conference was organized by the Irvine-based Center for Innovative Diplomacy (CID), which in 1986 had subsumed Agran's Local Elected Officials group and become the umbrella organization for his municipal foreign policy push. Agran became executive director of CID, at an annual salary of $25,000 (Agran's wife, Phyllis, now a successful pediatrician and a tenured UC Irvine professor, and pro-abortion activist, essentially subsidizes Agran's career), and Michael Shuman, a graduate of Stanford Law who used to run an international computer link called "Peace Net" in Cambridge, Massachusetts, was named president. The CID meeting produced a call for an international gathering of mayors and local officials under United Nations sponsorship to discuss ozone depletion and to sign a "stratospheric protection accord." The U.N. has since agreed. CID's "World Conference of Local Authorities" will meet at the U.N. this summer.

This silliness aside, the CFC ban demonstrates what Sheridan, a straight-shooting, personable real estate agent who is running against Agran in June's mayoral election, says is Agran's intense concern for his global agenda at the expense of what's best for Irvine. This is how it works: CID director Agran is paid to promote CFC bans and get them passed. Mayor Agran, who makes $10,000 a year to tend part-time to Irvine's business, sees to it that the CID mission is accomplished in his city, and then touts the Irvine law as a model for CID's members. In a December 1989 CID fund-raising letter, Agran opened by recounting Irvine's establishment of "concrete programs addressing the threats of ozone depletion and global warming." A committed ideologue, Agran clearly isn't in this to make money. But city money is helping underwrite CID. Agran schedules CID meetings to coincide with his official business in other parts of the country. Says former Mayor Vardoulis: "The city pays to send him to do his [CID] job." In March 1986, for example, Agran attended the National League of Cities convention in Washington, D.C., and according to city records filed expenses of $727.55 for air-fare and hotel. At the same time, Agran held a meeting of the steering committee of his Local Elected Officials group to discuss its merger with the Center for Innovative Diplomacy, according to several LEO board members. Sheridan charges that aides who staff Agran's city office, mostly UC Irvine students, also do CID work, though Agran denies this.

But the bigger question for Irvine residents is whether they want their city to continue to be Dr. Jekyll's laboratory for the global agenda of CID, a $300,000 a year operation with close ties to Tom Hayden's renamed Campaign for Economic Democracy, Campaign California. As recently as two years ago, says Gil Ferguson, a local Republican assemblyman, "you could call Agran's office and they'd answer the phone 'Campaign California.' " Yet the very fact of Irvine's conservative demeanor adds a cover of reasonableness to the left-wing municipal foreign policy drive. In December, for example, the Irvine council established an Office of International Affairs, with a two-year budget of $110,000, that will work on a range of projects, from international trade assistance to reunification of refugees from Vietnam with their families. The city is also funding—to the tune of $36,000—a non-profit Sister City Foundation. Irvine has a sister city in Tsubuka, Japan, and is about to adopt another one, Hermosillo, Mexico. Any effort to name a sister city like Managua would likely meet significant opposition. Still, at CID's instigation, Agran has played host to a Nicaraguan baseball team and to the Veterans Peace Convoy, a Sandinista-support group which collected food and money for distribution in Managua. On Memorial Day 1988, the convoy was welcomed by Agran at a city hall reception that attracted many of Southern California's pro-Communist activists, including representatives of the Committee in Solidarity with the People of El Salvador. According to his *Bulletin of Municipal Foreign Policy*, Agran has also "met with the Palestinian mayor of Nazareth, and turned up at trials of arrested anti-contra demonstrators."

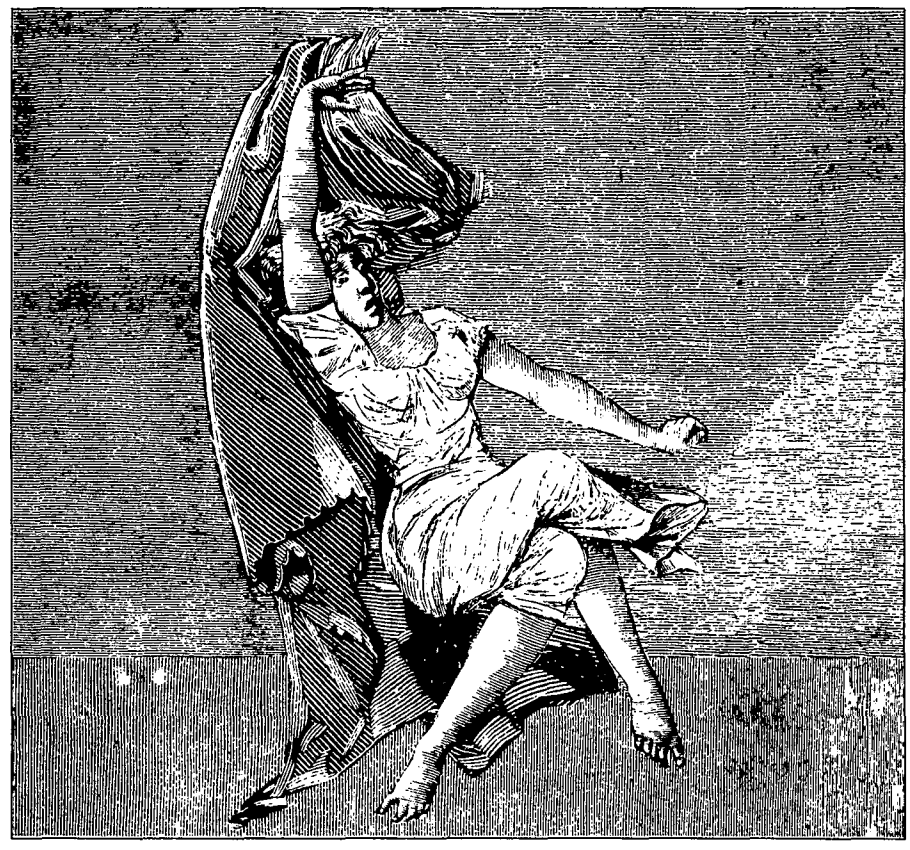
Whether one agrees with their ends or not, there is no disputing that "Larry's social programs cost money," says Brien Manning, publisher of the *Irvine World News*, an award-winning weekly newspaper published by the Irvine Company. Money spent on "general government expenditures"—the cost of running the city's bureaucracy—has increased from $5.5 million in 1986 to $10 million in 1989, according to the city's annual financial report for 1989. That same report shows that total revenue from taxes increased from $27.7 million in 1986 to $41.9 million in 1989. "The residential tax bill is certainly going up," says former Councilwoman Wiener. "On newer homes, they're paying all kinds of special assessments, for roads, for water districts, for schools, for landscape maintenance." Residents even pay to divide their trash into three separate bins as part of a city-wide recycling program, free in most cities. "We pay to recycle, rather than save money recycling," says Wiener. Nikolaj Grinenko, an elderly Irvine resident, was recently arrested by the Irvine police for "unauthorized" recycling efforts; Grinenko liked to pass his days picking up bottles and cans in his neighborhood and donating the money he received for them to charity.

**What is happening in Irvine is a throwback to the old Hayden theory: you stop certain kinds of growth by purposely clogging the roads.**

When Agran drew up a new bond issue proposal and called a special election for March of this year, Wiener decided to fight it. The bond issue would have raised $300 million to build and maintain city parks, assessing an annual tax of $120 per household. Agran claimed it would fund a "park system for the 21st century," including $600,000 for a working model farm, where the homeless would raise crops for the "needy." The move was an unprecedented use of a bond issue, which usually goes to fund a long-term capital expenditure: two-thirds of the revenue generated under the plan would have gone to the operation and maintenance of city facilities. Though the mayor spent $60,000 in city money to promote the bond and hold the election, the bond was defeated decisively, 75 to 25 percent. "People were saying, 'you have enough money, if you can afford sister cities, you can afford parks,' " says Wiener.

It was the second time in six months that an Agran-backed initiative had been rejected by the voters, and the mayor's machine is sputtering as the June race nears. The outcome will likely hinge on the complex politics of development, the issue on which Agran has staked his local career. Although Agran has run under the broadly popular banner of slow-growth, a detailed look at his positions shows that this label is misleading, to say the least. It would be more apt to say that Agran supports controlled-growth, provided that he's manning the control booth. Agran's view is informed by a kind of Luddite environmentalism, a less-is-more, small-is-beautiful approach that mandates *more*, not less, density. Agran's Irvine—where everybody would live in space-saving condominium developments and ride to work on energy-saving rapid transit—would be a *flattened* Manhattan.

This view is reflected in his proposal to build an "urban village" of 28,000 residential units within a sprawling business park, the 2,500-acre Irvine Business Complex, which would increase residential density in the city by





LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

more than 30 percent. Agran's called it a "global village" and "Irvine's Champs Elysées," but he set his sights a bit lower in a memo to city staff, saying their time "would probably be well spent walking up and down Main Street in Disneyland" for design ideas. The local reaction to the plan has been tepid. Many see it as grim social engineering more appropriate to North Korea than Southern California. It is also in complete contrast to the city's master plan, which embodies quite consciously the traditional American dream: a single-family house in the suburbs, a front and back yard, a couple of cars in the driveway. The master plan is aimed precisely at preventing too much density and associated traffic problems. Building out to the limits of the plan—which envisions a population of 225,000 by the year 2000—means more and wider roads. But Agran is against roads, not to mention the automobile. "Roads themselves are not a solution to our mobility problems," he says. That is the root of a conflict that has taken many forms.

What is happening in Irvine is a throwback to the old slow-growth Hayden theory: you purposely clog the roads by delaying expansion projects, enticing the electorate to draw the false conclusion that development means traffic congestion. Then you push the "environmentalist" solution to the problem—more residential density, live-where-you-work schemes, and mass transportation—rather than simply building more and better roads.

Put into practice, the Agran plan has meant that "traffic is worse now, because some roads have actually gone from 4 to 2 lanes," says Howard Klein, an Irvine attorney. "The design is to make people fed up with driving. Meanwhile, the infrastructure is deteriorating." Hank Adler, a former city commissioner, explains, "When Larry came into office, he said, 'We don't want any more backyard freeways.' The master plan concept was that we'd have major highways that would go around the city. He was against that. So now we have six major roads going right through the city full of commuter traffic rather than one going around."

According to Craig Neustadter, a former transportation engineer for the city, Agran's end game is the fixed monorail system that he wants to build through the city. "Up to now, we haven't had the land use density to sustain such a system. Larry's view of Irvine is in marked contrast to the Southern California lifestyle, the reason people came to Irvine in the first place." Thus, there isn't much public enthusiasm for the monorail, but the mayor has found a way around that hurdle. A California State Rail Bond initiative, slated for the June 1990 ballot, would provide $2 billion in funds for rail and transit projects throughout the state. Agran got the state to include in the proposed projects the construction of a monorail that would be linked to a downtown Irvine rail, extend throughout Irvine's John Wayne airport area, and connect to commuter train service to Los Angeles and Riverside. Last spring, the state told supporters of the initiative in each community to raise one dollar for each $400 included in the bond measure to fund a signature-gathering campaign to get the bond on the ballot. For Irvine's $125 million, $312,500 had to be generated locally.

Though the city was legally barred from participating financially in the campaign, Irvine's director of community development, Robert C. Johnson, wrote to several Irvine developers in early April 1989 encouraging "private individuals and private corporations to participate in this remarkable opportunity to build a twenty-first century transportation system—with all its benefits—right here in Irvine. It is suggested that a contribution of $10 per employee in your organization, or any amount you can justify, will assist in providing the funds necessary." One executive of a local firm, who provided copies of virtually identical letters received by several local businesses, says his company got squeezed at both ends, once by the city for a direct contribution, and again by big developers, who passed the city assessment on to their subcontractors. What is more, according to several local executives, the letters were followed up with phone calls from city officials—in at least one case by Agran's shadow on the city council, Ed Dornan—threatening that if the payments weren't made, the companies would lose their city contracts or entitlements. Says one businessman: "This is extortion. They could go to jail for this." Another developer told me: "We raised $300,000 after some of us at Trammell Crow, Mola Development, and Birtcher were told directly by the mayor that if the money wasn't paid, our projects wouldn't be approved. I can't say so without anonymity, but if a judge asks me about it, I will."

**How much longer Agran thrives is an open question that will be settled in a heated re-election race this June.**

Meanwhile, Agran has found a way to link his monorail scheme to his peace dividend proposals, saying that the federal government shouldn't be spending "billions to put guided nuclear missiles on rail cars; what we need is to put thousands of commuters on rail cars."

If the mayor's development schemes have such little support, how does he get his program enacted? Principally through the exercise of raw political power at City Hall. Purges and defections from the city staff have been nothing short of massive in the past few years. Soon after taking power, the Agran majority on the council fired Irvine's first and only city manager, Bill Woollett, part of a plan to move Irvine from a city-manager form of government to an Imperial Mayoralty. Dennis Wilberg, the former transportation director, left the city because the mayor and his supporters were holding up the approval of new roads in the hopes of creating a public clamor for mass transportation. "The highways were stalled by a small group and no one can butt heads with the mayor," says Wilberg, who is now hiring former Irvine officials as consultants to do work for him in nearby Mission Viejo, where he holds the same job he had in Irvine. "There was a very good staff. But most of them have left." Neustadter quit in March, when he could no longer work under the scrutiny, as he says, of "certain allies of the mayor, a fifth column, watching out for his interests, not the city's, in the day to day operation of the development process.

"It was quite demoralizing," he goes on. "There are some civil servants who are allied with the mayor, and they order professional reports to be revised in relation to his positions. Editorial revisions on the city's Environmental Impact Report on the Yale Overpass were slanted in the direction of the mayor's opinions. We found that by not building the bridges [Agran's position], you put more pollutants into the environment. We were told to cover that up. It's insidious."

The Yale Overpass controversy demonstrates well the way Agran—in a now-classic Democratic style—is able to get elected in the first place. Essentially, he pursues a divide-and-conquer strategy with respect to various Irvine residential enclaves by appealing to their special interests. This works in tandem with voter apathy to produce enough votes—about 15,000—to win. The Agran council has blocked an extension and widening of Yale Road, a major north-south thoroughfare that is blocked in two spots, once by a freeway and once by a railway. The master plan provides for the building of an overpass to connect the road, but many in the immediate neighborhood oppose it. "A very small minority is against it, because they say it will siphon off traffic from the major arterioles into their neighborhoods," says newspaper publisher Manning.

The same paradigm is at work in Agran's war against the proposed San Joaquin Hills Freeway, a regional transportation corridor that would relieve traffic throughout Orange County. Agran sent fliers addressed only to "residents of Turtle Rock, University Town Center and Rancho San Joaquin," three of Irvine's more exclusive neighborhoods, informing them that "the San Joaquin Hills Freeway will slash through the beautiful coastal hillsides behind Turtle Rock Village and UCI." He set up a straw man, claiming the road would be eighteen lanes when in fact no one had proposed any such thing. The freeway is now under construction, following an advisory vote taken last August in Irvine, at Agran's insistence (and at a cost of about $50,000 to the city), that showed 80 percent of the electorate backing the freeway. Agran has also involved Irvine as a party to a number of lawsuits that have challenged Orange County-authorized developer agreements. In one such case in 1986, after a judge ruled that residents of one city could not block a regional transportation plan, Hayden's Campaign for Economic Democracy filed a legal brief in support of California Supreme Court review (it was denied). Residents have charged that the Agran tactic is a publicity stunt that wastes taxpayer money, because as a member of the Or-



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ange County boards that decide such matters, the city in effect is suing itself.

The mayor's constituency-building has extended also to the UC Irvine campus, where, not surprisingly, he finds a sympathetic audience among both faculty and students. Several Irvine professors have sat on Agran-appointed boards and commissions and defended him vociferously at city council meetings. The Agran political machine depends on a heavy turnout in the UCI neighborhoods, padded by a couple of thousand student absentee ballots, and in the mobile home parks, where Agran is popular for sponsoring a rent-control law (though his sympathies for a more expansive rent-control law have been kept in check). Senior citizens in retirement developments are enticed with a combination of carrots and sticks; in one case, residents in a complex were told that if they did not vote for the mayor they would lose the traffic light that enables them to cross the street safely to a nearby shopping center.

The essential analytical point here is that Agran, contrary to his reputation, does not attract many conservative votes. Though they are outnumbered by Republicans, Democrats vote at a 10 percent higher rate than do Republicans. Agran's narrow constituencies add up, provided most everybody else stays home (voter turnout is typically 50 percent) and the opposition is divided. A look at some past races proves instructive in this respect. In 1988, the two Agran-backed candidates for city council together won 22,366 votes; the non-Agran candidates tallied 26,351. The problem was that there were three non-Agran candidates.

Mayoral candidate Sheridan and her supporters are determined not to make the same mistake this go-round, in which control of the council is also at stake. Agran, though, will have the advantage of incumbency, and a bigger war chest, much of it from outside Irvine. For the reporting period that ended December 1989, Agran had raised $35,000, of which $13,000 came from outside Irvine; Sheridan had raised $16,000, with less than $800 coming from non-Irvine sources. Agran's backers included fat-cat Los Angeles liberal Stanley K. Sheinbaum, and the Beverly Hills PAC "Women For," headed by a husky feminist from the Carter days, Marge Tabankin. Almost all of Agran's Irvine supporters were Irvine city employees, UC faculty, and—yes—developers, hedging their bets. (Agran's views on development, of course, are not necessarily incompatible with the developers'.) When Agran was in the minority and thus had difficulty attracting big business bucks, he succeeded in getting passed a $160 cap on political contributions from groups or individuals. But he now routinely violates the limit by getting large "in kind" contributions from Irvine groups with which he has close ties. For example, the Irvine Conservancy, on whose board Agran sits, and Irvine Citizens United, which originally formed to fight Measure N, both contributed cash in addition to sending out mailers soliciting funds for the 1990 Agran Campaign. Complaints on these matters have been filed with California's Fair Political Practices Commission.

As in other locales, the conservatives find themselves out-gunned, as too few in their ranks care to become "activists" of whatever stripe. So the left moves in essentially unchallenged, and fights with every means available when the public discovers the sheep are wolves. Sheridan reports that a campaign of intimidation by the Agran forces has begun, causing her to lose some real estate clients and receive threatening telephone calls from anonymous antagonists. The Agran camp even has someone in her office monitoring her incoming calls, she says. But this is par for the course in a community where, increasingly, "everyone is afraid of Larry," as Sheridan puts it. As if to parody the neo-Stalinist aura he's created, Agran recently ordered that an armed police officer stand guard at each public meeting of the city council after a woman offered some critical comments about the mayor's reign. Associates say the mayor fears someone may try to kill him, in the heat of a Ceausescu-style uprising.

Perhaps in billing itself as a "new way to live in an urban environment," Irvine invited in the likes of Larry Agran. And he thrived for a time, like a parasite on a healthy plant. A city as economically vibrant and socially placid as Irvine is tough to wreck. But now, as more of his policies come home to roost, Agran is a desperate man fighting for his political life. His carefully crafted game plan of appealing to a voting minority appears to have backfired, angering the majority. Many moderates and conservatives simply can't abide his connection to "globalism" or, more generally, to the radical left. At the same time, his intellectual intolerance and sheer political brutality have alienated many liberals. Finally, there is the atmosphere of divisiveness and dishonesty that Agran and his cabal have created, leading to the undeniable conclusion that Agran's consuming concern is power, in the service of an agenda he will not even own up to.

If Agran wins the race and serves out his term, he says he hopes to go on to an appointed post in government, should either the White House or the Governor's Mansion fall into the hands of the Democrats. (He could never run successfully in the county, and an amendment to the city charter limits a mayor to two consecutive terms. But because the charter does not explicitly prohibit an outgoing mayor from running for council, Agran is likely to run one of his cronies for mayor and rule Irvine from the council for two years, then run again for mayor.) If he loses, he'll still have his municipal foreign policy crusade, though without the imprimatur of Irvine, it's hard to see how Agran could maintain the kind of profile he's enjoyed, or keep his municipal foreign policy movement at its current pitch. In the end, Irvine voters may make Agran the political dinosaur extinct not only locally, but globally. □


# SECOND THOUGHTS
# ABOUT RACE IN AMERICA

**A Conference Sponsored by**

**The Second Thoughts Project**
**of the National Forum Foundation**

**Co-Chairmen: Peter Collier and David Horowitz**
**Authors of *Destructive Generation***

**Thursday, May 3, 1990**
**at The Sheraton Carlton Hotel**
**16th & K Streets NW, Washington, D.C.**

Two years ago, Peter Collier and David Horowitz brought together a major gathering of former 1960's political activists for a conference on "Second Thoughts." The meeting represented the first public challenge to the nostalgia artists and political mythmakers of the aging New Left who until then had dominated the discussion about the legacy of the Sixties generation.

On May 3, 1990, the Second Thoughts Project of the National Forum Foundation will hold another conference in Washington called "Second Thoughts About Race in America," which will feature along with other speakers several former activists in the civil rights movement of the Sixties. The conference will examine the growing racial tensions in America against the backdrop of the civil rights movement and the transformation of the meaning of "civil rights" under the political pressure of veterans of the Sixties Left. It will also examine the solutions which left-liberal orthodoxy is attempting to impose in the present crisis.

**Conference Participants Include:**

**WILLIAM ALLEN**: Former Chairman, U.S. Commission on Civil Rights
**RICHARD COHEN**: Columnist, The Washington Post
**STANLEY CROUCH**: Freelance Journalist for The Village Voice and The New Republic
**CONNIE HILLIARD**: Former Editorial Page Editor, Dallas Morning News
**JOE KLEIN**: Political Writer, New York Magazine
**JULIUS LESTER**: Author, Black Power's Gon Get Your Mama and Lovesong
**MICHAEL LEVIN**: Author, Feminism and Freedom
**GLENN LOURY**: Professor of Government, Harvard University
**RONALD RADOSH**: Author, The Rosenberg File
**FREDERICK ROBINSON**: Reporter, Atlanta Constitution and Journal
**HARMEET SINGH**: Assistant Editor, Policy Review
**SHELBY STEELE**: Professor of English, San Jose State University
**ABIGAIL THERNSTROM**: Author, Whose Votes Count
**LAURENCE WADE**: Former Columnist, The Washington Times
**JUAN WILLIAMS**: Correspondent, The Washington Post
**WALTER WILLIAMS**: Author, All it Takes is Guts

Conference Fee: $50.00 (luncheon and evening reception included)

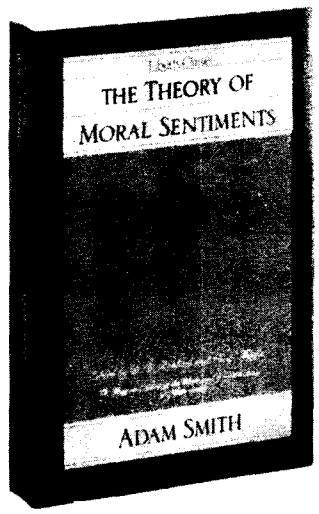
For more information contact Kim Ohnemus or Catherine Messina
at the National Forum Foundation (202-543-3515).




LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

# BOOKS FROM LIBERTY FUND

## Liberty*Press* / Liberty*Classics*




### THE THEORY OF MORAL SENTIMENTS

**By Adam Smith**
**Edited by D. D. Raphael and A. L. Macfie**

This was Smith's first book, a masterpiece considered by many, including Smith himself, to be his most important work. His discussion of moral and social philosophy provides the basis for understanding his views of society and government. Edmund Burke called it "one of the most beautiful fabrics of moral theory."

**422 pages. Introduction, appendices, textual schedule, index.**
**Paperback only $ 7.50** 0-86597-012-2
Liberty*Classics*, 1984

### THE AMERICAN DEMOCRAT

**By James Fenimore Cooper**
**Introduction by H. L. Mencken**

America's first major novelist provides a concise statement of the principles of American democracy and of its social ramifications.

"Cooper's treatise, happily made available with an introduction by H. L. Mencken, amounts to being the 86th **Federalist Paper.**" —Holmes Alexander

**279 pages. Introduction, preface, index.**
**Hardcover $14.00** 0-913966-91-6
**Paperback $ 5.00** 0-913966-92-4
Liberty*Press*, 1981

### E PLURIBUS UNUM

**The Formation of the American Republic, 1776-1790**
**By Forrest McDonald**

"An extraordinary book." —Gordon S. Wood

That the American people introduced a governmental system adequate to check the very forces unleashed by the Revolution — this, writes Professor McDonald, "was the miracle of the age."

**386 pages. Prefaces, extensive notes, index.**
**Hardcover $12.00** 0-913966-58-4
**Paperback $ 4.00** 0-913966-59-2
Liberty*Press*, 1979

### ARATOR

**By John Taylor**
**Edited and with an Introduction by M. E. Bradford**

John Taylor of Caroline was perhaps the foremost philosopher of the conservative Jeffersonians. **Arator** was Taylor's most influential work: about the social order of an agricultural republic.

**426 pages. Introduction, note on the text, index.**
**Hardcover $15.00** 0-913966-25-8
**Paperback $ 7.00** 0-913966-26-6
Liberty*Classics*, 1977

### TEACHER IN AMERICA

**By Jacques Barzun**
**With a new Introduction by the author.**

With his customary wit and grace, Dr. Barzun contrasts the ritual of education with the lost art of teaching. The book's twenty-one chapters are concerned with three major issues: the practice of teaching, the subject matter to be taught, and the institutional and cultural aspects of teaching.

**502 pages. Bibliographical note, index.**
**Hardcover $14.00** 0-913966-78-9
**Paperback $ 6.00** 0-913966-79-7
Liberty*Press*, 1981

### THE WISDOM OF ADAM SMITH

**Selected by John Haggarty**
**Edited and with an Introduction by Benjamin A. Rogge**

"It is a wisdom book, wise thoughts from a sentence to a page or more in length." —**Choice**

Adam Smith was an eloquent man of considerable philosophical and historical learning. His most incisive and enduring observations are collected here on subjects ranging from political and economic history to morals, art, education, war, and the American colonies.

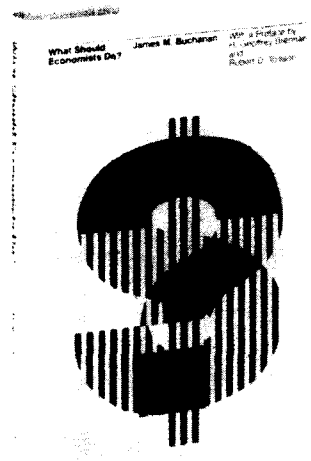
**234 pages. Introduction, selector's note, index.**
**Hardcover $ 7.95** 0-913966-21-5
**Paperback $ 3.00** 0-913966-23-3
Liberty*Press*, 1977

### WHAT SHOULD ECONOMISTS DO?

**By James M. Buchanan**
**Preface by H. Geoffrey Brennan and Robert D. Tollison**

This collection of sixteen essays provides easy access to a wide range of work by a founder of the burgeoning subdiscipline of public choice, a moral and legal philosopher, and the recipient of the 1986 Nobel Prize in Economics.

**292 pages. Preface, index.**
**Hardcover $14.00** 0-913966-64-9
**Paperback $ 6.50** 0-913966-65-7
Liberty*Press*, 1979



Please send me:

| Quantity Ordered | Title | Edition | Price | Amount |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| | The Theory of Moral Sentiments | Paperback only | $ 7.50 | |
| | The American Democrat | Hardcover | $14.00 | |
| | | Paperback | $ 5.00 | |
| | E Pluribus Unum | Hardcover | $12.00 | |
| | | Paperback | $ 4.00 | |
| | Teacher in America | Hardcover | $14.00 | |
| | | Paperback | $ 6.00 | |
| | Arator | Hardcover | $15.00 | |
| | | Paperback | $ 7.00 | |
| | The Wisdom of Adam Smith | Hardcover | $ 7.95 | |
| | | Paperback | $ 3.00 | |
| | What Should Economists Do? | Hardcover | $14.00 | |
| | | Paperback | $ 6.50 | |
| | | | Subtotal | |
| | | Indiana residents add 5% sales tax | | |
| | | | Total | |

**We pay book rate postage.**
**Please allow approximately 4 weeks for delivery.**
**All orders must be prepaid in U.S. dollars.**

☐ Enclosed is my check or money order made payable to Liberty Fund, Inc.
☐ Please send me a copy of your current catalogue.

Name _____

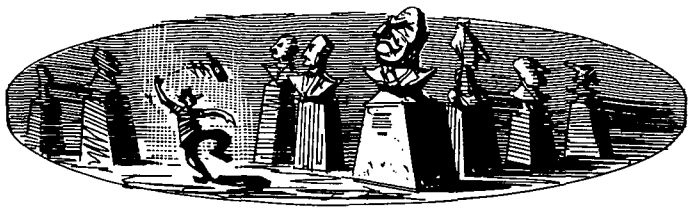
Address _____

City _____

State/Zip _____

**Mail to: Liberty Fund, Inc.**
**Department BL 106**
**7440 North Shadeland Avenue**
**Indianapolis, IN 46250**

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



# FAIRLIE TALES

by Philip Terzian

Henry Fairlie was drunk.

He was not just tipsy, of course, but inebriated beyond his poor powers to add and detract. His tie was askew and his bony hands shook like a frightened mouse; the skin stretched over his knuckles was spotted and translucent. He lurched about the Palm Restaurant bar, flopping this way and that like Buster Keaton in a windstorm. His oversized horn-rimmed glasses seemed to pull him ever forward with alcoholic magnetism; he would catch himself in mid-plunge, stamp his feet on the floor, push his glasses up his nose, and snort.

I nearly expected him to collapse and do a split, or double over in a pratfall, then tip his hat courteously to the wall or the coatrack. But he stayed on his feet, and kept circling the room.

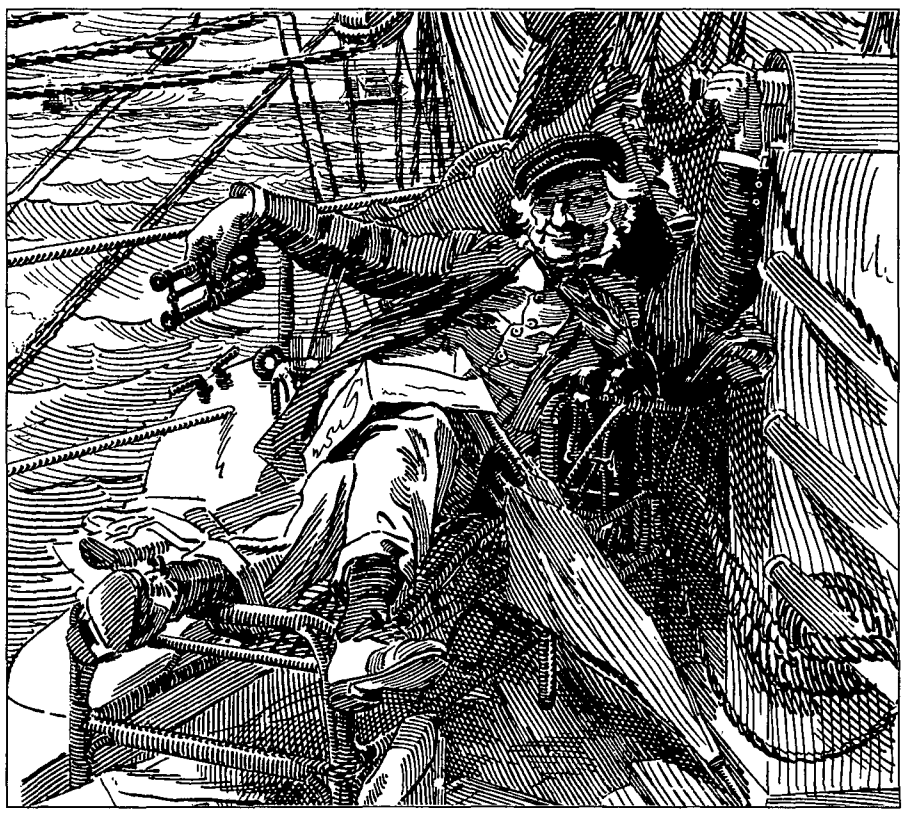
This was Washington on the evening of Jimmy Carter's Inauguration, and Henry Fairlie, like the hundreds of happy Democrats squeezed into the Palm, was very pleased indeed. He had interviewed the candidate on an airplane during the primaries, and Governor Carter, who could occasionally be shrewd, had referred to Clarendon's *History of the Rebellion* in subsequent conversation. This, like his well-advertised affection for Dylan Thomas, was probably the high-water mark of Carter's erudition; but Fairlie was an instant convert, and for a long time after would brook no carping about the man he called his hero.

This was sometimes illustrated in extravagant fashion. On the summer afternoon when President Carter announced that his buffoon-buddy Bert Lance would have to resign from office, a group of us stood around the television set and snickered: there were those cold blue eyes, all right, but where was that arrogant grin? The next morning Fairlie thumb-tacked a photograph of a chastened Jimmy Carter on the bulletin board, and admonished his colleagues to refrain from such cruelty: this, he said, was "the face of Auschwitz," and we were the SS.

*Philip Terzian is editor of the editorial pages at the* Providence Journal.

Well, all right. Henry Fairlie had once been infatuated with politics, but now he was exploring the American soul. It was, for the most part, a displeasure cruise for him. He who had begun as a Tory acolyte of Harold Macmillan ended his life as a self-professed socialist, embracing Michael Harrington, nipping at the heels of William F. Buckley. But even Fairlie lost faith in Jimmy Carter, at long last, and he ultimately became a kind of anglicized Bill Moyers, in whining admonition: his only diagnosis for the failure of the left was the sickness of the country; in humble irrelevance or vindictive obscurity he found common cause.

He was never happier than when he could compare his adopted country with the Britain of his heyday, or with Periclean Athens. The comparison, naturally, was despairingly unfavorable. Like so many foreign observers of the past two hundred years, Henry Fairlie derided and disdained what he couldn't comprehend while falling into puppy love with occasional individuals. America had its assets.



These usually took a female form: the wife of a sometime CBS producer, a West Coast health quack, an unpublished novelist. He told one young woman he had once been known throughout the British Isles as "England's greatest lover." The past tense made it poignant: another time he spoke of the pleasures of chaste affection, lying together in bed "with one's underwear on." In one memorable essay in the *Washington Post* he compared a District of Columbia hotel *chanteuse* to Chartres Cathedral—and he wasn't joking, either.

Indeed, before there was an Alexander Cockburn or a Christopher Hitchens or even poor Peter Pringle, there was Henry Fairlie. Whence do they come, and why do they remain? We know where they set out, but they cross the Atlantic for cash. Marriage is the usual expedient, or siphoning from a trust fund. In Fairlie's case it was a question of debt. Like many public moralists his standards were strictly in principle: he had once been jailed in Britain for failure to pay alimony, and his children and grandchildren were strangers at best.

By the early 1960s his accumulation of unpaid bills and angry patrons was painful enough; but having referred to his onetime lover Antonia Fraser on television as a whore, he became a fugitive from the libel laws in 1965. Like many a chastened Englishman washed up on these shores, he found himself at the doorstep of Kay Halle, the Georgetown Anglophile and Cleveland mercantile heiress who had once sought to lure Randolph Churchill into matrimony. Miss Halle, who was many years older than Mr. Fairlie, offered a copious bosom for weeping, and a checking account as well. He slipped quickly and easily into the senior Georgetown set: Kay Halle's neighbor Katharine Graham offered succor at the *Post*, and the pattern of the parasite was successfully established.

It lasted a quarter-century. In a sense Henry Fairlie's contempt for political Washington was confirmed by his own renown. Even today the resident political culture is thin in the nation's capital; an awful lot of people go very far on rather little. By the middle 1970s his drunkenness was habitual and his binges were excessive, so there was nothing left for Fairlie to do but attach himself to Martin Peretz and his newly purchased *New Republic*. And there, in the pool of precocious young men, he found his final nest.

What was the attraction? From Fairlie's point of view, convenience, drink, and a pocketful of cash. From Peretz's standpoint, cheap credibility. Here was a figure hovering around the office who had begun his career stalking Winston Churchill, not Ralph Nader. Fairlie in the *New Republic* was a thumb in the eye of the *Washington Post*. And like most confidence men, his powers of flattery were dangerously potent: he wrote light verse in honor of Peretz, he persuaded Joseph Kraft to share his suffering spouse, he talked to Katharine Graham like a profligate nephew, to waitresses



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

and typists he knelt on bended knee like an aged buccaneer.

When I was employed at the *New Republic* for some years one of my irregular assignments was to "find Henry Fairlie." I soon memorized the three or four addresses where he stored his famous underwear. This minor detective skill was deeply resented, of course, and my reward for this onerous duty was a copious pile of long, handwritten letters examining my various defects. I still have them, and they are as sadly amusing today as they ever were in the past.

In fairness, I suppose Fairlie guessed I knew the awful truth: he spoke of his contemporaries in England—Paul Johnson, Sir Geoffrey Howe, and many others—with the singular malice that envy requires. For what had he done in comparison to them? A handful of short, hastily written potboilers, a boxful of reviews. In another life he might have written a real book, or a political biography. He certainly should have done what Alistair Horne accomplished—and his churlish review of Horne's life of Harold Macmillan is painfully self-revealing. Still in debt, still sitting in judgment, still easily angered and flattered with a drink, he finished his career in a Peretz-subsidized flat, lapping occasionally in other directions, biting each generous hand.

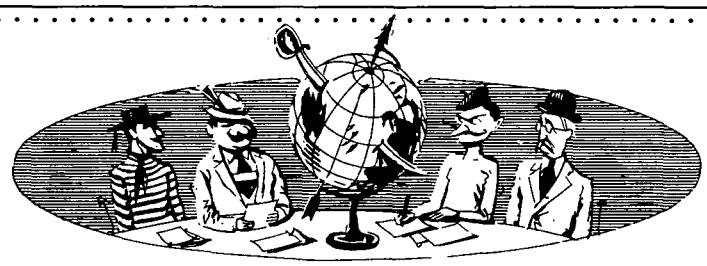
He died in tragicomic fashion. On a brisk February afternoon, drunk as usual, he stumbled and fell on the sidewalk outside the *New Republic* offices. He was scraped off the pavement and delivered to the same hospital where 70-year-old Ronald Reagan had survived a bullet wound in the chest. Eleven days later Henry Fairlie was dead, age 66.

As it happens, his fatal encounter with a banana peel was just across the street from the Palm Restaurant bar. A dozen years before he could still lurch and catch his fall, but age had overtaken him. That night among the Carterites in 1977 he weaved from clique to coterie—nobody knew who he was—and settled on William Shawcross. He invited Shawcross to dine, but Shawcross fixed him with an agonized look, and abruptly turned away. Fairlie then swirled and stood facing me: I accepted the invitation.

As we sat and ate fish, he bobbed to the left and careened to the right; the Palm was in stormy seas. For some reason now forgotten, I mentioned Malcolm Muggeridge, and he exploded with a roar: Muggeridge, he declared, was a lecher, a drunkard, and a fraud. A mouthful of salmon couldn't stop the imprecations. "He has nothing to say and he says it with aplomb."

He waved his hand imperiously and shook his head with violence, the morsels of salmon now escaping from his lips and tumbling to the tablecloth: "No, I *cannot* take Malcolm Muggeridge seriously, and neither should you!" □

# SPECTATOR'S JOURNAL



## BENIN GROWTH

by Jean-Paul Côtier

When I was last there, in the 1960s, Dahomey was a sleepy, poor but quite happy country, under French tutelage like many of its neighbors. Just north of the equator, sandwiched between Togo and Nigeria, it points inland like a finger from the Gulf of Guinea. In 1975 a Marxist military government seized power and changed the name of the country to the People's Republic of Benin. The ruling People's Revolutionary party formed ties with its fraternal parties in the Soviet Union, Libya, North Korea, and Cuba. Benin was welcomed into the so-called Nonaligned Movement, and launched harsh propaganda attacks against the United States, whereupon the American ambassador was withdrawn. To answer the telephone you no longer said *bonjour* but Ready for the wRevolution! (*Pret pour la Revolution*, or *ehuzu* in the local lingo). Signs such as DEATH TO TRAITORS (*mort aux traitres*) sprouted. Bulgarian, Rumanian, and East German advisers were imported, many young people were sent off to study in Russia, Libyans erected a huge mosque, the North Koreans mounted a stirring exhibit of the American invasion of South Korea. Eventually the Soviets started to build a major airport upcountry, where there were few travelers. Shades of Grenada!

Meanwhile, the country's economy declined steadily. Immense official buildings were built and staffed, draining the government's income. Several jumbo state-owned industrial projects collapsed, including the Onidbolo cement plant, the Safe sugar refinery, and the Seme oil field. All three major French banks were nationalized, as was the Banque Commerciale de Benin, with sixteen branches, which thus became the only commercial bank in the country. Alas, some months back the Banque Commerciale itself went bust.

Political slogans do not in fact improve production. So by degrees Benin, like most Marxist countries, began to turn partly away from the Soviet model. Diplomatic relations with the U.S. improved somewhat, and in 1983 an American ambassador reappeared, although Benin remains one of the few countries with essentially no U.S. investment.

Still, as popular indignation intensifies, things have started coming to a boil. Tens of thousands of citizens demonstrated a few weeks back in the streets of Cotonou and Porto Novo; some were killed. The president and his advisers have been in a virtually continuous huddle. From time to time there are announcements: "The President regrets that certain policies haven't worked. The guilty will be arrested. One need no longer answer the telephone with 'Ready for the Revolution.' "

As it happened, I chose that moment to make a return visit. While there I attended a school graduation ceremony. Addressing the assembly, the first speaker greeted them in French as "Comrades." This provoked roars of laughter, since a few days previously the government had announced the abolition of this detested form of address in favor of the traditional *monsieur* and *madame*. On another occasion a speaker used the formerly obligatory expression "the struggle continues"; again, gales of laughter, since that one has also been discarded.

Heading upcountry one day in 100-degree heat, I stopped to pay a courtesy call on the local *prefet*, a big, tough-looking officer with an armed guard. We chatted for a while, and he urged me to drop in on the way back to town, if he hadn't been "ousted." I didn't visit him on the way back, but in any event the telephone lines in most of the country got cut, so he wouldn't have known if he had been ousted.

*Jean-Paul Côtier is a financial journalist.*



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

How did things go so wrong? For an insight, let us visit the (failed) Banque Commerciale de Benin for a talk with Monsieur N. It is an impressive building, but for obvious reasons one sees little activity within. In the waiting-room, instead of the usual display of annual reports and copies of *l'Expansion*, lies an aging offprint from *Pravda* describing how the Red Army, its fraternal duty accomplished, has withdrawn from Afghanistan. Monsieur N. is a keen banker of long and wide experience. "I've said all this to everybody," he began. "The basic problem here, beside a lack of competence, is total corruption. The top people line their pockets through political influence. The president's closest adviser, Cisse, called *le Marabout*—"the priest" —stole five billion francs CFA (about $14 million) from this bank. We've traced it to Switzerland, London, and Monte Carlo.

"*Le Marabout* had his own men here, with an excellent understanding of computers. Sitting in this very room, they figured out how to shift funds into a special account, and thence right out of the country. *Le Marabout* and two of his men are in jail now, but that doesn't get the money back. Then, the Onidbolo cement project was a vast fraud. Benin already had two cement plants—more than enough. The Safe sugar refinery and *La Beninoise* [the government-owned beer and soft drink plant] are the same. They have run up huge debts that will never be paid. Their managers, who are always tied to the government, steal, and then send the loot abroad. The chief bandit is the president, along with his associates in the politburo. The chief prosecutor is the next biggest bandit. Another is the minister of justice: all court decisions are determined by bribes. I went to the presidential palace along with a representative of the World Bank. We were asked when the stolen money would be recovered. It's rather difficult to answer, 'Mr. President, *you* have the money.' "

All of this is familiar ground to a Frenchman, I reflected. The courts of Louis XIV, XV, and XVI were riddled with corruption: everybody around the king made his pile, including the royal mistresses and bastards. Monsieur N. described a local variation:

"The top management of every enterprise in these parts is absolutely duty-bound to take care of his family—both immediate and remote—together with his friends. So the state companies have enormously inflated overheads. And there are constant *histoires de femme* in local politics. The top men will have had ten or fifteen mistresses who used to run up big debit accounts here, and then go to the *Palais* and say, 'You've got to straighten me out with the bank.'

"The rulers now admit that they never understood Marxism, and as a sop to opinion a few people have been jailed. But new *marabouts* have been brought in, and are still at the center of decision-making. The Beninois are highly intelligent, and have understood exactly what's going on. So the unrest is no surprise!"

I was quite relieved that nothing blew before I was back on my plane to Abidjan, Niamey, and Paris. As I flew off I reflected that the chief, not democracy, is the custom in Africa. Any single ruler—like the European monarchs in their day—will enrich his family and his pals. So for now perhaps the best one can hope for in a number of countries is honest administration—perhaps contracted from international sources—of certain key parts of the economy, such as banking, and rulers who, like kings and business-builders, leave a substantial share of their gains in the country. Creating governments in defiance of the law that power corrupts may work in the next world, but not in this one. □


# With Our New Model You Can Teach The 14 Free-Market Principles In About 1 Hour

Our Philomod is a MODEL OF A PHILOSOPHY — the philosophy of the "free market." Quickly and efficiently it demonstrates the basic principles of the free market (and why they work so well) and the ideologies of its antithesis, the anti-market (and why they work so poorly).

We broke free-market doctrine down into fourteen economic, political, and management principles. Then, as an aid to understanding, each principle was formed into a three-dimensional icon. As each is explained and fitted into position, the user sees the vital relationships. He gains an excellent understanding of free-market/limited-government concepts.

The result is a unique and powerful new form of communication — a "hands-on" philosophy. Now, the enduring ideas of five mentors — Jefferson, Madison, Hayek, Friedman, and Peter Drucker — are permanently preserved in a 16-piece model crafted in New England hardwood.

Ideal for TV, seminar, and classroom presentations. For CEO's, company trainers, parents, and teachers who care to pass the key ideas of our culture to future generations.

To introduce our model, we have packaged three items together: our fully illustrated 52-page USER'S GUIDE (a $6.95 value); our 278-page text, STRUCTURES (a $16.95 value); and the 16-piece PHILOMOD™ model itself (regularly $95.00) in your choice of three beautiful wood finishes. All carefully packed and postpaid to U.S. destinations for only $85.00.

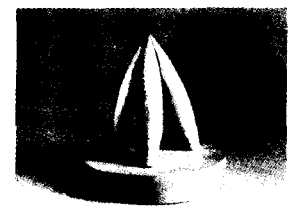
Order this stimulating teaching-aid today. See for yourself how free-market/limited-government principles can be:

- more exactly defined
- more easily explained
- more readily understood
- more certainly remembered.

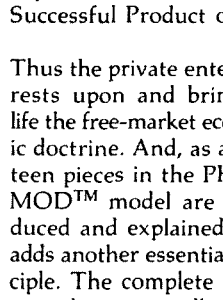
If you don't agree, we'll refund your money.

## A BRIEF LOOK AT HOW THE MODEL WORKS

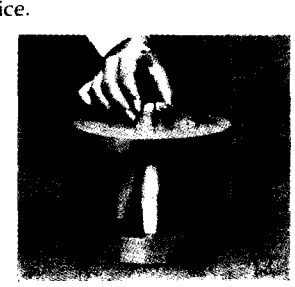
This tripod-on-a-disk illustrates the four basic principles of free-market doctrine. The Freedom to Choose is the base. The Freedom to Own, to Exchange and to Fund take their strengths from the base.



This wagon-wheel shape illustrates the five essential elements of every private organization. At the Entrepreneurial Hub are the two pieces Creativity and Management. The middle ring, the Resources Ring, is comprised of Property Resources and People Resources. The outer ring is the keystone that holds each free organization together - the Successful Product or Service.



Thus the private enterprise rests upon and brings to life the free-market economic doctrine. And, as all sixteen pieces in the PHILOMOD™ model are introduced and explained, each adds another essential principle. The complete model provides an excellent understanding of how the free-market system works.



PHILOMOD CORPORATION
P.O. Box 31339 • Jacksonville, FL 32230

Please ship postpaid the PHILOMOD™ model, the 52-page USER'S GUIDE, and the 278-page soft-cover text, STRUCTURES, to:

Name _____

Company _____

Address _____

City, State, Zip _____

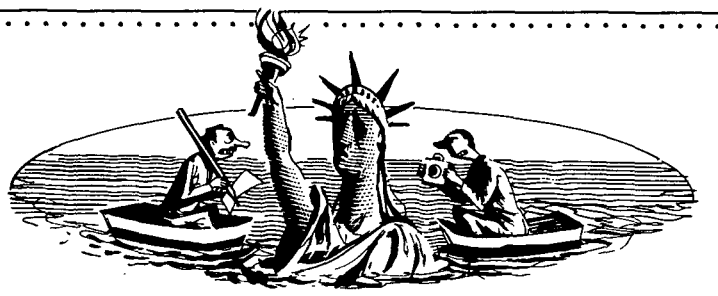
Enclosed is check or money order for $85.00. For Florida destinations, please add $5.53 sales tax. Specify finish:
( ) Walnut matte ( ) Natural maple ( ) Black matte

SATISFACTION GUARANTEED OR YOUR MONEY BACK

# Now...Proven Free-Market Principles Permanently Preserved in a Hardwood Model




LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



# PETER AND THE WOLVES

by Terry Eastland

Let's go to the videotape, to hear from Peter Jennings, "ABC World News Tonight," February 20, 1990:

> We begin tonight with some facts and figures from Nicaragua that are going to surprise many Americans. This Sunday when the people of Nicaragua vote in their first free election in a decade, they will most likely elect as President the man Washington loves to hate. An ABC News-*Washington Post* poll gives the Sandinista leader Daniel Ortega a 16-point lead over Violeta Chamorro . . . it may be hard for the opposition to catch up. More than half of all Nicaraguans like the way Ortega has been running the country.

Jennings reported various poll results before concluding:

> For the Bush Administration and the Reagan Administration before it, the poll hints at a simple truth: after years of trying to get rid of the Sandinistas, there is not much to show for their efforts.

John McWethy was next, with a piece assuming an Ortega victory, on future administration policy toward Nicaragua. Then Jennings again, finishing the segment:

> A couple of other notes about our Nicaraguan poll. We designed the questions, the poll was conducted by the Washington pollsters Belden and Russonello, who have a lot of experience in Latin America. It wasn't a phone poll, all the respondents wrote down their own answers in secret and apparently with great enthusiasm. And here is one more finding: 87 percent of the Nicaraguans we talked to said they were very concerned that the U.S. might invade their country.

Six days later, reporting the election, which Chamorro won by earthslide proportions, Jennings at least admitted that the poll turned out to be "terribly flawed." He went on to observe that there had been "a lot of explaining today about what happened." But he didn't explain why ABC had played the poll at the top of its February 20 newscast, or why ABC had failed to qualify the poll's conclusion with the kind of non-polling evidence favoring Chamorro that was known to other journalists, or why ABC had failed to report that polling in Nicaragua generally had been subject to controversy and was perhaps unreliable, or why ABC had failed to note that the Belden and Russonello poll might itself have been ideologically tainted.

ABC clearly did not have to report the poll the way it did. The next day, taking its turn, the *Post* didn't lead the paper with news about the poll. Nor did its story, written by Richard Morin and Lee Hockstader, hype the poll's findings. In fact, the lead was not that Ortega leads Chamorro, but that he only "appears" to lead. By the third paragraph, it was qualification time, as the *Post*'s reporters noted what might be called "the reluctance factor" (as in the reluctance of Chamorro supporters to declare themselves truthfully to pollsters), and in the fourth they wrote that "the race may be closer than Ortega's lead in the *Post*-ABC poll . . . would indicate." In the fifth and sixth paragraphs, Morin and Hockstader took up the matter of polling in Nicaragua, observing that the results of twenty-nine pre-election surveys (the ABC-*Post* poll was the last one taken) had varied "wildly" and that "the polls themselves have become part of the frenzied debate in this impassioned campaign." After next reporting the results of the ABC-*Post* poll, Morin and Hockstader then noted that the director of INOP-Itztani, the Nicaraguan group that did the fieldwork for Belden and Russonello, was a man named Marvin Ortega, "who fought with the Sandinistas against the government of dictator Anastasio Somoza and [once] worked as a statistician in the agriculture bureau" of the Sandinista government. The *Post* included a quote from an anonymous State Department official: "Everything in Marvin Ortega's background indicates that he is a longtime Sandinista supporter and a self-proclaimed leftist. It is perplexing, to say the least, how he could be considered a credible party to conduct an election poll in Nicaragua."

What could ABC have been thinking? I talked with Paul Friedman, executive producer of ABC's "World News Tonight." He said that the ABC polling unit had "an incredibly good record," and that therefore he was well disposed to go with what it had. Besides, it was a slow news day (something anyone who's been in the news business can readily appreciate). The combination was enough to make the story the lead. Yes, but hardly enough to justify the way it was presented. "I regret that I didn't have more conversations with our reporters on the ground," Friedman now says.

Not that this would have helped. I rolled the tape for the week preceding the election and found nothing in ABC's coverage indicating that the vote might favor Chamorro. ABC's reporters "on the ground" seemed blind on this point. It could well be that like some other journalists they came to expect a Sandinista victory not only on the basis of polls but also after drinking in the "visuals," all of which favored the Sandinistas. As Nina Shea, president of the Puebla Institute, a lay Catholic human rights group, told me, "The T-shirts, the hats, the placards—everything that could be seen was for the Sandinistas. UNO was invisible."

Still, I can't conclude it's beyond ABC to report what was not tangible—what was really in the hearts and minds of the majority of Nicaraguans. After all, Juan Vasquez of CBS, in his reporting, did drop some hints that the polls were not the whole story. So did print journalists, including Mark Uhlig of the *New York Times*, in addition to those covering the election for the *Washington Post*. It would not have taken much for the usually non-sensational Peter Jennings to have said, on February 20, that there is a "consistent contrast between such poll figures and observations from almost any set of random interviews in the street" (a direct quote from Uhlig's story in the February 18 *New York Times*). Or to have put it this way: such "survey results seem at odds with reporters' random interviews on the streets, where discontent and resentment at the Sandinistas and their management of the economy are commonplace" (*Washington Post*, February 19).

Nor, for that matter, would it have required much for Jennings to refer to the general problem with polling in Nicaragua, as the *Post* did. "A couple of other notes about our Nicaraguan poll," he said that day. A couple of notes, indeed. Of course, throw all of that in, and the now fairly mushed up story sinks in priority.

As for INOP-Itztani and its possible Sandinista connection, Paul Friedman said, "First time I've heard that." It's a question requiring more pursuit than journalism has so far given it. The *Post*'s Morin and Hockstader included the anonymous State Department official's quote in order to raise the issue. There is something curious about the State official's saying what he did, because State does business with the same group. Perhaps this is a matter of the right hand not knowing what the left is doing, and in any event the covered hand that passed the quote to the *Post* may be correct. After his poll story ran, Morin, the *Post*'s director of polling, looked into the question further. He told me he had yet to find any information suggesting Marvin Ortega was "a partisan Sandinista." Maybe Marvin Ortega's not such a type. On

*Terry Eastland is resident scholar at the National Legal Center for the Public Interest.*



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the other hand, maybe he, or his organization, is more Sandinista than the Sandinistas. If true, that raises just as serious a question about the survey's credibility.

Here's something to ponder: a new volume titled *Nicaragua: Dynamics of an Unfinished Revolution*, published by Walnut Publishing Co., Inc., of San Francisco, California, and written by Alan Benjamin, who is identified as editor of *Socialist Action*, a newspaper. What's curious here is not only that this book criticizes the Sandinista regime from the *left*, but that Benjamin, according to the book jacket, wrote it "in collaboration with researchers at the Itztani Institute in Managua." Writes Benjamin in his "Acknowledgments":

> During my last trip to Nicaragua in May 1987, I met a group of researchers at the Itztani Institute, an independent research institute based in Managua. These education workers and revolutionary activists shared my overall political approach toward the Nicaraguan Revolution. Some of them were members, or had been members of a number of different political organizations, including the Revolutionary Marxist League (LMR), a Trotskyist party originally affiliated to the Fourth International.
>
> Soon after our discussions in Managua, these comrades [!] agreed to collaborate with me in producing this book. . . . I am especially grateful to Rodrigo Ibarra, Orlando Morales Ortega, Carlos Molina Marcia, and Freedy Quizada of the Itztani Institute for this collaboration.

Marvin Ortega, the director of Itztani, isn't mentioned. But I'd like to know whether any of the comrades named by Benjamin did fieldwork for the ABC-*Post* poll. I may be shaving the question too fine, but don't appearances count in a matter like polling? If they don't, why not go with the polls conducted by *La Prensa*, the opposition newspaper, which showed Chamorro winning handily? Just imagine the newscast if ABC had featured those polls instead. Would we have heard Peter Jennings intone: "For all of us, journalists included, the polls hint at a simple truth: after years of trying to get rid of the Sandinistas, the Reagan and Bush Administrations have a great deal to show for their efforts."

I should give equal time to "NBC Nightly News," which on the eve of the election not only had the Sandinistas winning but had its reporters and anchorwoman "advancing" the story. Ed Rabel, NBC's man in Managua, says to Deborah Norville in New York: "Deborah, polls won't close here for another thirty minutes, but the widespread belief that the Sandinistas will prevail has shifted thinking far beyond the ballot box. The topic of the day is: how will a freely elected Sandinista government be treated by the United States." NBC's Jamie Gangel then looks forward to "negotiations" between the Bush Administration and the victorious Sandinistas.

(Recently, Michael Gartner, president of NBC, criticized CBS—correctly—for its treatment of Andy Rooney. Here's CBS's chance to shoot back, by scoring NBC's election-day coverage, or rather its lack of coverage, its editorializing, and its manifest errors. And CBS can do so with some credibility; of the nets, its pre-election coverage was the best. And kudos to Dan Rather for leading his report on the elections with the observation that the result has stunned the American media.)

Back to Rabel: What had he been doing down in Nicaragua? Whom had he been talking to? Whose "belief" was "widespread"? For just whom was that "the topic of the day"? Obviously not the majority that was a half-hour from finishing its work at the ballot box.

Reporters do themselves and the public no favors when they speculate in this fashion. Or could it be that Rabel was trying out for a slot on one of the opinion shows proliferating in Washington? Or that he was, I'll say the word, biased? Not *for* Marxism or Marxists, but *against* an outcome that would reflect well, after all these years, upon U.S. policy, maybe even upon Ronald Reagan.

And not to raise this question about Rabel alone. The drift was there in other NBC pre-election coverage, even afterward. Thus John Dancy, in a wrap-up piece on Reagan's policy, concluded by saying: "It has been one of the longest and most traumatic chapters in U.S. history in Latin America, and tonight it seems to be ending, and ending in a way Ronald Reagan never could have imagined." Never? Who says?

There may be another way to account for the blind spots of some newsmen in Nicaragua: Sandinista charm. Czech journalist Martin Weiss, hardly a Sandinista apologist, wrote about it in the *New Republic* of March 26. "I almost fell in love with the Sandinistas myself. They are better-dressed than UNO members, they're younger, they play rock 'n' roll, they paint graffiti, their vice president is a novelist, and their minister of foreign affairs is a Maryknoll priest. What humdrum old democracy can beat this?"

I'm also told that the Sandinistas were far better at "press relations" than UNO, that they were always there to drive you somewhere, show you this, set up that interview, and so on. Anything to make the reporter's job easier.

Now for some credit where it belongs, to those who cast a skeptical eye at the polls and felt the rise of freedom:

Robert S. Leiken, in the *New York Times* (February 12): "Despite a determined effort at intimidation by the ruling Sandinistas, the democratic opposition seems poised to win the Feb. 25 elections over the ruling Sandinistas. . . . Polls can be unreliable in a situation like Nicaragua's, in which many people are afraid to express dissenting opinions to strangers."

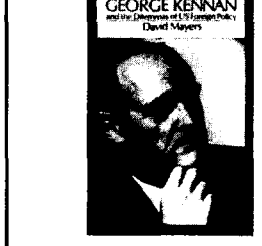
Rowland Evans and Robert Novak, in their syndicated column (February 16): "Contrary to polls of dubious validity . . . UNO is surging."

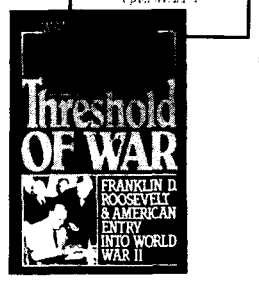
David Asman, of the *Wall Street Journal* (February 22): "The polls aren't trustworthy. In a country in which two years ago an economist was sentenced to 16 years in prison, for the 'crime' of releasing economic data, it is still considered unhealthy to share your true opinions."

Ambrose Evans-Pritchard, in the *London Spectator* (February 24): "I do not share that assessment [that the Sandinistas will win], which seems to be based entirely on opinion polls conducted by foreign firms. It is impossible to poll opposition sentiment in a Marxist state like Nicaragua where informers are ubiquitous and where until recently ration cards for rice, beans, and sugar were used as a tool of political subjugation. . . . Nicaraguans continue to dissemble reflexively with strangers, sometimes putting on a brilliant show of Sandinista sympathies until they are sure they're not talking to a 'toad' of the regime. . . . It is a mystery how the voters will behave on Sunday. . . . The temptation to vote secretly for the party of the Americans, for the party that will end the war, the shortages, the misery of hyperinflation, will be irresistible, I believe."

The last word goes to Jeb Bush, who knew the score long ago when he wrote in the July 1989 *TAS*: "If the Sandinistas allow free elections, it is likely they will be defeated." □


**From the Monroe Doctrine to Manuel Noriega**


THE AMERICAN STYLE OF FOREIGN POLICY
Cultural Politics and Foreign Affairs
ROBERT DALLEK
GEORGE KENNAN and the Dilemmas of US Foreign Policy
David Mayers


THE PANAMA CANAL
THE CRISIS IN HISTORICAL PERSPECTIVE
Threshold OF WAR
FRANKLIN D. ROOSEVELT & AMERICAN ENTRY INTO WORLD WAR II

**The American Style of Foreign Policy**
**Cultural Politics and Foreign Affairs**
**ROBERT DALLEK**
"Dallek raises some of the most important questions that must be asked about past and present diplomacy.... [He] aims to stir up debate, and he certainly succeeds."
—**Walter LaFeber, *The New Republic***
350 pp. paper $8.95

**The Panama Canal**
**The Crisis in Historical Perspective**
***Updated Edition***
**WALTER LAFEBER**
This new edition of Walter LaFeber's widely praised study of the evolution of U.S.-Panama relations contains two new chapters on the events that have occurred in the last ten years.
288 pp.; maps paper $13.95

**George Kennan and the Dilemmas of US Foreign Policy**
**DAVID MAYERS**
"The best of the new critical studies of Kennan.... A thoughtful study of Kennan's long career that is entirely fair, critical yet scrupulous."
—***The New Republic***
416 pp. paper $12.95

**Threshold of War**
**Franklin D. Roosevelt and American Entry into World War II**
**WALDO HEINRICHS**
"A long-needed account of Franklin Roosevelt's diplomacy in the nine months leading up to American entry into World War II." —**Robert A. Divine**
***University of Texas, Austin***
"Definitive." —***Kirkus Reviews***
302 pp.; maps paper $8.95

At better bookstores or directly from
★ ★ —— **OXFORD PAPERBACKS** —— ★ ★
Oxford University Press ★ 200 Madison Avenue ★ New York, NY 10016




LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

# PUTTING JUNK TO REST

by Joe Mysak

Junk bonds seemed like such a great idea. The young were helped: striving entrepreneurs received financing for bold new projects. The old were made virile: bloated American corporations stripped down to global fighting trim. All those without access to the credit markets, who for years had been locked out by white-shoe investment bankers —and they included minorities, women, union members, immigrants, farmers, at least according to Drexel Burnham Lambert, Inc., the top junk bond underwriter—could get their financing with junk. Even widows and orphans benefited from junk tucked away in pension funds and the like.

And then it was over. Not since the days when Populists cried for free silver have so many pieties been uttered, this time from conservatives, who should have known better.

There are lessons to be learned from the collapse of the junk bond market, and conservatives are likely to learn the wrong ones. Junk, or high-yield, high-risk securities, was indeed a boon to many, once. But the boom in the junk market, and its collapse, was symptomatic of something far more fiscally and ideologically suspect: what one observer has called the socialization of credit risk.

Such prosperity as it did bring was based on unsound financial principles. And like all edifices built on the financial equivalent of sand, it did not take long to crumble.

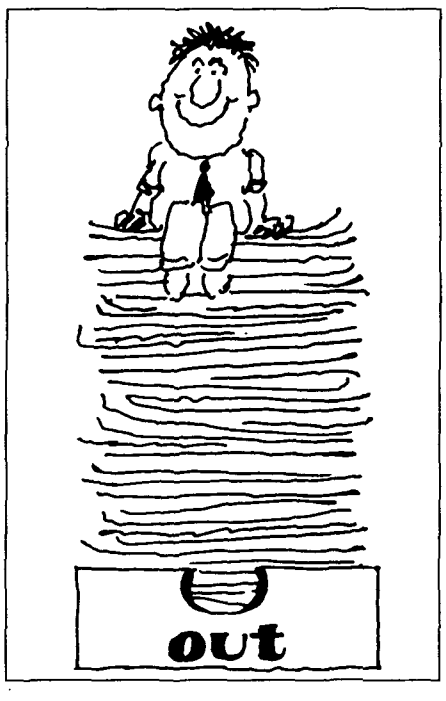
But first things first. Michael Milken and his team at Drexel Burnham Lambert did not create the junk bond, although they recast it. Junk bonds have always been with us, sold by corporations that are either very new, or very feeble, and so not judged to be investment grade by Moody's Investors Service or Standard & Poor's Corporation. Such firms present higher risks to their creditors, and of course must pay more in the market, typically around four points, or 400 basis points in industry jargon, above what comparable U.S. Treasury securities yield.

Milken, the eighties Junk Bond King, made his name in two steps. The first was by recommending that investors buy junk bonds, because, he said, they were undervalued. Even taking into account a higher-than-average default rate, an idea that he also disputed, the yield on a diversified portfolio of junk bonds more than compensated the man who bought it, he said.

When in 1983 the supply of junk ran low, Milken took his second step toward a payday that in 1987 totaled $550 million. In essence, he created a new use for junk: leveraged buyouts—the newsmagazines' "restructuring of America."

In a leveraged buyout, smart entrepreneurs, either an outside "raider" or the firm's own management, take over a company, often an investment grade conglomerate, by buying up all of its stock. The new management team then sells off most of the firm's assets, on the theory that the sum of the parts will bring more than the whole, and retains the core business, which it then works "smarter," i.e., with more efficiency.

In order to buy up the firm's stock, the entrepreneurs concerned put up some cash, and raise the rest through bank loans and issuance of junk bonds: often, billions in junk bonds. In short order, this is what happens: stockholders' shares rocket in value as the takeover begins. Investment bankers, lawyers, and junk bond dealers walk away with some pretty fancy fees. The takeover target's balance sheet is raped. If the takeover target had bondholders, they rage, as their own bonds turn from investment grade to real junk —"fallen angels" is the term the professionals use. What the bondholder receives is the cachet of the name, without the high-yield coupon.




A look at the volume figures shows junk's popularity in LBOs. In 1979, only $1.3 billion of junk bonds were sold. By 1984, that figure reached $12.9 billion, and in 1988, the high-water mark, $30 billion—about one-quarter of all corporate debt sold.

In 1989, junk bonds totaled a still hefty $25.3 billion of the total $308 billion in corporate bonds sold. Drexel was the top underwriter of junk in 1989, helping to sell $9.7 billion of it, a market share of 38.6 percent, or one out of every three deals. And this was down from one out of every two deals in 1988.

Along the way in the 1980s, as the deals became larger and their credit quality deteriorated, all sorts of junkier permutations on the basic junk bond were concocted—namely, paid in kind (or PIK) debt, and zero-coupon bonds. Theodore V. Forstmann, senior partner at Forstmann Little & Co., a leading LBO specialty firm that uses its own cash in buyouts, railed against PIKs and zeros two years ago as being responsible for "the excess which has taken over the market." The effect of PIKs and zeros was to delay the day of reckoning for the issuers involved. The companies, the current wisdom went, had to "wait for cash flow to grow" in order to begin repaying their debt. They needed "an interest rate holiday for a few years," as a banker at Morgan Stanley told me last year. With PIK debt, the issuer pays out not cash, but more securities, to his bondholders. Zero-coupon debt does not pay any interest at all, but is sold at a discount; when it matures, the holder collects the principal amount.[1]

The explosion in LBOs provided Milken with lots of junk to sell to pension and mutual funds, insurance companies, and savings and loan institutions, which had billions of dollars to invest and which, reaching for what has been called "the honey pot of yield," quickly lost whatever inhibitions they might have had about buying such stuff. Those inhibitions usually included outright prohibitions on buying non-investment grade paper. But those yields! It does not take much—four points of yield or so—to convince a board of directors that their fund, or company, or S&L is missing out on a really good thing, and to ignore an old Wall Street axiom: that when you reach for yield, you usually get stung. And as far as the S&Ls were concerned—they were insured by the federal government *in a big way* due to the doubling of deposit insurance. It is no coincidence that now, as the federal government takes over much of the thrift industry, it stands to become the largest holder of junk bonds.

Thrift institutions aside, Milken convinced usually cautious investors that it was all right to reach for yield by showing that default, what happens when a bond issuer misses a principal or interest payment, was a rare thing. And during the 1980s, investors in junk *were* very well compensated for the risk they took. One First Boston analyst last April found that "investor losses due to default, figured as a percentage of par value," amounted to 163 basis points. Robert Long, director of high-yield research at the firm, calculated that the average yield spread between junk and Treasury issues of comparable maturities was 437 basis points—about four and a half points. Subtract

---

*Joe Mysak,* The American Spectator*'s chief saloon correspondent, is the managing editor of the daily* Bond Buyer.

[1]For a fuller description of PIKs and zeros, see my article "Turning America Into Junk," *TAS*, April 1989.



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the 163 basis points from the 437 spread, and this means that investors were actually *overcompensated* for the risk of default by 274 basis points, a pretty large cushion against risk. But even this can be misleading, as we will see.

The end came in 1989. Takeover mania peaked in February, with the leveraged buyout of RJR Nabisco for $25 billion, $4 billion of which was done with junk bonds. What happened after that, and with startling speed, was that market discipline reasserted itself as it usually does—with a vengeance. In sum, the spigot was turned, and the flow of cash stopped. The decline of the market can be traced to October 13 of last year, when UAL Corporation, the parent of United Air Lines, failed to obtain $7.2 billion in financing for its own management-led buyout.

Banks, which provide much of the cash in financing LBOs, were no longer willing to step up to the plate. The result was a hard hit to the panicky junk bond market, which had seen a pickup in defaults, and a drop in the Dow Jones industrial average of 197.34 points. Drexel's fate was decided five months later, when the banks refused the brokerage house additional financing to cover its own borrowing.

"Drexel borrowed short, lent long, and lent to people who couldn't pay. Period," summed up James Grant, editor of *Grant's Interest Rate Observer* and a man not given to gloating, although he might. Grant criticized the buildup of debt, junk and otherwise, throughout the 1980s. His voice, in the main, was that of Jeremiah in the wilderness.

*Drexel borrowed long, lent short, and lent to people who couldn't pay.* But this is not the lesson that conservatives and libertarians are learning. What we are getting instead is the martyrdom of Michael Milken, Junk Bond King.

Milken has been hounded since 1986 by the same insider trading investigation which caught Ivan Boesky, the newsmagazine "genius" and coverboy whose profits came less from genius than from cheating. In March 1989 Milken was served with a 98-count indictment on charges including insider trading, securities fraud, and racketeering, to which he has pleaded not guilty. He left Drexel, which earlier pleaded guilty to six criminal charges and was fined $650 million only last June.

His trial is, in fact, almost beside the point. Milken may have been the wizard behind the market, and he did have an incredible capacity for keeping it orderly, but even his magic could not stave off what was, without doubt, inevitable. One of his colleagues noted, after the fall of Drexel, "Michael Milken, whether he was guilty or not, was very important to making the junk bond market work." This says a lot about the junk bond market.

Benjamin Stein in *Barron's* thinks along the same lines. In a story entitled "The Biggest Scam Ever?" done shortly after Drexel went down in February, Stein wrote, "Drexel/Milkenism was largely a vast scam based upon myths about bond valuing skills and bond value, kept going by a vast Ponzi controlling markets, prices, reputation and data about defaults. . . . Without Milken there to keep the game going, everything fell apart remarkably quickly."

Meanwhile, the most pious comments came from the *Wall Street Journal*, which claimed in an editorial that "no serious person is arguing that the government's charges amount to a claim that Mr. Milken built the junk bond on some crooked scheme. . . . Instead, it's now clear that the collapse of Drexel was decided in the prosecutorial hothouse atmosphere of the late 1980s. . . . An important source of capital for small- and medium-sized businesses is now in danger."

This, then, is what conservatives will learn from the episode. Junk bonds meant the "democratization of capital." George Gilder, of all people, reinforced this lesson on the *Journal*'s editorial page: "The forces of reaction have struck back. They crippled the venture capital industry with high capital gains taxes and the high-yield securities industry with a massive and ruthless legislative and judicial attack. The collapse of Drexel symbolizes a dire problem in American capital markets as the 1990s begin."

This was the same George Gilder, however, who once wrote, "While the entitled children speak of an absence of worthwhile work, the entrepreneurs hold three jobs at one time. While the entitled children ache at the burden of laboring nine to five, the entrepreneurs rise before dawn and work happily from five to nine . . ." The striving entrepreneur was once like the Duke of Earl: nothing could stop him. Now it turns out that the collapse of the junk bond market might.

This is pretty misty-eyed stuff. Grant refers to such romanticism as "the infatuation with Milken, the Noble Entrepreneur. Because there were undoubtedly prosecutorial abuses, free-market minded people have leapt to the conclusion that it was the government that did Drexel in, whereas in truth, Drexel did itself in."

He calls the *Journal*'s editorial an exercise in "innocence, ignorance, and arrogance. The editorial was bunkum. Just appalling," and continues, "Libertarians are children in financial matters. They don't know a good bond from a bad bond, or a promoter from a reasonably self-respecting investment banker. When someone says, 'The government did it,' they have Michael Milken to tea. Big mistake."

And Grant sees the problem as extending far beyond the junk bond market, only a symptom of a larger problem. "The fact is that the American credit system has evolved away from liquidity and individual responsibility toward illiquidity and collective responsibility," what he refers to as the "socialization of credit risk, a state-sponsored phenomenon. Without that, without the Too Big To Fail doctrine and the evolution of deposit insurance, and the partial deregulation of the thrifts, without all of this, there would have been nothing like the junk bond industry."

Grant told the House Subcommittee on Telecommunications and Finance last February: "The great financial story of the 1980s was the rise in borrowing by individuals, governments,


208 SOUTH LASALLE ST CHICAGO ILLINOIS 60604

THE LEMLEY LETTER

"Milken over the years has created a very loyal and *dependent* group of investors. Milken is the middleman in all of his clients' financial transactions. . . . Sam Insul and Ivar Krueger had nothing on Mike Milken. As long as interest rates don't balloon and as long as Milken can keep expanding Drexel's list of clients, the 'Ponzi bond scheme' will work. But once the public realizes that the 'emperor has no clothes,' and that he may have broken the law to become emperor, we believe the effect on the market will be substantial and negative. Under our scenario, we believe that, if Milken and Drexel are charged, the market will rally at first. But once reality sets in that Salomon, Goldman, and other big investment banks will make markets in Drexel-originated 'junk bonds' only at substantial discounts, we think there will be a severe correction in junk bonds. This correction will then spread to rapid redemptions in junk bond funds. . . ."

*—from May 1987*

The monthly *Lemley Letter* believes in the preservation and growth of capital through prudent long-term investing in good quality, out-of-favor securities. Special offer to *American Spectator* readers only: 5 monthly issue trial subscription only $20. Send for your trial subscription today.

✂ . . . . . ✂ . . . . . .

Yes, please enter my subscription to *The Lemley Letter*:

☐ $20 for 5 monthly issues (special trial offer for *American Spectator* readers only).

☐ $48 for a regular subscription of 12 monthly issues.

Check payable to: *The Lemley Letter*
Suite 500
208 South La Salle Street
Chicago, Il 60604

Name: _____

Address: _____

City: _____

State: _____ Zip: _____

BUD LEMLEY KATHLEEN PINTO DON YARLING RON BURR




LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

and corporations alike. . . . As corporate bond defaults have risen, so have consumer-loan delinquencies. So have consumer bankruptcies, 'thrift' insolvencies, and the number of problem banks. Thus, the junk bond market is no isolated speculative fluke. It is mainstream Americana."

What final lesson can be learned from the fall of Drexel and Milken? The oldest one: that speculative bubbles burst, and that credit is based upon responsibility. One need go back only to the 1913 congressional Pujo hearings, when J. P. Morgan answered that the most important thing behind credit was "character. Money cannot buy it." Grant says that for the 1990s, "our working hypothesis is that creditworthiness will regain its economic franchise—that a bull market in financial safety will begin."

What this means for the economy, drunk on easy credit for almost a decade, is fairly easy to project. "There won't be a return to moderation and sweet reason, but unreasonable timidness and caution," said Grant. "When markets react, they don't do so according to the Golden Mean."

The collapse of the junk bond market was caused by tighter credit, and there will be tighter credit still. The junk bond market is unlikely to revive any time soon, no matter how high the yields offered: according to the newsletter *Junk Bond Reporter*, the volume of new junk bonds sold through February was $350 million. By February of last year, $3.35 billion in new issues were sold. Pessimists will say that this means less financing for new businesses. Realists will say that the explosion of easy credit financed businesses that should never have been financed in the first place.

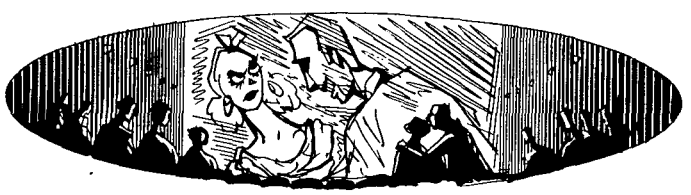
This also means fewer leveraged buyouts. As Henry R. Kravis, a general partner at Kohlberg Kravis Roberts & Co., said recently, any leveraged buyout that involves selling assets, practically all of them, "is going to be viewed with great skepticism" now because there are "many companies that have had a difficult time selling their assets for what they once believed they were worth."

Now that the speculative bubble has burst, we can also expect default rates to rise. Milken and his ilk were able to sell junk bonds during the 1980s because they claimed the default rate was on the order of two percent. And on seasoned junk, it was. But junk progressively got junkier, and credit standards more lax. With tighter money abounding, and the value of assets falling, companies tottering along under a staggering load of high-yield debt won't be able to pay, and very likely won't be able to renegotiate their debts. So they will default, and all those who have reached for yield, predictably enough, will be stung.

Standard & Poor's reported late last year that "an investor who buys and holds a portfolio of high-yield bonds can expect at least 20 percent of the bonds to default. In fact, studies of historical performance have found 10-year cumulative default rates ranging from about 20 percent to 35 percent. High-yield bond defaults of $15 billion in a single year, or an annual default rate of 10 percent, are possible in the future."

Finally, tighter credit will push the economy into recession. "We're in for a time of peace and quiet on Wall Street," said Grant. "The credit contraction will deepen the recession that might have been in the cards anyway. Easy access to borrowed money led to expansion. The lack of it will deepen and prolong the downturn." □

# THE TALKIES



## MEN AND THEIR VESSELS

by Bruce Bawer

Given everything I'd heard about *The Hunt for Red October*, the new film based on Tom Clancy's best-selling novel, I'd expected to be (a) confused to death by the brilliantly complicated plot and (b) blown away by the extraordinary level of suspense. I was wrong on both counts. The movie, directed by John McTiernan from a script by Larry Ferguson and Donald Stewart, proves to be a thoroughly straightforward, sturdy thriller which differs from other films in this genre neither by its brilliance nor by its intricacy but, chiefly, by its production values. I'm not just talking about the much-heralded sequences involving submarines and other military hardware. I'm talking also about such elements as the lighting, which is painstaking (though the film should more properly carry a credit not for lighting but for chiaroscuro), and the sound, which is so impeccably miked that every opening of an envelope, every jangle of a set of keys, seems to offer itself up as a potential aesthetic experience.

*Bruce Bawer is* The American Spectator*'s movie reviewer.*

It's a big movie, but McTiernan likes getting close to, and lingering over, little things. His camera angles invite us to focus on details we wouldn't ordinarily pay much attention to: the flag button on a Soviet diplomat's lapel, the coffee cup on a Kremlin bureaucrat's desk. But a bit of this meticulousness goes a long way, and after a few minutes one finds oneself thinking that it's all rather *too* fussy, that the potential for human drama is practically stifled by a welter of minutiae, that the characters are getting lost amid all the nicely rendered particulars. The lighting is especially distracting: so many submarine-interior scenes are lit mainly by the dramatic red glow of the navigational equipment that one gets to wondering why the crewmen don't spend their spare time developing pictures. In one such scene, the reflected red light forms a hideous shape on a man's face which reminds one very much of Gorbachev's birthmark, and for a couple of minutes one sits in the theater munching popcorn and wondering: Hmmm, could this be a *symbol*? You know, presaging glasnost, and all that?

For it *is* a historical movie, set in the dark, early-80s days of Konstantin Chernenko. (Remember Chernenko?) Here's the story: the Soviets, in an attempt to enhance their first-strike nuclear capability, have built a submarine, the *Red October*, with a propulsion system so quiet that American sonar can't detect its presence. Just as the world trembled at Sputnik, declares a Kremlin lackey, so the world "will tremble again at the sound of our silence." What the Kremlin doesn't know is that Captain Marko Ramius (Sean Connery), who has been put in charge of the sub, is eager to vacate the Evil Empire, and has chosen as his officers other would-be defectors; when Ramius, who has taken the *Red October* out on its maiden run, informs the Kremlin of his intention to turn the ship's highly advanced technology over to the United States, his superiors initiate a search-and-destroy mission.

Meanwhile, everybody on our side is completely in the dark about what's going on, except, of course, for one guy: the spunky young Britain-based CIA analyst Jack Ryan (Alec Baldwin). Singlehandedly, Ryan ascertains that the Soviets have developed this amazing sub; singlehandedly, he figures out that Ramius is heading our way not because he's gone crazy and wants to bomb New York (as the Soviets have told U.S. officials) but because he aims to defect; singlehandedly, he divines how Ramius plans to carry off this scheme; singlehandedly, he talks White House officials into buying his argument and helping Ramius out; and singlehandedly, he has himself dropped by helicopter onto the American attack submarine *Dallas* and—but I don't want to ruin it for you. Let's just say that without Jack Ryan we'd all probably be plunged into World War Three.

Needless to say, *Hunt* is a man's film. *Top Gun* gave us the warplane-as-phallus; this movie gives us, well, subs. "Jesus, that's a big sucker," says an American when he gets his first look at the *Red October*. When Bart Mancuso (Scott Glenn), the *Dallas*'s wary captain (who's inclined to think Ramius a warmonger, not a defector), lets his ship's location be known to the Soviet sub, he says, "Well, we've unzipped our flies." What would Bruno Bettelheim have said about all this? McTiernan has said that *Hunt* is about how Ryan "learns to stand up and be a man among men," and one gets the idea, watching the film, that something



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

of this sort is indeed supposed to be happening. But it doesn't work: all the characters in *Hunt* are plot functionaries, and they stay plot functionaries. One never feels as if one knows any of them. This hurts in the case of Ryan, and it hurts even more in the case of Ramius, whose motivation for deserting his country is hinted at but never made real.

• • •

If *The Hunt for Red October* constitutes a solid, two-hour chunk of male fantasy, *The Handmaid's Tale*, based on the novel by Margaret Atwood and scripted by Harold Pinter (Mr. Silent Propulsion System himself), offers a distaff nightmare. At least so its advertisements brag: "One woman's story. Every woman's fear." Directed by Volker Schlondorff, *The Handmaid's Tale* gives us a feminist dystopia, a Women's Lib version of 1984. "Once upon a time in the recent future," we read in the opening explanatory note, "a country went wrong. The country was the Republic of Gilead." Then we watch a young couple and their small daughter trudge through a snow-filled forest in an attempt to sneak across an international boundary. Their plan misfires: the husband is shot dead by border guards, the daughter is seized, and the wife, a librarian named Kate (played by Natasha Richardson, who bears an amazing resemblance to the slender-faced, frizzy-haired, dewy-eyed Miss Atwood), is taken into custody. It's not long before we realize that Gilead is America—an America, to be specific, of the near-future, in which an anti-feminist revolution has brought to power a ruthless autocracy that takes its notions of sex, marriage, and justice straight from the Old Testament—and that the country to which Kate and her family hoped to escape was (where else?) Miss Atwood's icy homeland to the north.

The film acquaints us with the wacky folkways of Gilead by taking us, step by step, through Kate's new life. Since, unlike ninety-nine out of a hundred women in Gilead, she is fertile and free of venereal infection, Kate is sent to a re-education camp of sorts where she sleeps on a gymnasium floor with several dozen other fertile young women and is harangued endlessly by a pretty, wholesome-looking instructress named Aunt Lydia (Victoria Tennant). The revolution, Aunt Lydia informs her charges, was triggered by the proliferation of "lazy women, sluts" who, failing to respect their bodies as "temples of purity" and to recognize fertility as a "precious gift," advocated such evils as abortion, birth control, and artificial insemination. In the Republic of Gilead, such women are summarily executed. In Gilead, it's understood that while men can't be expected to keep it clean, women are different: "We have self-control, dignity." A woman's duty is to bear a man's children; and in Gilead, if his wife can't do the job, the state—taking its cue from Genesis 30, in which Jacob's barren wife Rachel invites him to impregnate her handmaid Bilhah—provides him with a woman who can.

That's where Kate and the other fecund females come in. "You're going to be handmaids," Aunt Lydia tells them. "You're going to serve God and your country." They're given official handmaid garb: bright red habits and veils. They're taught to grovel. ("You're not an equal, you're a handmaid: that is your role in life.") They learn a new doxology (all together now, to the tune of "Old One-Hundredth"): "Remove our anger, cleanse our will;/And leave us empty to be filled." And they're given assignments. Kate, as it happens, is assigned to a couple of VIPs: the Commander (Robert Duvall), an army officer who is in charge of security for the entire state, and his wife, Serena Joy (Faye Dunaway). Kate lives in their lovely suburban home and, whenever the Commander wishes, participates in the "ceremony," a weird, impersonal fertilization ritual in which the Commander, Serena, and Kate (now renamed Offred) all take part.

Naturally, Kate doesn't dig this new life. Sex with the Commander is *icky*. Besides, as months pass without a pregnancy, it becomes clear to her that he's sterile. If she doesn't have a baby, she knows, it will officially be her fault, and she'll be dispatched to the "colonies" (apparently some sort of gulag). But what can she do? She can't run away: the city in which the Commander and Serena live is heavily militarized, with armed checkpoints all over the place, and if she tries to escape she'll be killed. At Serena's suggestion she copulates behind the Commander's back with his young driver, Nick (Aidan Quinn), even though it's a capital crime. Meanwhile, behind Serena's back, the Commander has frank, intimate tête-à-têtes with Kate. It seems only a matter of time before somebody in the household finds her out, gets angry, and turns her in. Or will somebody—Nick, her friend Moira (Elizabeth McGovern), or perhaps a sympathetic neighborhood handmaid—help her escape?

If this all sounds ridiculous, it is. But it's *wonderfully* ridiculous. It's ridiculous in the way that solemnly paranoid movies always are. At first, to be sure, one is irritated by this film's inanity, its vulgar religion-bashing, its thoroughgoing political correctness. How much braver, wittier, and more to the point it would have been, one thinks, for Atwood, Pinter, and company to depict a future America in which men are incarcerated for calling eighteen-year-old females girls rather than women, for finding attractive women more attractive than unattractive women, and for getting excited by naughty photographs in magazines.

Such, as I say, is one's initial reaction to *The Handmaid's Tale*. But after the first half-hour or so, one realizes that this picture is simply too ridiculous to stay angry at, and one actually relaxes and starts to enjoy the damn thing. For—assuming one is capable of suspending one's philosophical antagonism along with one's disbelief—there's a lot to enjoy here. To watch *The Handmaid's Tale* is to climb for a couple of hours into the cranium of a canny feminist with a fantastic imagination, and it's a real adventure. Atwood has worked out Gilead's whole social system—everything from grocery-shopping protocol and the role of television to birthing rites and rituals of punishment—and it's fun to watch it all unfold. There's something genuinely spooky, too, about the stylish, well-bred Gilead housewives in their standard-issue uniforms—blue dress, pearls, and blue pillbox hats—who make the women in *The Stepford Wives* look like Jane Fonda in *Barbarella*; as in *The Stepford Wives*, and as in *Rosemary's Baby* and *The Invasion of the Body Snatchers*, much of the dramatic impact of this film derives from an association of the thoroughly outlandish and creepy with the familiar and domestic. Here, as in those films, there's a real undercurrent of terror: set aside the silly politics, in fact, and the suspense easily surpasses that in *The Hunt for Red October*.

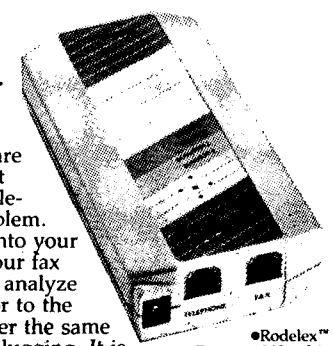
One reason for this is first-rate acting. Dunaway—who brings to her part a breathtaking intensity—is the standout: the minute we see her as Serena, we know she can't be trusted. Underneath the Gilead-housewife sweetness and light, she radiates looniness, resentment, malevolence: it is plain that she desperately wants a baby, and it is also plain that she will be desperately hostile toward the handmaid who furnishes her with one. As for Duvall, he makes the Commander arrestingly ambiguous. On the one hand, he seems sincere when he argues that pre-revolutionary America "was in a mess," torn apart by black, gay, and women's pressure groups, and had to be cleaned up: "Nobody really knew how to feel anything anymore: respect, reverence, values." On the other hand, he likes being around the feisty Kate and enjoys being beaten by her in cards and Scrabble; he keeps a stash of forbidden old magazines like *Vogue* and *Cosmopolitan*; and he patronizes an underground nightclub where other high officials of Gilead dance with bimbos ("Jezebels") in black tights and excessive makeup. The Commander is virile, sanctimonious, horny, humane, and hypocritical, and somehow Duvall makes the combination believable.

Yet for all the richness of Dunaway and Duvall's performances, neither of


*Now run your fax and telephone on the same line, with . . .*

**Rodelex™ Faxmate 168vs. only $79.95***

***But read this ad for an even better deal.**



•Rodelex™ Faxmate 168vs *lets you use your fax and your phone on the same line—both for incoming and outgoing phone/fax messages. It comes with its own power supply. You can connect it in seconds.*

You simply are not "with it" without a fax machine—it's as indispensable as the telephone. But many of us, at home or in the office, are holding back from buying one, because of the cost and inconvenience of having to install a second telephone line. *Rodelex™ Faxmate 168vs* solves the problem. Simply plug this sophisticated switching system into your phone line and then plug both your phone and your fax into the *Faxmate*. This clever telephone device will analyze the incoming signal and send it either to the fax or to the phone. And, of course, it lets *you* fax or phone over the same line, and without having to do any switching or plugging. It is a wonderful convenience and a real bargain, because installation of an extra line and a couple of months' rent on that extra line will probably cost more than the *Rodelex™ Faxmate 168vs*.

We are the exclusive importers of *Rodelex™* electronic instruments in the U.S. and can bring you this clever device for just $79.95. But, we have an even better deal: ***Buy two for $159.90 and we'll send you a third one with our compliments—absolutely FREE!*** You need a fax machine in order to be efficient in your business or at home. Don't be held back because of that extra line. Get with it, and get your *Rodelex™ Faxmate 168vs* today!

FOR FASTEST SERVICE, ORDER
**TOLL FREE (800) 882-3050**
**24 hours a day, 7 days a week**

Please give order **Code #4236 A298** for *Rodelex™ Faxmate 168vs*. If you prefer, mail check or card authorization and expiration. We need daytime phone for all orders and issuing bank for charge orders. UPS/insurance: $4.95 for one *Faxmate 168vs*. and $6.95 for three. Add sales tax for CA delivery. You have 30 day return and one year warranty.

**For quantity orders (100+), call Ernest Gerard, our Wholesale/Premium Manager at (415) 543-6570 or write him at the address below.**

*since 1967*
**haverhills®**
131 Townsend Street, San Francisco, CA 94107




LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

their characters pays off as one expects them to; ultimately, both actors' efforts seem largely wasted. As for Natasha Richardson, she falls a tad short of making Kate thoroughly coherent and sympathetic. Much of the time she just doesn't strike one as a woman who has lost her husband and child; in particular, her concern for her daughter—whose whereabouts she doesn't know—seems to materialize on those occasions when the script calls for it and then to disappear. She never quite comes into focus: if at times she's impertinent, at other times she comes off as torpid, apathetic. One of the movie's primary flaws, indeed, is that for all its feminism, its heroine is a largely passive character whose one definitive act in the whole movie seems rash and pointless, and who—in a final irony that may or may not be intentional—relies on men for her deliverance. No Tom Clancy hero, she. □

# THE GREAT AMERICAN SALOON SERIES

## CRAWLING THROUGH THE CLOUDS

by Dave Shiflett

Organist, are you asleep on the keys? And you, Reverend, must you glare from the pulpit as you ring my head with thorns?

The stained-glass windows are dull, for overhead a great mass of clouds stretches like an endless tombstone. The Light Unto the World flickers. The fishers of men work in semi-darkness. And you, Iscariot. Your eyes are solid black.

What's this? The horned one, tugging at my sleeve? Retreat, Satan, retreat . . .

Goats and monkeys! Hung over in church!

These things always start so innocently, this time with a Saturday afternoon drive up Mount Evans, one of Colorado's 14,000-footers. The peak road, the highest vehicular passage in America, is closed because of snow (it is open only during the summer), but at Echo Lake, just below the timber line, motorcyclists blast across the ice dragging rope-clutching friends like water-skiers. If you're tired of internal combustion entertainment, take a stroll around and you might see some elk, and maybe a mountain lion. There are mountain goats, too, but they spend more of their time on the other side of the hill. The sky is as blue as a Nordic eye, but this eye is of unlimited acreage and can make an admirer feel like a shrimp, should the admirer stare into it for very long.

These are great scenes, but they don't come cheap: the icy wind blows 50 miles per hour, drying the eyeballs. The parched air, so thin at that elevation, causes a steady panting. In the throat, blisters rise. Sooner or later, from deep inside the brain, comes a message:

Retreat!

At Ponder Point, some distance down the hill, one has time to gather his thoughts, perhaps even to calculate the mountain's weight, which is no doubt considerably more than the weight of the human race, for whatever that's worth. If the mind wanders East, it recognizes that if you tossed all of Manhattan's skyscrapers into a pile, it would not make a mound large enough to rate as a foothill here in the Rockies. Immensity is piled atop immensity.

In every direction peaks rise to stunning heights, but they are dull on top, quite unlike the Tetons, which are ragged enough to slice the guts from a hurricane. Also at Ponder Point is a loo, but wouldn't you know it; the door is locked! Dare we imitate the elk and the mountain lion, or shall we hold out for facilities? And what's this other word bubbling up in the gray cauldron? Budweiser? Perhaps we should drop two birds with one stone. Let's head for the Glory Hole.

And so the trouble began.

The Glory Hole is in Central City, an old gold-mining town about a half-hour or so from Ponder Point, weather permitting. The drive over is scenic, the road signs instructive. "In case of flash floods," one reads, "climb to higher ground."

Down the mountain we roll, through tunnels carved through rock mountains, then we reverse course and head up Clear Creek Canyon, past several gold panning operations. The rule of thumb is that a rookie can pan about $10 worth a day. But now the creek is frozen so solid that a tractor can't break through. Up ahead, smoke rises from chimneys in Black Hawk, several hundred vertical feet below our destination. We'll stop by there on the way back to the high plains.

At the Glory Hole's front door stands a cowboy maitre d', six-shooters and all. Central City, you see, is something of a tourist place, but to a bearable degree. The Hole is in an old building initially used as a funeral home. Then it housed a newspaper. Finally it became a saloon—a real saloon with a guy playing the honky-tonk piano.

"How do you get that thing to sound that way?" I asked the pianist as he plinked through "Let Me Call You Sweetheart."

"Soak the hammers in varnish," he said, which makes the felt hard and gives the piano its tinny sound. He whips along, reaching occasionally for his Budweiser. The barmaid, who reserves a bar seat for my eight-year-old, fills up his shot glass with coke, which he drains with a gulp. We're drinking Coors Winterfest, a high-alcohol beer (about five percent) that mixes pleasantly with the wood-heated air, which is lightly pressurized here at 8,000-plus feet.

Dinner, sir? No thanks, but how about a snack?

A huge plate of ribs, beans, and cornbread hits the table, and soon enough there's a pile of bones and bottles before us and the kids have barbecue sauce ear-to-ear. In the olden days, we would have shot the ceiling full of holes. A beer for the piano player! A beer for grandma! A beer for the sheriff! Where's the dog? We'll buy him one too.

But wait a minute. Wasn't there another reason we came here?

People of sensibility should be warned that the men's rooms in many mountain establishments are adorned with vending racks. Besides marital aids, one offers a packet of pornographic pictures advertised by a scantily clad woman, around whose lower extremities is drawn a circle, above which is written an odd message: "This way to Canada."

That's something else to ponder as we make our way to the nearby Toll House. We get there just in time for the gunfights.

"Wine, Whiskey, Beer," says the neon sign behind the Toll House bar, and in midafternoon there's lots of it roaring down, some heading toward livers in dire need of a retread. On the walls hang the heads of buffalo, elk, a bear, a big cat, and something with long horns—a bull of some kind, and thank goodness it's dead.

*Dave Shiflett is deputy editorial page editor at the* Rocky Mountain News *and* TAS*'s Rocky Mountain editor.*

CRITICAL REVIEW

*The interdisciplinary quarterly of classical liberal thought.*

**IN THE CURRENT ISSUE:**
**F.A. HAYEK**

• *The Fatal Conceit* debated • Is Hayekian classical liberalism coherent? • problems with spontaneous order • Hayek vs. sociology • Hayek vs. scientism • Hayek's roots in the Austrian Empire • Classical liberalism in Poland

**FORTHCOMING:**

• FUKUYAMA: more right than he knew • Keynesianism debated • the welfare state • essays by Norman P. Barry • Tyler Cowen • Antony Flew • John B. Egger • Nathan Glazer • Israel M. Kirzner • Seymour Martin Lipset • Charles Murray • George Selgin • Richard E. Wagner...

Current issue $7. One year (4 issues) $24. Institutions $39. Check, m.o. or Visa/MC no. to: **CRITICAL REVIEW**, P.O. Box 14528, Dept. 21E, Chicago, IL 60614
ISSN 0891-3811



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The cost per beer is $2.50, steep for these parts but necessary to pay the band and the gunfighters. The gun battle is fast and loud, after which the actors head back to the bar and the band cranks up. The dance floor fills quickly: one fellow hops around, with hair halfway down his back and a sheath knife hanging nearly to his knee; meanwhile a tall, thin blonde glides with a geezer, she smiling and winking over his shoulder at the spectators, then shutting her eyes and resting her cheek against the top of his head.

Downstairs at the Toll House there's an interesting collection of pictures laminated into the bar. Naked people! Men and women—locals it appears—and not a model among them. Plenty of flab, plenty of hair, and few have bothered to have their moles removed. Nothing sultry about any of this, but everyone's smiling.

In the restroom, more commodity dispensers hang from the walls, including an illustrated collection of "sex positions from around the world" along with the usual plastic goods. My eight-year-old son looks up at one display and asks daddy what those things are. Zounds! C. Everett Koop's Condom Cry has gone unheard!

Last stop is Crook's Palace, down the hill in Black Hawk, where the zip code (80422) is reminiscent of the elevation (8422). The local people don't think this is a coincidence.

Crook's bills itself as the oldest bar in Colorado, and it looks that way inside, with floors worn down soft and faded curtains that might have been hung in Doc Holliday's time. On the wall there's a cartoon featuring a couple of deer looking up at a naked man who has been hung by his feet as if bagged during a hunt. The deer are chuckling.

"You get it?" the bartender asks. "They're measuring his horn, and they ain't much impressed."

Funny, pal, but what about this bar? Is it really the oldest bar in Colorado? And what's more, the sign out front says Jesse James drank here. I thought Jesse lived and worked in Missouri.

Why, he did work in Missouri, says the bartender, and he sure did drink at this bar—when it was located in St. Louis. You see, all the bars in the West came from somewhere else. Crook's bar arrived in 1859. The bar at the Glory Hole arrived from Omaha a few years later—at least I think that's when it got here.

Any news in Black Hawk? Well, the fellow down at the end of the bar, the one drinking that 24-ounce Bloody Mary, was turned away from a local liquor store the other day. Wouldn't serve him. The mountain lions have been gobbling up the dogs, and there was a bear cub in the dumpster the other night. And by the way fella, if you're driving back down the hill, you'd better watch what you drink up here. Go off the road and the ravens are going to find you long before the cops do.

The drive back down Clear Creek Canyon takes you in and out of the sunlight, with the canyon walls so high in spots that you have to rest your chin on the dashboard and look straight up to see the top. On the way down, there are lots of cars pulled off on the wide shoulders, and looking along the canyon walls you see people making their way up toward the sun. Just outside Golden, a group of climbers pull themselves up a frozen waterfall. If it rises out here, people will climb it. Some fall to their deaths, but it doesn't happen all that often.

Others of us are content to sit out on the back patio and work on our tans. Because it has snowed recently (fifty-one inches the other day on Mount Evans), we can ice down a sixpack merely by dropping it into the yard, all within easy reach of the sunning chair. A nice trick is to bring along two mugs, drinking from one while icing down the other. If you get too hot, step off the patio; if the beer isn't cooling down fast enough, fill a mug with snow. Within rifle range a couple of hot air balloons drift toward the southwest.

This all sounds paradisal, but you've got to watch what you drink in the upper elevations. Even at 5,000 feet, there's 13 percent less oxygen. What's worse, the humidity often drops to around 17 percent. Inside houses in the winter, the humidity is lower than in the Mohave Desert.

Then there's the 3.2 snare. You see, they still sell 3.2 beer in Colorado, and a newcomer might think that 3.2 beer has half the kick of the real thing. With that in mind, a newcomer might think he can drink twice as much of the stuff and get off the same.

Believe me, this happens.

The fact, however, is that the difference between 3.2 beer and the regular stuff is minimal. A Coors executive says you get the same kick from eight regulars as you do from nine 3.2s. But he didn't say it soon enough.

Sunday morning after a pub crawl through the mountains and a misguided 3.2 policy can be brutal. At sea level, the dehydration would be significant purely because of the alcohol. But spending the night in a low oxygen room with less humidity than the Mohave takes a horrible toll.

Inside the Lord's House, the figures in the stained-glass windows mock the crack-lipped drunk. The wooden cross convicts him: "You have been bamboozled by your corpuscles again, fool." The offering plate passes, but your contribution resides in a Central City cash drawer. The choir sings like angels, but today it is only noise. All rise for the "Ode to Joy," but you want only to stick your fingers in your ears. And as the shepherd speaks soothing words about peace and love and unending bliss, your burning brain transmits a single, maniac demand: "Get up out of this pew and get me a drink of water."

To be hung over in church is a terrible degradation. All I can say is thank goodness it has never happened before. And with the good Lord's help, it will never happen again. □


# 99 reasons to read

# between the lines

Jane Fonda, Tom Hayden, Dan Rather, Norman Lear, Ed Asner, Tom Brokaw, Sam Donaldson, Martin Scorcese, Oliver Stone, Martin Sheen, Debra Winger, Paul Conrad, Lew Wasserman, Ted Turner, Ben Bradlee Sr., Ben Bradlee Jr., Morgan Fairchild, Barbara Walters, Tom Cruise, Paul Newman, Shirley MacLaine, Phil Donahue, A. Kent MacDougall, Robert Scheer, Constantine Costa-Gavras, Peter Jennings, Charles Winkler, Jack Lemmon, Barbra Streisand, Howard Hesseman, Judd Nelson, John Randolph, Pat Kingsley, Sally Field, Robert Redford, Leslie Stahl, Kathleen Sullivan, Bill Moyers, Kelly McGillis, Jonathan Kwitny, Kris Kristofferson, Robert Blake, Emilio Estevez, Mike Farrell, Charles Haid, Daphne Zuniga, Ralph Bakshi, Jackson Browne, Darryl Hannah, Little Stevie Van Zandt, Geraldo Rivera, Michael Douglas, Kirk Douglas, Burt Lancaster, Michael Gartner, Carl Rowan, Laurence Tisch, Rob Lowe, Robert Walden, Justine Bateman, Gregory Peck, Michael Tucker, Jill Eikenberry, Harvey Fierstein, Jack Valenti, David Crosby, Graham Nash, Frank Zappa, Bruce Christenson, Alexander Cockburn, Vladimir Posner, Max Frankel, Bill Thomas, Hugh Hefner, Bob Guccione, Larry Flynt, Bob Geldof, Bryant Gumbel, Jane Pauley, John Denver, Carl Bernstein, Bob Woodward, Jack Nelson, Stephen Kinzer, Walter Cronkite, Cathy Guisewite, Cher, Maria Lourdes Pallais, Tyne Daly, Valerie Harper, Saul Landau, Timothy Leary, Susan Sarandon, Dennis Weaver, Noam Chomsky, Barry Diller, Casey Kasem, Seymour Hersh, Alex Cox.

**between the lines**

exposing the biases of the liberal press and the abuses of the Hollywood Left

24 issues per year

YES, I want to subscribe to **between the lines**

☐ Enclosed is my check or money order for $29 for a full year.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

Complete this form and send with check or money order to:

**between the lines**

325 Pennsylvania Avenue, S.E. Washington, DC 20003

AS1




LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

# C. S. LEWIS: A BIOGRAPHY

A. N. Wilson/W. W. Norton/334 pp. $22.50

James Bowman

*Not that I ever indulge in despair about the Future; there always have been men who have gone about despairing of the Future, and when the Future arrives it says nice, superior things about their having acted according to their lights. It is dreadful to think that other people's grandchildren may one day rise up and call one amiable. There are moments when one sympathizes with Herod.*

Thus does Saki, the British humorist and short story writer H. H. Munro, reflect upon one of the little-remarked consequences of our progressive view of history. His murderous meditation is brought to mind by the rather patronizing tone of this new biography of C. S. Lewis by A. N. Wilson, who was the original "young fogey"—one of that little band of English social conservatives of the early to mid-1980s who were said to have taken their style of dress from their fathers and their opinions from their grandfathers.

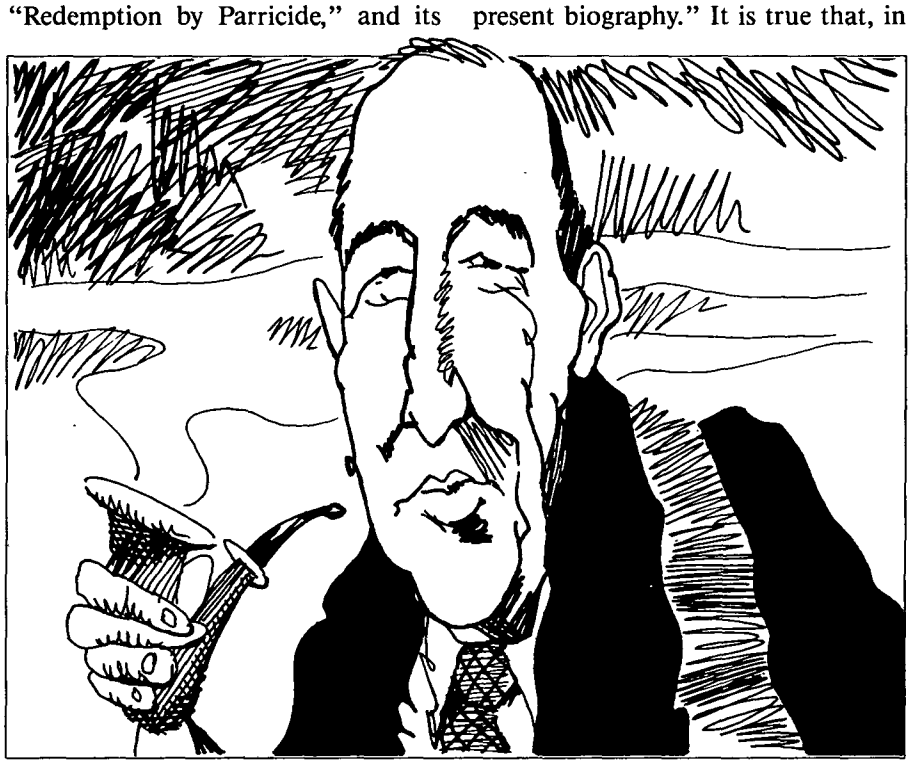
Wilson, it turns out, was not fogeyish enough. He has written quite a good book about C. S. Lewis the literary critic, the mythographer, the science fiction and children's fantasy writer. Apart from some dubious attempts at philosophical disputation, to which I shall return, most of the book after the early chapters gives us a Lewis which all but the idolatrous among his admirers will recognize and appreciate. Even the psychologizing about his youth and early manhood is now so much a part of the modern biographer's standard issue tool kit that most will simply take it for granted.

Nevertheless, Lewis himself, Lewis the man, would have absolutely *hated* the book. What are we to make of that? Does it matter? Obviously, if a biographical subject is a vain or self-deluding person, his biographer has a duty to offend him—or his ghost—with the truth. But Lewis was neither vain nor self-deluding, and Mr. Wilson's offense against his memory is not so much the inconvenient truth as it is a gratuitous familiarity and an unstated but pervasive sense of his own moral and intellectual qualification to sit in judgment. To be sure, he is a clement and a generous judge, but it is his acting as judge at all that bothers me.

For one thing, all the major characters go by nicknames. That Lewis was always "Jack," his brother "Warnie," within the family does not seem to me sufficient warrant for his young biographer, who was 13 when his subject died and who never met him, to call them Jack and Warnie at every appearance; especially when you consider that, through most of his life and in keeping with the custom of the time, his best friends called Lewis—"Lewis." Even worse is his picking up of what were much more casual intimacies as his normal way of referring to two of the most important people in Lewis's life. Mrs. Moore, his adoptive mother, is invariably called "Minto," after a pet name he gave her because of a kind of candy she liked, and his father is "the P'daytabird" because the Lewis brothers would thus occasionally, and privately, mock the old man's Irish accent.

There is a reason for such familiarity. It is part of Wilson's purpose to convince us that Lewis had an Oedipal problem: that his relationship with Mrs. Moore was, at least partly, a sexual one and that he was haunted by lifelong guilt for having hated his father. The chapter dealing with his conversion to religious belief is called "Redemption by Parricide," and its thesis is that Lewis "was not *able* to see the significance of these two relationships in his religious, as well as in his whole emotional, development." By using nicknames which continually remind the reader of a playful affection for Mrs. Moore and a snobbish contempt for his father—both of indeterminate force in life as Lewis actually lived it—Wilson prepossesses us in favor of accepting his own psychological analysis of the situation.

He has at least this much of a point: Lewis, in common with most Britons of the period (and, to a lesser extent, even today), had a distaste for the public airing of personal and intimate details of one's private life and, in particular, a deep-rooted suspicion of those who would delve into an author's psychology in order to "explain" his work. He even had a name for the philosophy which lay behind such a practice: "the personal heresy"—"a vivid example of which," Wilson disarmingly admits, "would be the present biography." It is true that, in Lewis's case, the avoidance of the personal was taken to an extreme and bore him away from the intellectual mainstream of his time, which was running in England with only slightly less precipitancy than in the rest of the world toward Marxist and Freudian attempts to account for old books in terms other than their own. Wilson quotes some of those who knew Lewis to the effect that he was extraordinarily uninterested in the private lives even of his most intimate friends—and that he expected them to take as little interest in his.



In view of such a personal idiosyncrasy, it would be surprising if any reasonably objective modern biographer did not smell a story under so many layers of protective reticence. The objections to Wilson's persistent attempts to sniff it out seem to me to be two. In the first place, the dearth of biographical evidence about Lewis's private inner life sometimes requires its explicator to "read" him in ways that would receive very short shrift in any libel action. So Wilson assures us, for example, that "while nothing will ever be proved on either side, the burden of proof is on those who believe that Lewis and Mrs. Moore were *not* lovers." That's pretty obviously a case of making the facts fit the theory instead of the other way around.

In the same way, Wilson mistakes Lewis's most generous tribute to his father on the occasion of his winning, after many disappointments, a fellowship at Magdalen College, Oxford:

> First, let me thank you from the bottom of my heart for the generous support, extended over six years, which alone has enabled me to hang on like this. In the long course I have seen men, at least my equals in ability and qualifications, fall out for the lack of it. 'How often can I afford to wait?' was everybody's question; and few of them had at their back those who were both able and willing to keep them in the field for so long. You have waited, not only without complaint but full of encouragement, while chance after chance slipped away and when the goal receded farthest from sight. Thank you again and again . . .

Wilson comments: "In the tone of all this, there is something unnatural. He writes here the words he feels that he ought to write." It's clear enough why he thinks this: if Lewis's animus toward his father were as weighty as Wilson claims it is, these words *would* be rather unnatural. But there is simply not enough of a dramatic context for us to make such a subtle judgment about "tone." In its absence, we must give

*James Bowman is American correspondent of the* Spectator *of London.*



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Lewis the benefit of the doubt (surely a very small one?) concerning the genuineness of his sentiments. The real doubt is cast instead upon Wilson's jerry-built theory of Oedipal complexities—which, by the way, he does not attempt to give a specifically Freudian slant.

As a literary historian, Lewis upheld the right of an author to be assessed on his own terms and not those which his posthumous critics, with very different presuppositions about the world, try to impose upon him. If we have learned anything from him, we ought to do him the courtesy to treat him in the same way. That Wilson does not do this is my second objection to his psychological approach: it is not true to the spirit of his subject. When Rousseau asks us in his *Confessions* to see him whole, we are justified in doing a little delving and interpreting in order to measure his achievement against what he set out to do; when Lewis, in *Surprised by Joy*, draws a veil over what we would otherwise consider two of his most important emotional relationships, we patronize him by assuming that he didn't know what he was about.

I know that such a view of these matters cannot but be universally anathematized by the fraternity of modern biographers; but most modern biographers—though they might find him interesting as a psychological case study—would not give Lewis, as a thinker on the subject closest to their own hearts, the time of day. It is because Wilson claims a basic sympathy with his subject that his amateur psychoanalysis seems like a betrayal. For the sympathy is real enough. In commenting on *The Allegory of Love*, Lewis's first great work of literary history, for example, he writes:

> It is a big hearted, generous book. Lewis does not set out to make himself cleverer than the reader, still less cleverer than the authors whom he is discussing. Like an enthusiastic guide in a foreign country, he is anxious to share with us the unexpected treasures he has found and which we might, without his help, have missed.

He is similarly appreciative of *The Discarded Image, Studies in Words*, and *An Experiment in Criticism*, noticing about all four books that their great strengths lie in their success at enabling their readers to escape from the limitations of their own, inevitably modern, points of view and imaginatively to enter into those of writers long dead. Yet he himself does precisely what he praises Lewis for not doing—that is, setting out to make himself cleverer than his subject.

This is especially noticeable in his account of the Christian apologetics, which is the side of Lewis that is probably best known in America. As that rarest of creatures, a literary man who is also a Christian, Wilson is perhaps uniquely well placed to do justice to his subject's various careers. But he is much less well disposed to Lewis the theologian than to Lewis the critic and literary historian. This may be partly because he has the typical Anglican's dislike of both earnest evangelicals and converted Catholics, who between them often seem to make up the bulk of Lewis's most enthusiastic admirers. Indeed, Wilson is especially good when he writes in the preface to this volume of the curious feud between these two factions over the relics and the reputation of their saint-in-common—a dispute in which he sensibly takes neither side but which he rather sees as an indication of the difficulties and paradoxes of his subject.

When he comes to comment on Lewis the advocate, however, he is too often dismissive, in the old condescending way, of arguments which he seems to have taken little trouble to understand. One of the most famous, for example, and one that Lewis made more than once was the following:

> There was a man born among these Jews who claimed to be, or to be the son of, or to be one with the something which is at once the awful haunter of Nature and the giver of the moral law. The claim is so shocking—a paradox and even a horror, which we may easily be lulled into taking too lightly—that only two views of this man are possible. Either he was a raving lunatic of an unusually abominable type or else He was, and is, precisely what He said. There is no middle way. If the records make the first hypothesis unacceptable, then you must submit to the second.

Wilson makes three arguments of his own against this proposition, none of which seems nearly so compelling, either rhetorically or logically, as Lewis's dichotomy. First he claims that Lewis must therefore have supposed that Christ's Jewish contemporaries who did not believe in him were either "very stupid or damnably wicked." *Non sequitur.* They were neither stupid nor wicked; they simply, and without benefit of the "records," took him to be the lunatic and blasphemer which Lewis's formulation acknowledges to be one of the two possible conclusions of a reasonable man.

In the second place, there is the question of those "records." What "records," quoth Wilson, is he talking about? The New Testament is a *collection* of records, all considering the nature of Christ from different points of view—to say nothing of the records of a furious debate on the same subject among the fathers of the Church during the first three centuries A.D. This is to misunderstand the point that Lewis is making. The records are not those of theological disputation, which are indeed of too various a character to compel belief in the *truth* of Jesus's claims, but those of simple historical and biographical fact: Is the life of the man Jesus as recorded in the gospels consistent with the view that he was a raving lunatic? Lewis is relying here on our concluding—surely reasonably?—on the balance of probability that it is not.

Thirdly, and again attempting to hoist Lewis with his own literary-historical petard, Wilson argues that terms like "Son of Man" or "Son of God" are not to be understood as self-defining. They have a literary and historical context which requires the sort of imaginative adjustment for modern minds that Lewis was so good about promoting when it came to the medieval texts he discusses in *The Discarded Image* but that he neglected in his apologetics. Irrelevant. Whatever may have been the precise connotations of these terms to Jesus's contemporaries it is clear that they were considered blasphemous in the extreme—as, indeed, they would be in any reasonably pious monotheistic culture. The crucifixion is sufficient evidence that Lewis's dichotomy made sense to a first century Jew, even if it does not to Mr. Wilson.

This is typical, however, of the biographer's style of argument. There is also a lot of mumbo-jumbo about Wittgenstein and how Lewis didn't know much about Biblical scholarship and suchlike footling displays of Wilson's own learning that, in the end, bear little on the subject of what Lewis himself would have been the first to admit were mostly rather basic intellectual defenses of belief against merely popular and unconsidered objections to it.

Wilson sets much store by a famous "defeat" suffered in debate by Lewis at the hands of the Wittgensteinian Catholic, Elizabeth Anscombe, at the Oxford Socratic Society in 1948. It was this which made him give up amateur theology and begin writing children's fantasy—as well as, inevitably, providing him with a ready-made witch. Lewis himself seems to have regarded the *rencontre* as a defeat, but if Wilson's very sketchy account of it is anything to go by, Lewis would have had a much easier time of it in disposing of him than he did in parrying Ms. Anscombe.

On the whole, the Christian enthusiasts among Lewis's admirers will be disappointed in this book, but there is in it much sympathy for Lewis, both as a man and as a writer. And for those among them who can take the trouble to trace the continuity between Lewis's literary criticism, on which Wilson is so good, and his Christian faith, where he is better than he is on the apologetics, there may be a positively Lewisian experience. They may find in themselves an unexpected expansion of the imaginative capacity to understand from within this old-fashioned clerk, or scholar, whom too many are now content to patronize. □


**Jeffrey Hart**
**Acts of Recovery**
**Essays on Culture and Politics**

*A well-known scholar and writer provides provocative commentary on major American and European writers to recover the root values of the Western tradition.*

"Not content with being a fine teacher and distinguished scholar, Jeffrey Hart is today America's finest practitioner of the high journalism that takes seriously and makes intelligible the intersection of politics and culture."—GEORGE F. WILL

"A stimulating and refreshingly affirmative intellectual tour-de-force."—*Booklist*

*$19.95*

**Jacques Barzun**
**The Culture We Deserve**
**Arthur Krystal, editor**

*Wise and searching essays on current culture from one of America's most brilliant and delightfully readable intellectuals.*

"Graceful and fluent."—EDWARD SHILS, *Wall Street Journal*

"It is very hard for a reviewer to do justice to a book so fertile in ideas. Every page is a provocation to thought . . . Reading [it] is an encouragement for those willing and able to address the more troubling questions of our time to do so."—JOHN SIMON, *American Spectator*

***A Wesleyan University Press book***
*$19.95*

**UNIVERSITY PRESS OF**
**New England**
**Hanover, NH 03755 • 800-421-1561**




LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

## AGAINST THE GRAIN: AN AUTOBIOGRAPHY

Boris Yeltsin/Summit Books/265 pp. $19.95

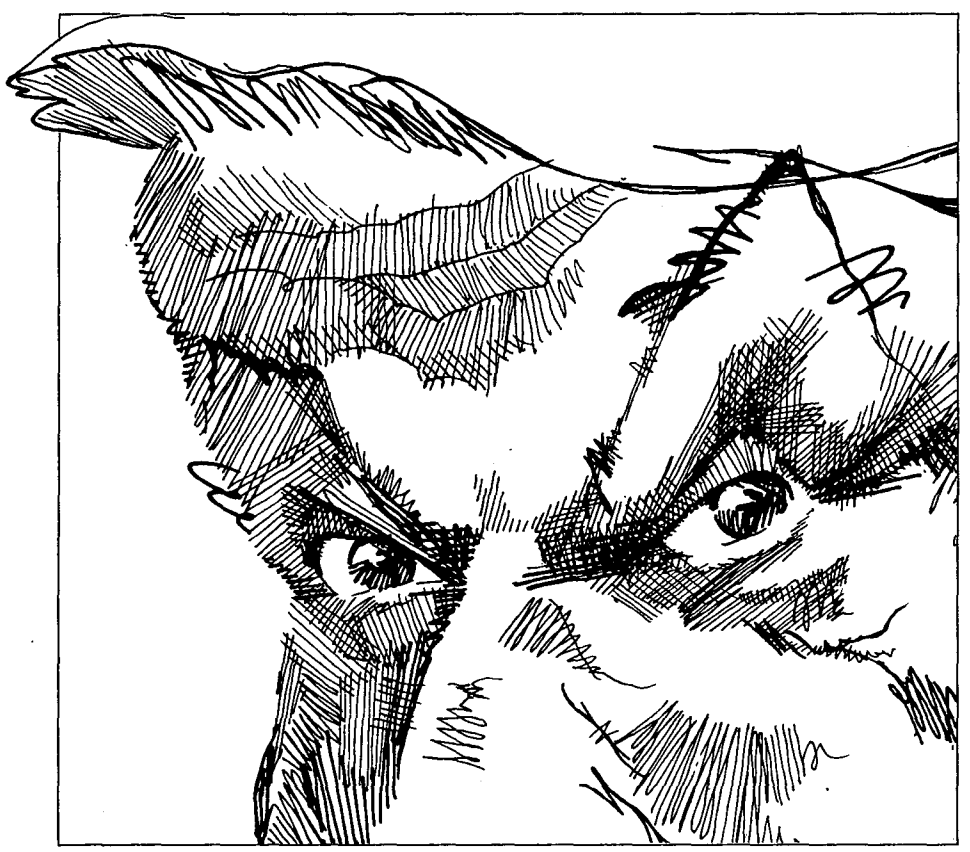
Fred Barnes

Boris Yeltsin, the Huey Long of Russia, is impulsive, egomaniacal, and paranoid (also persecuted). He refers to himself, correctly, as "prickly, sharp-tongued, the scourge of the over-bureaucratized party apparat." He admits to being obstinate. Even as a boy, Yeltsin says, he was an attention-grabber. "I always stood out from the other students—especially because of my energy and drive." Yeltsin says he likes to work 16- to 20-hour days. Not many can keep up with him, he insists, but he doesn't hold that against them. He boasts that he sleeps no more than three or four hours a night. As you can see, Yeltsin is self-righteous, thin-skinned, overbearing, and full of himself. "It is my belief that if Gorbachev didn't have a Yeltsin he would have had to invent one," he writes.

I don't think so. My guess is that Yeltsin drives Gorbachev nuts. Yeltsin is the one radical reformer whom Gorbachev cannot isolate or otherwise dismiss lightly. (Andrei Sakharov was another.) Why? Yeltsin is not an intellectual with a narrow elitist following in Moscow. He's a rabble-rousing populist with enormous national appeal. He got 89.6 percent of the vote in winning a contested seat in the Soviet Congress of People's Deputies last year. The seat is from Moscow, where Yeltsin is a carpetbagger, not Sverdlovsk, where he lived until 1985. Gorbachev has tried repeatedly to discredit or destroy Yeltsin. He ousted Yeltsin from the Politburo in 1987. He sought to block his nomination as a candidate for congress in 1989, then tried to defeat him in the election. He has prevented the state-run Soviet press from running interviews with Yeltsin, while encouraging or at least allowing publications to trash Yeltsin on the flimsiest of grounds.

There's a reason for this: Yeltsin has got Gorbachev pegged and Gorby knows it. Rather than the Man of the Decade, Gorbachev is a clever trimmer who's neither decisive nor visionary. Yeltsin thinks Gorbachev is addicted to "half-measures and marking time." Yeltsin rejects the charge of fellow reformer Yuri Afanasyev that the Supreme Soviet, the inner council of the congress of deputies, is "Stalinist-Brezhnevite" in its makeup. On the contrary, "it is 'Gorbachevian,' faithfully reflecting our chairman's inconsistency and timidity, his love of half-measures and semidecisions," says Yeltsin. "Everything the Supreme Soviet does is undertaken too late. Like our chairman, it is constantly lagging behind the march of events. And that is why so many urgently needed measures have not been passed into law."

*Fred Barnes is a senior editor of the* New Republic.



Perestroika, argues Yeltsin, has "effectively skidded to a halt." And there wasn't much to it to begin with, he adds, except for "a selection of new, fine-sounding slogans and appeals." Gorbachev is unwilling to "tackle the bureaucracy head-on." Yeltsin says Gorbachev's political antennae should have told him the time was ripe for such a move. But Gorbachev is trying to please "both sides simultaneously—the party establishment and the people. You can't ride two horses at once." The best example of Gorbachev's failure is the "catastrophic" economy. "There Gorbachev's chief weakness—his fear of taking the decisive but difficult steps that are needed—has been fully revealed." If that sort of criticism infuriates Gorby, wait until he hears of Yeltsin's unfavorable comparison of him with President Reagan. The Gipper "turned out not to be such a simpleton as we had been led to believe—although several sore spots remained, which he was unable to cure in eight years. Nevertheless, the major improvements, especially in the American economy, were there for all to see." Eat your heart out, Gorby.

Yeltsin, who ought to know, is cynical about Gorbachev's man-in-the-street encounters. "Nothing but a masquerade," he says. "A few people stand talking to Gorbachev, while all around them is a solid ring of bodyguards." The folks who actually get to question Gorbachev "have been carefully screened and selected, and are brought to the spot in special buses. And it is always a monologue. If somebody says something to him that does not fit into his picture, he doesn't hear it. He is too busy putting across what he wants to say."

Yeltsin's most withering attack is on the system of privileges—limousines, plush housing, gourmet food, fancy vacations, expensive clothes, dachas—for the Communist party's upper crust. He says the socialist ideal—"From each according to his abilities, to each according to his needs"—applies to party leaders. The abilities of these "obsequious, obedient, and unchanging" men, as he calls them, are non-existent. "But their needs! Their needs are so great that so far it has only been possible to create real communism for a couple of dozen people." When he became a party bigwig in 1985, Yeltsin inherited the dacha that belonged to Gorbachev. After inspecting the spacious country house, Yeltsin and his family were asked what they thought of it. They were non-plussed. "We were shattered by the senselessness of it all," he says. "I will not even bother to discuss such notions as social justice, the stratification of society, and the huge differences in standards of living; all that goes without saying. But what was the point of the whole thing?" Yeltsin contends that Gorbachev's failure to curb privileges for the party bosses doomed perestroika. I don't follow his logic, and Yeltsin doesn't explain except to note that Gorby had a new house built for himself in Moscow and a new dacha outside Moscow. He also had another dacha renovated and still another ultramodern one built for his use in the Crimea. Maybe Yeltsin means that you can't change the system for the better while exploiting it systematically. Or maybe he's a demagogue using the issue against the people standing between him and the top. I'm inclined to believe the latter.

There's another problem with this book. It's a quickie in the worst sense. Yeltsin says he worked weekends and nights on it, and the book reads that way. It's disorganized, shallow, and extremely unreflective. The answer to this, I suppose, is that Yeltsin is not an organized, deep, or reflective person. That's not good enough. He could at least have explained how he happened to become a member of the Communist party, what ideas of Marx and Lenin he found attractive, where he got his notions of democracy and capitalism, and so on.

Worse, it's unclear what Yeltsin's agenda is now, other than to be elected to higher offices. At times he sounds like a wooly-minded liberal. He says Soviet leaders should, first and foremost, "be concerned about people." Other times, he sounds like an official with an edifice complex. His biggest achievement as party leader in Sverdlovsk, he writes, was building a 312-mile highway. Yeltsin says he doesn't want to "theorize," but I wish he had. He's not even programmatic. He's for private property and explains this by saying that "only when the land is worked by the people who own it will the country be fed." He's also for "elimination of all structural and financial limitations to the enterprises and labor collectives." But what, specifically, does this mean? He doesn't say. *Against the Grain* needs some ideological ballast. If nothing else, it would make the book longer and perhaps give us some confidence that this is a guy we can do business with. Still, any Russian who attacks Gorby can't be all bad. □



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

## LINCOLN: SPEECHES AND WRITINGS

Edited by Don E. Fehrenbacker/Library of America/$70 (two volumes)

William McGurn

Even in a city given over to monuments, the Lincoln Memorial holds its own. Inside, the colossal David Chester French statue looks out past the Washington Monument over the Mall and up to the West Porch of the Capitol, where the Great Emancipator served as Whig congressman from Illinois in the late 1840s. On the walls are inscribed words from his brilliant Gettysburg and Second Inaugural Addresses, their solemnity confirmed by the simple Doric columns that support the edifice. It was to this place that Richard Nixon paid a quiet midnight visit during his last few hours as President of the United States.

Doubtless much of the romance that surrounds Lincoln is linked to the tragedy of his life, whose rich outlines—a log cabin birth, growth to manhood in the untamed wilds of Southern Indiana, an up and down political career that culminated in his election as sixteenth President and assassination four-and-a-half years later—have loomed so large in the popular American consciousness. Now the Library of America has collected and reissued a fair sampling of his letters and speeches. Printed over two volumes on 1,865 Bible-thin pages, they provide the layman with an excellent opening to Lincoln, and the expert with an equally fine opportunity to resurrect old grudges.

Thus the Library of America series has been the occasion of many charges against the great man's character. None of these are new, and many more were heard in his own day. The usual complaints revolve around his undeniable ambition, his refusal at times to spell out exactly where he stood on various aspects of slavery, and his suspension of habeas corpus during the Civil War. In my own publication he was even attacked by a reviewer for writing bad verse and trifling with a woman's affections.

Certainly there are legitimate criticisms of Lincoln. Questions of intentions and real motivations, however, are best deferred to the Almighty for final adjudication. There is plenty left to us mortals, but in the case of a political figure they ought properly to focus on actions and their consequences, the degree to which they conformed to his stated principles, and the merits of the principles themselves. Lincoln himself danced on the precipice between moral conviction and political expediency, enjoying, as any good politician, the to and fro of the game. What sets him apart from the other politicians is the degree to which he made his politicking serve his convictions, the reason we celebrate him in a memorial today.

Obviously, the big question was slavery. In the end Lincoln would fight a war over it, though the many liberationists who have since claimed his mantle would be disappointed to discover that Father Abraham was very much a man of his times. "Free them, and make them politically and socially our equals?" he said in an 1854 speech on the Kansas-Nebraska Act. "My own feelings would not admit of this; and if mine would, we will know that those of the great mass of white people will not." Eight years later, now President, Lincoln would urge a delegation of blacks to look for a black colony in Central America, still believing that "it is better for us both . . . to be separated." There is no evidence that Lincoln ever changed his mind on the social and political inferiority of the black man.

Yet to dismiss Lincoln for such views completely misses both the context of his statements and the more important basis upon which he *did* reject slavery. His was a time when the franchise was significantly limited—women, for example, would not get the vote for years to come—and consequently the exclusion of entire groups of people from social or political participation was not necessarily incompatible with the Declaration of Independence. What Lincoln could not abide was what we today have forgotten completely: the denial of the black man's natural rights, those that, as the Founders made clear, are independent of and prior to any rights emanating from the state. On this point he was unequivocal, as he showed with characteristic eloquence in a September 1859 speech at Cincinnati:

> I hold that if there is any one thing that can be proved to be the will of God by external nature around us, without reference to revelation, it is the proposition that whatever any one man earns with his hands and by the sweat of his brow, he shall enjoy in peace. I say that whereas God Almighty has given every man one mouth to be fed, and one pair of hands adapted to furnish food for that mouth, he is to be fed by those hands, without being interfered with by any other man who has also his mouth to feed and his hands to labor with. I hold that if the Almighty had ever made a set of men that should do all the eating and none of the work, he would have made them with mouths only and no hands, and if he had ever made another class that he had intended should do all the work and none of the eating, he would have made them without mouths and with all hands. But inasmuch as he has not chosen to make man in that way, if anything is proved, it is that those hands and mouths are to be co-operative through life and not to be interfered with. That they are to go forth and improve their condition as I have been trying to illustrate, is the inherent right given to mankind directly by the Maker.

It was the same distinction he'd made a year earlier in the first of his famous debates with Stephen Douglas. Having conceded that the Negro was not his equal in many respects, Lincoln went on to insist that "in the right to eat the bread, without leave of anybody else, which his own hand earns, he is my equal and the equal of Judge Douglas, and the equal of every living man."

Nor was this aversion contrived. It is almost impossible (almost, because a few contortionists have done so) to come away from Lincoln's life's correspondence without appreciating his visceral repugnance for the violence inherent in slavery, because it debased whites as much as it degraded blacks. In an 1841 letter recounting a steamboat trip to St. Louis, for example, he was jolted by the sight of twelve black men in chains "strung together like so many fish on a trot-line." Elsewhere he made his point by marking the implicit public odium directed at those trafficking in slaves. While pro-slavery families, he pointed out, would allow their children to "rollick freely with the little Negroes," they would not let them go near "the 'slave-dealer's' children." Throughout his life, moreover, he was given to framing and reframing his arguments against slavery, even in unpublished fragments, to make them more politically persuasive.

Naturally, his opponents saw the issue otherwise and were hardly inclined to debate on Lincoln's terms; indeed, like another movement today, the party of slavery cloaked itself in the language of "choice," specifically the right of the people to opt for slavery. The pitch was as appealing then as it is now, and Lincoln argued that the principle underlying it was not so much wrong as misapplied:

> The doctrine of self government is right—absolutely and eternally right—but it has no application, as here attempted. Or perhaps I should rather say that whether it has such just application depends on whether a negro is *not* or *is* a man. If he is *not* a man, why in that case, he who *is* a man may, as a matter of self government, do just as he pleases with him. But if the negro *is* a man, is it not to that extent, a total destruction of self government, to say that he too shall not govern himself? When the white man

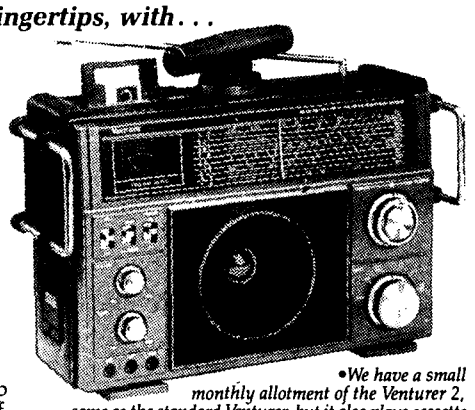
*William McGurn is Washington bureau chief of* National Review.


*Put the whole world at your fingertips, with . . .*

**Venturer MultiBand Receiver**

**Only $99.95***

***But read the ad for an even better deal!**



*•We have a small monthly allotment of the Venturer 2, same as the standard Venturer, but it also plays cassette tapes. It costs $30 more—$129.95. The "special deal"—3 for the price of 2—is also available for this model.*

The *Venturer* Receiver gives you crisp reception over the full ten bands of the radio spectrum, including, of course, the entire AM/FM range. But you can also roam the international shortwave and ham radio bands (4 to 12 mHz) for information from all over the world. And you can pick up the TV-audio from channels 2 to 13, a great way to keep up with your favorite programs. But there is more: Listen to 24-hr. reports of the U.S. Weather Bureau, and get news of all support services—police, fire, ships, and civil defense. Then there is the aircraft band, and all 40 channels of the CB band. The *Venturer* works off your 110-volt house current, off batteries, or off any external 12-V. DC source.

We import *Venturers* in container loads and can offer them for just $99.95. But we have an even better deal: ***Buy two for $199.90, and we'll send you a third one, with our compliments—absolutely FREE!*** Take advantage of this special offer and order your *Venturer MultiBand Receiver(s)* today!

FOR FASTEST SERVICE, ORDER

**TOLL FREE (800) 882-3050**

**24 hours a day, 7 days a week**

Please give order **#1195 A299** for the *MultiBand Receiver*, and for the cassette version, give order #1196 A261. If you prefer, mail check or card autorization and expiration. We need daytime phone for all orders and issuing bank for charge orders. We cannot ship without this information.

UPS/insurance: $6.95 for one *Venturer MultiBand Receiver*, $8.95 for three. Add sales tax for CA delivery. You have 30-day return privilege and one year warranty.

since 1967

**haverhills**

131 Townsend Street, San Francisco, CA 94107




LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

governs himself, and also governs *another* man, that is *more* than self government—that is despotism. If the negro is a *man*, why then my ancient faith teaches me that "all men are created equal;" and that there can be no moral right in connection with one man's making a slave of another.

The only problem is that once you accept this argument it's hard to justify allowing slavery at all, much less Lincoln's willingness to accept a constitutional amendment protecting it in the states where it already existed.

Lincoln's answer was not just expediency, though he had always insisted that he "would consent to the extension of it rather than see the Union dissolved" under the principle of consenting "to a great evil to avoid a greater one." The respect for process—the understanding that means are as important as ends if democracy is to endure—separated Lincoln from the abolitionists. It also reflected his conservative belief that there was a limit to what politics could, or should, accomplish. This in turn made it harder to resist the argument from the pro-slavery side, Judge Douglas's "popular sovereignty" pitch.

But resist he did, and he traced his position back to the Founding Fathers' resolution of the slavery issue in their day. From the start the Republic had been vexed by the obvious tensions between its Declaration of Independence and the "peculiar institution," tensions that at various points had threatened to split the fragile Union over slavery's extension into federal territories and the establishment of new states. Lincoln vigorously opposed the spread of slavery on the grounds that the Founders agreed to tolerate slavery where it existed but had insured its ultimate extinction through containment. Both sides knew that once slavery was allowed into a federal territory, that territory would later enter the union as a slave state.

For this same reason the Deep South factions were intent on slavery's expansion. The first challenge, over the future of slavery in the territories of the Louisiana Purchase, resulted in the Missouri Compromise, which as every schoolboy once knew excluded slavery everywhere north of 36 30' north latitude. Three decades later the dispute flared up again with regard to new territory out West, and brought about yet another accord, the Compromise of 1850. But this was not enough for the South. Encouraged by the Dred Scott decision (which found that a Negro could not be a citizen and that a slaveholder's right to property included transportation of slaves) and by the Kansas-Nebraska Act (which repealed the anti-slavery prohibitions of the Missouri Compromise), the pro-slavery segment tried to go even further and receive a federal *guarantee* of the right to hold slaves in the territories, something even Judge Douglas would not give them. As Harry Jaffa noted in the January 22 *National Review*, although Lincoln's Republican party would carry the day in the 1860 presidential election pledged to exclude slavery from the federal territories, they would never have pushed such legislation through Congress without the secession of the Southern states and their representatives.

That itself tells much about Lincoln's career, a string of bitter setbacks capped by an ultimate triumph he never lived to enjoy. Yet it was precisely in moments of defeat and disarray, when his cause seemed lost and his allies demoralized, that his political genius surfaced, his recognition of the importance of standing firm on principle. In a private letter written a few months after his Senate loss to Judge Douglas, a loss that had some Republicans talking about watering down the position on slavery or trying to ignore it, he warned against the temptation. "[T]he only danger will be the temptation to lower the Republican Standard in order to gather recruits," he wrote. "In my judgement such a step would be a serious mistake—would open a gap through which more would pass *out* than pass *in*." It is sound advice, as ignored today as it was then, from a man whose own record is a rebuke equally to those who believe that principle is an obstacle to political success and to those who insist on making it one.□

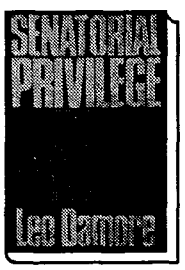
BOOKS ON CASSETTES

- Unabridged Recordings
- Purchase or 30 Day Rental
- The Conservative Classics
- Over 200 Titles

Though you may have little spare time for reading, fortunately you can now recharge your mind with books by the worlds greatest authors — while you exercise, work or travel.

Do as thousands of people have done already, and start listening to Classics on Tape. Per cassette our prices are the lowest on the market. You won't find these master works anywhere else and your satisfaction is guaranteed.

Books by:
• Gilder • Friedman
• Hayek • Sowell • Roche
• Burnham • Kirk • Mises
• Solzhenitsym • Buckley
• Chesterton • Muggeridge
• Murray • Paul Johnson
& scores of others




CLASSICS ON TAPE
P.O. Box 969 Ashland, Oregon 97520
For FREE CATALOG, Call
1 (800) 729-2665

## PARTING WITH ILLUSIONS

Vladimir Pozner/Atlantic Monthly Press/324 pp. $19.95

Cathy Young

"An opportunist par excellence . . . handsomely rewarded by the Establishment for his absolute lack of any principle except the principle of serving the powers that be . . ." No, this is not one of Vladimir Pozner's detractors talking; it's Pozner himself, talking about someone else. What's the Freudian term for this—subconscious projection?

Pozner, as we all know, is the Russian on TV who looks, dresses, even talks like an American, for the simple reason that he grew up in New York. His father, a Russian Jew, emigrated in 1922 with his parents and siblings but apparently remained a Communist at heart, and never gave up his Soviet citizenship or concealed his pro-Soviet (which, at the time, meant Stalinist) views. In the McCarthy era, the Pozners' life became rather complicated, so they went to East Germany when Vladimir Jr. was fifteen, and back to the USSR three years later. Pozner eventually became a commentator on English-language Radio Moscow. The rest is history.

Now, in *Parting With Illusions*, Pozner sets out to tell the story of his life. To counter his image of a political propagandist, he does all he can to get personal with the reader. We get such profound observations as "Isn't it amazing that death shocks us? Birth doesn't, yet death is as natural as birth." We learn about the time little Vlady's dad forced him to eat a repulsive meal, and about the painful guilt he feels over losing his temper and slapping his own daughter when she wouldn't eat. We learn about the time Pozner accidentally found out about his father's affair. We also learn that Pozner is an all-American Soviet (the book ends with a quote from Oliver Wendell Holmes—not, mind you, Marx or Lenin). Here he is on his return to America after decades of absence: "Yes, New York had changed, but it was still my New York. I loved the streets, I loved the smells, I loved the hustle and bustle . . . I still loved it, my town, my Big Apple."

I hate to be cynical but all of these revelations sound a bit strained, as if artificially grafted onto the body of the book. Not that Pozner didn't really feel any of the emotions he ascribes to himself; it's just that this book is not about a real person but about a self-made media product. It is hard to approach *Parting With Illusions* as a bona fide autobiography when you're inclined to mistrust every single word of it, including, as Mary McCarthy put it in reference to another comrade, the *ands* and the *thes*.

I suppose I am biased against Vladimir Pozner. I have seen him on TV—need I say more? There he was in the old days, explaining with a slick arrogance that the Soviet Union had no political prisoners, poverty, drug addiction, or prostitution. There he was a few years later, excoriating the social ills of the old days and, in effect, elegantly admitting to past lies. In his book, Pozner does even better. He says that when he uttered things now widely known (and acknowledged by the Soviets) to be, shall we say, untrue, he was not a cool and deliberate liar but, as the title suggests, a victim of illusions. I believe he gives himself far too little credit for intelligence, and far too much for integrity.

Having most conveniently parted with his illusions just when it became safe and even profitable to do so, Pozner spares no effort to establish his credentials as a warrior for glasnost. In the last chapter, he rapturously describes the late Andrei Sakharov's brave confrontation with the so-called conservatives in the Congress of People's Deputies: "[This] spectacle . . . gave me hope that . . . perhaps we are now witnessing the birth of something that will help us rediscover what humanity lost so many centuries ago but has never forgotten." This might strike some of us as shameless, since the same Pozner once dutifully vilified the same Sakharov from our TV screens and defended his Gorky exile. He now says that he feels bad about it (and still he continues to distort the facts, implying that the banishment was no big deal—sort of like "being exiled to Detroit"—and neglecting to mention that Sakharov was cut off from outside communication by phone or by mail, tailed

---

*Cathy Young is the author of* Growing Up in Moscow *(Ticknor & Fields).*



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

and harassed by the KGB, and sadistically force-fed during his hunger strike). He asserts that he really did justify it to himself at the time: Doesn't every system neutralize its enemies in one way or another?

This is the main political leitmotif of *Parting With Illusions*: the rough moral equivalence of totalitarian systems and Western democracies. China kills young people in Tiananmen Square; we kill them, more slowly and less spectacularly, in the ghetto. Gorbachev is saving troubled socialism by injecting it with a dose of capitalism just as FDR saved troubled capitalism by "injecting a healthy dose of socialistic programs." (Pozner actually seems to believe that this "curious analogy," as he calls it, is original.) America tolerates dissidents—being far wealthier and more powerful than poor little Russia, it can afford to—but only as long as they present no real threat to the power structure; when they do, they are eliminated: "What *really* happened to Martin Luther King? Does anyone honestly believe that a man by the name of James Earl Ray decided to shoot him? Just like that? All on his own?"

Finally, "Americans are manipulated just as much (but far more expertly) by a 'free' press and a 'democratic' government as Soviets have been by their 'controlled' press and 'totalitarian' government." What leads Pozner to this discovery—by which he professes to be deeply saddened—is that Marshall Goldman and George Will have called him a propagandist. He concedes that the First Amendment is a nice thing to have; but suppose you go to the USSR as a reporter for an American TV network and, upon returning, tell the viewers point-blank that they have been misled and the Soviet system is actually a fairer one than ours. You'd get fired, right? (Never mind, of course, all the network TV reporters who have been enthusiastic about the Cuban health care system.)

That mainstream media in the U.S. tend to exclude unorthodox views is hard to deny (just look at Andy Rooney); indeed, Pozner's archenemy Reed Irvine would agree. What constitutes orthodoxy is a different matter. Who gets more media exposure—unabashedly anti-capitalist advocates for the homeless, or free-market critics of rent control? If a reporter back from an assignment told TV viewers that most of the homeless were bums or loonies, how long would *he* last in his job?

Pozner professes to be a great believer in "humane socialism." Curiously, even though he readily admits that Soviet socialism as we have known it is nothing but one giant deviation from that ideal, he is quite vitriolic about Western "anti-Sovietism" and anti-Communism. He condemns emigrés, defectors, and dissidents for playing into the hands of the anti-Communists: "They became pawns in a political game and, as such, did far more harm to their country than good." (I suspect that today, this statement would be a bit too crude for any self-respecting "progressive" Soviet newspaper.) Here he is describing his dismay at the Soviet invasion of Czechoslovakia in 1968: "What a great day for anti-Sovietism, what a great day for anti-Communism!" He adds that Western policymakers wanted the Soviets to intervene, because socialism with a human face is what they fear most: "If socialism demonstrated its ability to guarantee security for one and all, plus all the democratic freedoms the West takes so much pride in, plus economic efficiency, plus a good quality of life for *all* people, would that not be seen as a mortal threat by the princes of capitalism and their minions?"

The second greatest threat to the princes and the minions, apparently, is . . . well, Vladimir Pozner. The American power structure fears him, he says, because with his accentless English he can be seen by Americans as a human being rather than a stereotyped Russky, and there's always the danger that they will actually listen to what he has to say and question the Cold War mentality and military spending. (It is worth noting that Gorbachev has largely accomplished just that without speaking any English at all.)

To neutralize the dangerous Pozner, "the ideological captains of the American media" work hard to label him a propagandist and make people distrust him. As an example, Pozner cites the 1986 WGBH program, "The Pozner File," in which his TV persona was dissected by several commentators. (Said one of them, media coach Arnold Zenker, "If you do what I do for a living, it's like being a violinist and watching Isaac Stern.") Public television, which has given us loving tributes to Guatemalan guerrillas, as a mouthpiece for American interests? Leaving that aside, trying to discredit Pozner the network star through a relatively obscure program on WGBH seems quite preposterous.

Pozner may or may not be enough of a megalomaniac to really believe that "the American power structure" is out to get him, but one thing is certain: he desperately seeks credibility as a journalist. (Does he need it to be a more effective propagandist for his masters, or is he—in the perestroika spirit of entrepreneurship—mainly selling Vladimir Pozner? The answer depends on how Machiavellian one believes current Soviet policies to be.) In an interview in the February 4, 1990, issue of *Moscow News*, Pozner states his opinion that the Soviet Union urgently needs independent, viewer-supported television. State-run Soviet TV, he charges, parroted the official Chinese line on Tiananmen Square and kept silent about Ceausescu's crimes. Just as one is about to applaud him, Dr. Freud trips him up again: "It is state-run TV, and no matter who expresses his viewpoint on it, it can be interpreted as the Soviet government's position." The problem with state ownership of television, it seems, is that it prevents Pozner from being taken seriously. □

HOLLYWOOD: A NOVEL OF AMERICA IN THE 1920s
Gore Vidal/Random House/437 pp. $19.95

EMPEROR OF AMERICA
Richard Condon/Simon and Schuster/300 pp. $19.95

Victor Gold

Where are they now, that pride of young literary lions that came out of World War II . . . Vance Bourjaily, James Jones, Norman Mailer, Merle Miller, Irwin Shaw, Gore Vidal? Call the roll: Bourjaily went into screenwriting; Jones flamed out; Mailer took to writing with and about his penis; Miller became Harry Truman's stenographer; Shaw ran to literary flab, e.g., *Rich Man, Poor Man*. Only Vidal proved to be more than a one- or two-book *Wunderkind*, a diligent craftsman who has produced, to date, some twenty-two novels, five plays, and seven volumes of essays.

All right, so the man is the consummate liberal gadfly, a supercilious misanthrope whose appearances on the Johnny Carson show give arrogance a bad name. But the sonofabitch can write. If he'd written nothing in the past four decades but his essays, his place as one of the most provocative literary minds of our time would be secure.

What Vidal is likely to be remembered for, however, isn't his essays but his docu-fictions covering nineteenth- and twentieth-century American politics and power. For unlike other modern writers who have worked this genre—Upton Sinclair, John Dos Passos, Herman Wouk—Gore Vidal's historical novels are distinguished not so much for their broad sweep as their author's eye for detail. From the novel *Empire:*

> Slowly, majestically, Hearst got to his feet. As the two men shook hands, Hearst deliberately pulled Roosevelt toward him so that the President was obliged to stare straight up into the air at the taller man. "You wanted to see me?" Hearst inquired, as if bestowing a huge favor on a junior editor.
>
> "Indeed, indeed. We have so much to talk about." Although Hearst stood between the President and the presidential chair, the tubby but sturdy Roosevelt simply charged the chair, knocking Hearst to one side in the process.

*Hollywood* picks up the thread of Vidal's historical narrative a dozen years after this fictional Oval Room face-off between Teddy Roosevelt and William Randolph Hearst. In *Empire*, the author's subtext was that the coming of a mass circulation press made media moguls like Hearst not simply the shapers but the "inventors" of history. ("Whether or not Hearst had literally sunk the *Maine* was irrelevant,

---

*Victor Gold is* The American Spectator*'s national correspondent.*


SPECIAL OFFER

UNITED STATES LIBERTY
MS-60 $10. GOLD
PCGS & NGC CERTIFIED
$295. DELIVERED

LIMITED AVAILABILITY
$20 U.S. LIBERTY GOLD
PCGS & NGC MS-60 ONLY $495

CALL FOR OUR 10 COIN DISCOUNT
COMPLETE INVENTORY OF CERTIFIED COINS

CALIFORNIA GOLD
THE HOTTEST GOLD BULLION PIECE ON THE MARKET TODAY
CALL FOR DETAILS

TOLL-FREE HOTLINE:
1(800) 999-9269
Continental Coin Est. 1964




LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

because he, far more than Roosevelt, had made war not only inevitable but desirable.")

With *Hollywood*, Vidal expands this cynical (but arguably valid) thesis to take in "picture plays" on large screens that in the decades that followed would manipulate as well as define reality. Hearst travels west to extend his personal empire into the new field of movie-making. With him goes Carolyn Sanford, one of Vidal's fictional characters carried over from *Empire*. She becomes a film star in a World War I thriller titled *The Huns From Hell*, playing the role of a Red Cross nurse who saves her honor by immobilizing a thick-necked Prussian with a crucifix.

Here Vidal is at his satiric best; but regrettably, *Hollywood* has all too few such moments, and this reviewer, for one, found the going tedious when the story line whipsawed between Warren Harding's Georgetown and Douglas Fairbanks's Tinseltown. Yet even on an off-day Vidal doesn't entirely disappoint. Narrative aside, he offers readers a keyhole view of many of the personalities who helped Hearst shape U.S. history in the early years of the century, including:

*Woodrow Wilson*, in failing health. "The mouth was cretinously ajar. . . . The eyes were round and staring while the muscles were slack. Had this been Paris and the President a French boulevardier, Blaise could have named the drug he had been taking—opium. But this was the Capitol; and the President was a puritan."

*Warren Harding*, en route to the presidency. "He wore bright red galluses and a stiff detachable collar, snowy white in contrast to his olive-tinted face, whose regular features were ever so slightly blurred, giving satisfaction to those who enjoyed believing the never entirely discredited legend that the Hardings were a Negro family that had only recently . . . passed over to white."

*The Democratic ticket of 1920*, waiting for an audience with Wilson. "The presidential nominee, Governor James Cox of Ohio, was a small, thin-haired, apple-faced man . . . he seemed both self-important and awed. The vice presidential nominee was the thirty-eight-year-old Franklin D. Roosevelt; though incapable of awe for anyone except, perhaps, a fellow Roosevelt, he was very nervous."

Finally, out west, there is the docu-fictionalist Vidal's sketch of the fabled *Mabel Norman*, portrayed as "considerably sharper than the usual bovine American star. She was known to play jazz on the set, while her addiction to cocaine had given . . . new meaning to the phrase 'powder room.' "

Born, as it were, sixty years too soon for the Betty Ford Clinic and final redemption on the Oprah Winfrey show.

"In this incisive and uproarious satire on American politics," if we're to believe the dust jacket on Richard Condon's *Emperor of America*, "the author of *Prizzi's Honor* and *The Manchurian Candidate* turns his wicked eye on the 'Imperial Presidency'—with a real emperor ruling America in the not too distant future (which may already be upon us)."

The operative caution in that bit of flackery—a consumer's warning label for those familiar with the ham-handed irony of the disempowered left—is the telltale phrase, "which may already be upon us." Ronald Reagan was elected President in 1980, you see; then re-elected in 1984. What more need be said?

If anything, not what Condon offers up in *Emperor of America*. Better a month spent on Mario Cuomo's diary entries, if it's "uproarious satire" you're looking for, than even a quarter-hour on this herniated attempt at political burlesque, the worst by a major author since Philip Roth delivered himself of *Our Gang* (Remember? Nixon, Watergate, assorted other straw men).

But wait. Herb Mitgang of the *New York Times* thought this book a laugh-a-minute. Ditto the *Washington Post*'s critic. What's more, a rolling consensus of reviewers, coast-to-coast, finds this *Emperor*, written after all by one of the most esteemed liberal satirists of our time, to be well-attired indeed. Why then do I find it a literary embarrassment to a writer whose previous books I've enjoyed, a hyperventilating exercise in broad-assed wit of the sort that passed for political satire in college underground journals of the 1960s? Could it be that my own narrow ideological perspective has blindered me to the beauty part of Richard Condon's spoof of Reaganism?

Fair is fair. No need to go into the plot of this "incisive" political fable about an ongoing war between a post-Reagan U.S. and Nicaragua. A few swatches from the *Emperor*'s text should be enough to make a judgment:

*Excerpt, page 23:*
The traffic was horrendous because the streets all over the country were choked with the homeless; not just indigent men, not just the mentally ill, but whole families who had been unable to afford housing since the real estate lobby had come into its own when the Republicans had come into office in '68.

*Excerpt, page 65:*
Keifetz . . . was ardently committed to the Flag to which he referred affectionately as "Old Tootsie," and he led the sixty-seven person staff . . . each morning . . . in a massed Pledge of Allegiance in Latin . . . as it had been taken daily by the Roman legionnaires under Julius Caesar in 40 B.C. with: "I pledge allegiance to the balance of trade and to the Export-Import Bank for which it stands. For tax loopholes indivisible with a kiss-off and a promise for all."

*Excerpt, page 141:*
By the end of the tenth month of the establishment of the National Conference for Democracy in Dallas, political terror was at its height. The delegates had passed laws which were necessary, but through a national misunderstanding, because there did not seem to be a Federal government as they had known it, the American people, severely conditioned by the Republican party in the past, had happily assumed that they did not have to pay Federal taxes.

Enough already? Just tell me, have I missed something? *Hmmm*, I see. Oh well, I guess Mitgang had it right after all. Everybody knows conservatives have no sense of humor. □

## LEARNING BY HEART: AIDS AND SCHOOLCHILDREN IN AMERICA'S COMMUNITIES

David L. Kirp/Rutgers University Press/304 pp. $22.95

John R. Dunlap

Late in August 1987, in the central Florida farming town of Arcadia, an event occurred which flickered across national consciousness momentarily before disappearing into the memory hole of newscopy and editorial comment. Clifford and Louise Ray—the parents of three young hemophiliacs who had all been infected with the AIDS virus—had secured a federal court ruling that their three boys be allowed to attend the local grade school. The people of Arcadia demurred. They organized a boycott of the school, the Rays began receiving death threats over the telephone, and late on the night of August 28 the Rays' home was burned to the ground.

Given this hideous event as a leitmotif for David L. Kirp and his five research collaborators,[1] *Learning by Heart* comes off as an admirably restrained collection of nine representative stories about schoolchildren with AIDS and about the different reactions of different communities across the nation, from 1985 until 1987. In some cases, like that of Ryan White in Kokomo, Indiana, the locals got ugly and became what Kirp calls a "community of exclusion"; in others, like that of Mark Hoyle in Swansea, Massachusetts, the townspeople drew together as a "community of openness." In still other cases (occurring in places as diverse as Atascadero, California, and Queens, New York), a community gridlock had to be broken, to no one's complete satisfaction, by bureaucratic or judicial fiat. We are given to know that such stories continue, with uncertain resolution.

There is an added complication to the more recent tales of schoolchildren with AIDS, foreshadowed by some of the stories in *Learning by Heart*. Not all these kids (several thousand nationwide, by some estimates) are middle-class, telegenic hemophiliacs who contracted the AIDS virus from contaminated plasma. By 1985, donor-screening and a heat treatment that destroys the AIDS virus had made plasma safe for the regular care required by hemophiliacs. Consequently, more and more children infected with the virus have been, and will eventually almost exclusively be, among the offspring of the underclass—children whose mothers are either intravenous drug users or the sexual partners of druggies. Kirp, a professor of public policy at UC Berkeley, makes this point forcefully in an essay for the *Public Interest* ("The AIDS Perplex," Summer 1989), wherein he argues that community support will become even less certain for children with AIDS "as AIDS is increasingly ghettoized." With names changed to protect privacy, *Learning by Heart* also has a few tales about severely troubled underclass kids who are less obviously attractive than Ryan White or Mark Hoyle.

The stories are mostly compelling and sometimes riveting, told with a journalistic flair unusual in the writing of an academician and cut to the tastes of a wide audience; in fact, earlier versions of the Atascadero and Chicago stories appeared as feature articles in Sunday newspaper supplements, if you want some idea of the intended audience. From material amassed in dozens of interviews, Kirp selects pointed details and authentic dialogue to dramatize the "conflicting impulses for self-preservation and communion" in

[1]Steven Epstein, Marlene Strong Franks, Jonathan Simon, Douglas Conaway, and John Lewis. These five assistants receive minor billing on the dust cover.

*John R. Dunlap teaches English at Santa Clara University.*



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

American society. Amid such conflict and the intricate, often farcical machinations of local politics, Kirp uncovers many instances of personal heroism, of quietly competent professionalism, and of simple decency. He winds up his reportage with the plausible claim that the stories have "no tidy end." Some communities will respond warmly and supportively to children with AIDS; others, with no evidence that the children pose any hazard to public health, will find ways to treat such kids as pariahs.

Unfortunately, Kirp's keen observation hasn't stopped him from several attempts at his own brand of tidiness. All too often, he allows the voices of the turgid academic and the smug liberal to horn in on what seems to be his preferred voice as the journalist faithful to his story.

Kirp thus indulges a number of tics, the most annoying of which is an odd practice of citing, in erratic footnotes, a hodgepodge of titles from his professional library (e.g., Jules Henry's 1963 *Culture Against Man*, Dewey's 1927 *The Public and Its Problems*). He does so mostly to support sociological vacuities which he intermittently delivers with a dimwitted solemnity: "Students quickly learn that . . . the classroom is not an away-from-home family." Although he is good at dropping mordant comments ("Epidemiologists . . . showed up to educate and investigate. Reporters came to poke and pry"), his wit is often more catty than biting. Apparently miffed, for instance, by Norman Podhoretz's public roasting of homosexual behavior ("AIDS," Podhoretz wrote in a syndicated column, "is almost entirely a disease caught by men who bugger and are buggered by dozens or even hundreds of other men every year"), Kirp refers to the *Commentary* editor as "[New York] *Post* columnist Norman Podhoretz," rather like identifying William F. Buckley, Jr., as a New England harpsichordist.

A more serious mode of dismissiveness, however, is tied up in Kirp's habit of asserting uncritically whatever he takes, on whatever grounds, to be correct and enlightened. Off on his tangents as liberal moralizer, he treats too many issues as if they have been settled, as if no counterpoint can be deemed reasonable: that compulsory AIDS testing under any circumstances is bad; that AIDS testing should be kept secret; that homosexuality is not a pathology, nor even the symptom of a pathology; that the political term "homophobia" has an identifiable referent; that parental emphasis on chastity is "of uncertain value," while "education" in condom use is the sensible "approach"; that antiseptic promiscuity can be happily cherished as "safe sex," and so forth. These are all arguable propositions, and Kirp betrays himself as too much the child of his times when he treats the propositions as if they were demonstrated truths—even as he blandly identifies matters of truth and morality as "questions of value."

Lurking behind many of Kirp's assumptions about social policy and human behavior is an implicit atomism, an extreme form of the "don't tread on me" individualism which he explicitly rejects. The result is a distracting contradiction between the kind of community spirit he espouses and the civil libertarian sophomorisms to which he resolutely clings.

In his chapter on Chicago, for example, we get the following bit of folk wisdom mingled with a description of obnoxious LaRouchite kooks broadcasting their message from a sound truck:

> Wilmette police quickly put a stop to this campaign. They escorted the sound truck to the edge of town and shooed off the leafleters. Such tactics were constitutionally questionable, for even speech that offends the sensibilities of the right-minded enjoys the protections of the First Amendment, but the police could cite local ordinances banning sound trucks and requiring permits before leafleting.

But this sounds a mite too prim coming after a chapter wherein, just fifteen pages earlier, we get "a civics lesson" to the effect that "when civil discourse breaks down, the concept of rights, interpreted by a judge, ultimately defines the terms of membership in a community." With that cloudy paraphrase of Tocqueville, Professor Kirp drones on:

> It is the rights embedded in a national covenant that make it so hard for communities to banish the feared and disliked, whether they are Nazis in Skokie, Illinois, or blacks in Forsythe County, Georgia, or street people or homosexuals or children with AIDS.

So Nazis in Skokie, Illinois, have rights we needn't extend to LaRouchies in the Chicago suburb of Wilmette? Or what?

Of course, *Learning by Heart* is largely about human actions which, in Kirp's words, "go deeper than reason." But the heart, though it surely knows things which the head does not, must finally obey the head; no "depth beyond reason" permits us to suspend the law against contradiction. Kirp's habit of regarding arguable matters as demonstrable is exactly what constitutes the kind of fanaticism which he deplores in the LaRouchies and the hostile folks from Kokomo, Ocilla, and Queens. He risks violating charity as well as cogency each time he takes his mildly fanatic stand against fanaticism and moralizes against moralizers.

Too bad. *Learning by Heart*, a very absorbing and informative book, is also an evanescent book-of-the-hour. Without the intrusive predilections of its author, it might have been something more—and more lasting. □

## CORRESPONDENCE

(continued from page 9)

referring to the assistance the West might provide the Soviet bloc countries. In the very next paragraph, he says "do not sell them the advanced technology . . . which would strengthen their military establishment and shore up their weakening industrial base."

Obviously, it is going to be difficult to give someone the tools to develop wealth without at the same time invigorating their extant industrial base. Unfortunately, this is true whether we are speaking of "high" or "low" technology.

What's worse is that this problem remains even if you have enforceable controls on the technology, which is unlikely anyway. While you can avoid selling a Stealth bomber or two, it remains that any tools you do provide are going to improve industrial efficiency. That improvement seems to be what Mr. Ledeen recommends in the first half of his article. But any resources which are hence freed may be diverted to the maintenance of the state. The Soviets are unlikely to accept Western dictation as to the resources they may direct to the military, or to anything else, which is just as important. The point is that they *will have* better resources. The economic improvement, as Mr. Ledeen does say indirectly, will slow the complete acceptance of failure. While the human injury of totalitarianism will be lessened, the drive to eliminate Communism altogether will be correspondingly dissipated.

What I am implying then is that any assistance, of any sort other than advice about democracy and the like, will delay or prevent the achievement of the very goals at which we aim. This gloomy outlook, I am sorry to say, gets worse. As the tension between the Gorbachev movement and true freedom mounts, human suffering will increase. The political pressure in the West to "do something" may become irresistible, and the prospects for driving the stake through the political heart of Communism may slip away. Until that stake is driven home, tremendous caution is the only reasonable course. Good luck to all who need it.

*—Finn Poschmann*
*Ottawa, Ontario*

*Michael Ledeen replies:*
Mr. Poschmann has written an exceptionally useful letter, for which I am most grateful. I particularly like that "driving the stake through the political heart of Communism"; that's what it's all about, after all. Nonetheless, I think he's missed two fairly important points:

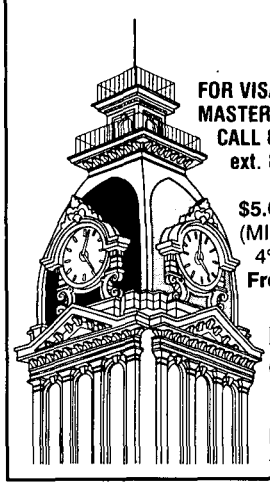
(1) All technology is not the same. For the past nine years, thanks to the unsung heroes of the Reagan years

MAN AND MIND:
A CHRISTIAN THEORY
OF PERSONALITY

Why are so many psychologists hostile to religious explanations of human behavior? In what has been hailed as a path-breaking study, nine psychologists, theologians and philosophers offer the reason: Thomas J. Burke, Stephen R. Briggs, Mary Vander Goot, Paul C. Vitz, Charles Ransford, Merold Westphal, William Kirk Kilpatrick, John S. Reist, Jr., and Mary Stewart Van Leeuwen.

*"This book examines one of the most important intellectual issues in the field of psychology today."*

RICHARD JOHN NEUHAUS,
Author
*The Naked Public Square*



**FOR VISA AND MASTERCARD ORDERS CALL 800-253-3200 ext. 801**

**$5.00 softbound**
(MI residents add 4% sales tax)
**Free Shipping!**

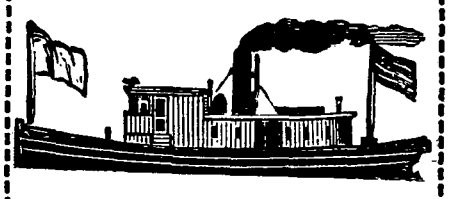
HILLSDALE COLLEGE PRESS
Hillsdale, MI 49242




LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

(Richard Perle, Steven Bryan, Roger Robinson, and William Clark being the primary figures in this happy story), the gap between Soviet military technology and Western military technology has grown steadily. This is because of the program of restricting militarily useful high tech to the USSR and the bloc, most of which has been conducted through an institution called COCOM. Those who have not looked closely at this matter invariably say, with Mr. Poschmann, that enforceable controls on such technology is "unlikely." But they exist. And if you doubt their efficacy, why is it that Gorbachev and Shevardnadze never fail to lambaste COCOM in their speeches to Western Europe? The program of export controls has strangled them, and as much as anything else we have done, it has doomed the Soviet system. Unlike money, technology is not fungible. They cannot match us, and cannot produce themselves the quality and level of technology across the board that we do. Foolish people in the Commerce and State Departments are now busily caving in on export controls, which is the great sin of the current period. They are able to do it because even thoughtful and well-informed observers like Mr. Poschmann aren't aware of what has been done, and its devastating effect.

(2) Helping the development of capitalism in Eastern Europe is not the same as giving money to the state and helping vestigial Communism survive. To be sure, there aren't many capitalists in Eastern Europe nowadays, but insofar as we can help train them, we should. This is not assistance; it gives them the tools to build democratic capitalism.

MOVING?
Don't forget *TAS*

Address Changes Made Easy

1. Please write your new address in the space provided.
2. Attach the mailing label from your most recent issue.
3. Return this form to us at the address listed below.

That's all there is to it. Just be sure to allow six weeks for your change to take effect.

THE AMERICAN SPECTATOR
Circulation Department
P.O. Box 10448
Arlington, VA 22210-1448

(Please attach address label here.)
IMPORTANT
Allow six weeks for address change

☐ Renew my subscription for one year (twelve issues—$30)
☐ Payment enclosed
☐ Bill me later

Name: _____ (please print)
Address: _____
_____
City: _____
State: _____ Zip: _____
Date of change: _____


**The Vision Thing**

I read with pleasure RET's column "Let Us Give Thanks" in the January issue. It's about time amidst all the "Man of the Decade" fever that somebody gave credit where it's due.

But there is one point worth mentioning: I agree, having read widely in the literature myself, that no academic, historian, or Sovietologist foresaw what is happening today in the Eastern bloc. However, there is in fact one writer who did: Robert A. Heinlein.

In 1950 Heinlein published an article titled "Where To?" intended to give an outline of what the world might look like in the year 2000. Among other predictions, one stands out: "We will not achieve a World State in the predictable future. Nonetheless, Communism will vanish from this planet."

On revising the article fifteen years later Heinlein wrote, "I stand flatly behind [this] prediction." In a further revision in 1980 he hedged a bit, mostly out of disgust with the policies of the U.S. government over the previous twenty years. He added, however, that the one thing which would hasten the collapse of Communism would be the withdrawal of Western support: "We have been propping them up whenever they have been in real trouble (frequently!) for about half a century."

Needless to say, little attention was ever paid to this, mainly because the original article was published in a science fiction magazine and revised only for the author's own collections. There were just too many Kennans and Lattimores around to harken to a dilettante, and one working in a despised genre at that. And yet . . .

*—J. R. Dunn*
*New Brunswick, New Jersey*

**Go Away!**

When I read Gregory A. Fossedal's praise of Julian L. Simon's latest book on immigration (review of *The Economic Consequences of Immigration, TAS*, February 1990), I was reminded of Edmund Burke's lament about the arrival of "sophisters, economists, and calculators." For in Simon and his adepts we have the justification of immigration—even the illegal variety—basically on the ground that the practice yields more taxes than the immigrants will absorb. Even assuming Simon to be right for the moment, it doesn't follow that this will always be the case, as witness Fossedal's concern in his review that American welfarism may envelope immigrants too. (And why should this be a surprise? What likelier candidates for government aid, in the eyes of liberals, than newly arrived immigrants?) Further, a good many jobs immigrants create are for family and other ethnic members only; a lot of good they'll do someone else. I've yet to read Simon's book (libraries are slow in ordering and I'm not wealthy) so I can hardly dispute his arguments. There is, however, growing evidence against many of the earlier pro-immigration economic arguments that have been offered, not all of which are racist (or "racialist," as Fossedal puts it, unless he merely means "having to do with race"). There are economic costs in the way of crime control and the like, not to mention the pervasive effect crime has on the economic community.

The venality of economic justification alone of immigration is apparent in many of the writings of those such as Fossedal, in that even illegal immigrants should be allowed into the U.S. Have these authors (generally conservative) given a moment's thought to what they're advocating? Remarkable that they should think a nation should be borderless, as if we were still in the Garden of Eden or some such. Even efforts to stem illegal immigration are decried, thus encouraging a sort of civil disobedience. . . . The world is a dangerous place, and the borderless flow of labor, while perhaps an ideal, is not yet to be safely practiced.

*—Ross Nelson*
*Milwaukee, Wisconsin*

**Goliath vs. David**

If anger was all that Saul David (Correspondence, *TAS*, March 1990) got out of my response to Alex Heard's "Brat" article it points either to (a) why I'm not a published writer or (b) why Mr. David is no longer editorial director at Bantam. I hope he gave it another read.

Regardless of syntax, tangled or not, my letter was not a vote for or against Brats, post-Brats, or any category of writer contrived by a media overanxious to generate controversy. I support writers, their disparate voices and forms, and criticism of their work which aspires to be sincere and insightful.

What I fear is the dwindling of these elements when the media, and a public, exhibit more interest in author lifestyles, publishing mechanism, and self-infatuation than in the content of a book. It's bad enough that books are marketed like household products, that writers have to be mandatorily celebritized to assist in the sell, and that readers, before they even open a cover, are drowned in advertising. It's worse when purportedly literary critics help. If anything, Alex Heard's article, disguised in trenchancy, simply advanced the lightweight-and-disposable ethic attending contemporary literature. He assumed Mr. Ames's and Mr. Schwartz's guilt before proving it. He didn't go into the books with anything resembling a light. His route was peripheral because it supported his contrived "Brat Pack II" angle best. When this happens, and when writers are forced to or on their own consider their work a "product," anything good about a book—its vision, the dialogue it may engender, its offerings to art and life—hasn't much of a chance to exist, to grow, to challenge or change anything. The world of books becomes a closed system, totalitarian, a concept '50s diner for fun and profit.

But when it comes down to siding with either critics or first-time authors, Saul David, sure, I'll go with the authors, "monotone, dripping-faucet cadences" or not. Authors are pawns in the game. Critics are the duplicitous bishops.

*—S. W. Mason*
*New York, New York*

**Nothing Personal**

I was introduced to *The American Spectator* by my boyfriend, Bill, as an undergraduate at Johns Hopkins. When each issue would arrive, Bill would devour it in one sitting and then pass it along to his roommate, Steve. Steve took a little longer to get through the issue, but would subsequently pass it along to me. After I read it from cover to cover, the now dog-eared copy would make its way to Rachel, Steve's girlfriend (notice the hierarchy here).

Bill's solitary subscription to *TAS* blossomed into four when we all graduated in 1986 and went on to separate graduate schools. Two of the subscriptions have since merged into one when Steve and Rachel tied the knot last summer. Bill and I will be planning a similar "merger" when I finish my degree and move to his place in Philadelphia this winter. For this reason I will not be renewing my subscription. I just wanted you to know the circumstances for my subscription lapse, and not to take it personally.

*—Megan Moynahan*
*Cleveland, Ohio*



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

# CLASSIFIEDS

## HELP WANTED

*THE AMERICAN SPECTATOR*
**ASSISTANT MANAGING EDITOR.** Journalism or related degree and at least two years relevant experience required.

Send resume to: David Shanahan, *TAS*, P.O. Box 10448, Arlington, Virginia 22210-1448.

**DON'T INTERN IN WASHINGTON, D.C. THIS SUMMER!** *The American Spectator*, located just two miles from Washington on the American side of the Potomac River, seeks interns for Summer 1990. Gain valuable publishing experience working with either our editorial or business staff. June through August.
Contact: David Shanahan, *TAS*, P.O. Box 10448, Arlington, VA 22210-1448.

## AUTHORS

PUBLISH YOUR BOOK! Join our successful authors. All subjects invited. Publicity, advertising, beautiful books. Send for fact-filled booklet and free manuscript report. Carlton Press, Dept. ASE, 11 West 32 Street, New York, NY 10001.

## BOOKS

OUT OF PRINT BOOKS LOCATED. Free search. No Obligation. Whitted Books, Box 603-SP, Fairmont, NC 28340.

**PARTISAN BOOKS**
Used, Out-of-Print, Rare
Buckley, Kirk, Nock, etc.
**Free List**
Box 549, Iowa City, Iowa 52244.

**MARTYRDOM BY GUILLOTINE!**
Soon millions face this in preference to the rule of the Beast (Revelation 20:4). Order **CREATION AND CULMINATION**. Send $10.80 to D&S Distributors, P.O. Box 296, Chester, NJ 07930.

**JAYNE'S BOOKSEARCH**
*OLD & RARE BOOKS*
*Bought • Used • Sold • Searched*
*Estate Libraries*
*325 Valley Rd.* *Adam Kaplan, Prop.*
*Havertown, PA 19083* *Open 9-5:30*
*(215) 449-1679* *Monday-Saturday*

***Despite the Blacklist...***
•PROBLEMS IN AMERICAN CULTURE•
Timely as world headlines, this anthology confronts the dangers of leftism & liberalism. Essays by Viereck Hedley Tiger Dannhauser Corwin Kessler Wooster Harcourt Dworkin Tartini Olson & others. $10.95 PP
*"...says practically everything I believe but never hear said or see in print. If only every American student and professor would read it."*
*Karl Shapiro*
*Pulitzer Prize poet*
**EXILE PRESS**
**241 South Temelec Circle**
**Sonoma, CA 95476**

## BOOKS

OLD BOOKSCOUT locates out of print books. Write Greenmantle, POB 1777 AS, Culpeper, VA 22701.

PRESIDENTIAL BIOGRAPHIES. Send 25¢ stamp for monthly listing of available titles. New & out-of-print books. American Political Biography, B-39 Boggs Hill Road, Newtown, CT 06470.

**BOOKMINE**
*OLD & RARE BOOKS*
Bought • Sold • Searched
1015 2nd Street
Old Sacramento, California 95814
(916) 441-4609
Steve Mauer
Daily 10-5
Thur.-Sat. till 9

## PUBLICATIONS

START "PENPAL CLUB"—INFO KIT $5. MEDITECH, 3494 Washington, Cleveland, OH 44118.

**Sexism** *Men — Fight Back!!!*
*Stand up for your rights! Beat the divorce racket & all other anti-male discrimination*

*Read* ***The Liberator***
Big monthly newsmagazine. Top writers. Commonsense on all gender issues. Hard hitting answer to feminism! It's about time! Get aboard! $20 yr. with this TAS coupon.
*Men's Rights Association*
17854 Lyons, St. Forest Lake, MN 55025

## VIDEOTAPES

FILM CLASSICS. Send SASE for free catalog to STAR RECORDINGS, 2765 W5 St, Bklyn, NY 11224.

## EDUCATION & INSTRUCTION

HOME STUDY COLLEGE
DEGREE PROGRAMS
60 Sem. credits req'd. Finish BS, MBA, MA, PhD, JD/Law Degree. BA Challenge Exam (3 yr. prior college req'd). Year round. No classroom attendance. Free information.
CITY UNIVERSITY LOS ANGELES
3960 Wilshire Boulevard
Los Angeles, CA 90010-3306
1-800-262-8388
1-213-382-3801

Audio-cassette/book courses in Arabic, Hebrew, Chinese, French, German, Spanish, Greek, Japanese, and 48 others. Comprehensive. Used by U.S. State Dept. Call or write for free catalog:
**Learn a foreign language on your own!**
AUDIO-FORUM THE LANGUAGE SOURCE
**1-800-243-1234**
Dept. 627
Guilford, CT 06437

**SPEAK FRENCH OR ANY LANGUAGE AS U.S. DIPLOMATS DO!**
Self-study audiocassette courses developed for U.S. State Dept. now at **savings up to 60%!** Call or write for FREE catalog **1-800-722-6394.**
**AUDIO-LANGUAGE INSTITUTE®**
516 Fifth Avenue, Dept. 65, Suite 507, NY, NY 10036.

## MERCHANDISE

BEAUTIFUL STERLING SILVER puff heart pendant, $10 Free Brochure MAILWARE 170 Boston Post Rd., #160, Madison, CT 06443.

## MERCHANDISE

SOUTH AFRICA FACTFILE documents all significant events/personalities/issues in 132-card desktop information system. Save hours of research for only $11. National Center for Public Policy Research, 300 Eye St. NE #3, Washington, DC 20002. 160-item catalog free.

DAN QUAYLE WATCH! Quartz, $35, JAR, P. O. Box 10707, Arlington, VA 22210.

THE CONSERVATIVE CALENDAR, 1990—Only $4.00 plus $1.50 postage and handling (marked down from $9.95). **It's never too late** for high quality color photographs of today's favorite conservatives (William F. Buckley, Jr., Ronald Reagan, Jack Kemp). Every day highlights events significant to conservatives. (For example, February 3, 1962—U.S. bans trade with Cuba). Money back guarantee if not completely satisfied. Send check or money order to:
The Conservative Calendar
P.O. Box 44084
Washington, DC 20026

## BUSINESS OPPORTUNITIES

AGGRESSIVE ENTREPRENEURS: key leaders who can recruit, train, and supervise a large sales force are urgently needed for a rapidly expanding international AAAA D&B company. Environmental sales over $500,000,000 in 1989; geometric rise in 1990s. Fortunes will be made, as timing does create wealth. Superfast start with $135,000. Call 800-848-4147.

## COMPUTER SOFTWARE

**WISDOM OF THE AGES**
First electronic book of quotes, sayings and ideas brings over 1,000 of the world's greatest minds to PC screens and printers.
Select a subject. Use the vivid parade of timeless knowledge to act, write and speak better; earn more.
UNSOLICITED USER COMMENTS
*"Your program is a jewel . . ."* W.H. Washington, D.C.
*"It's a terrific idea and program . . ."* J.R. Ontario, Canada
*". . . A great program! The colors really are beautiful! The layout and organization of the whole program is superb! . . ."* K.B. Los Angeles, CA
*"I'm impressed . . . an awe-inspiring job . . ."* C.S. Mexico City, Mexico
**Introductory Offer: $79.00 for all 5 disks.**
30 day money-back guarantee.
Add $2.00 S/H. CA residents add 7% tax.
**MCR Agency, Inc.**
6116 Merced Av. #81AS
Oakland, CA 94611
**1-800-767-6797**
FAX 415-444-6561

## MISCELLANEOUS

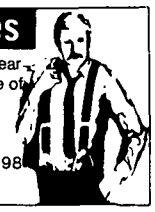
IN THE BIG CITY STREETS
You can see the homeless, unemployed gathered around escaping steam to get a measure of warmth. Shouldn't this steam be contained and metered so these free riders can pay just LIKE THE REST OF US? Better yet—send SASE to unemployment-ending, year 'round paying, all-involving
EVEN AGE WORK FORCE
BOX 2243
YOUNGSTOWN, OHIO 44504

## MISCELLANEOUS

**AUDIO DIGEST**
**A "sound" solution to those pressing media problems, a comprehensive and compact audio cassette featuring 12 or more of the nations outstanding conservative columnists, commentators and government leaders.**
**Each month these experts offer their erudite views of the major topics of the day and provide unique insights into the whirligig world of Washington politics and polemics. From championing the free enterprise system to defending the Constitution, these leading political and economic insiders tell the other side of the story the liberal media tells.**
**SEND FOR A *FREE* 60 MINUTE AUDIO CASSETTE.**
**AUDIO DIGEST Box 6 Springfield VA. 22150**

WASHINGTON, DC AREA readers: Long-time *American Spectator* writer has room for rent in spacious suburban Virginia house. $550/month includes all utilities, meals, laundry, maid service. Interesting and quiet living conditions. For details, please write: *TAS*, P. O. Box 10448, Arlington, VA 22210-1448.

**CLEAN BLOOD PROTECTION**
**Be in Control of Your Life**
More people now believe they can build strong blood quality and, thereby, protect themselves from "social diseases."
This non-profit organization assists its members, provides reliable information and fosters dependable support.
For FREE MEMBERSHIP INFORMATION WRITE:
BLOOD LINE, INCORPORATED
P.O. BOX 7219
BEVERLY HILLS, CA 90212-7219

**Suspenders/Braces**

More and more well-dressed men wear them! The largest selection anywhere of fine, hard-to-find suspenders/braces. Free brochure.
**BERNARDO**, 2400 Westheimer, Suite 108W(T), Houston, Texas 77098
(713) 526-2686

## PERSONALS

ASIAN LADIES DESIRE CORRESPONDENCE! Overseas, sincere, attractive. World's #1 Service! SUNSHINE INTERNATIONAL-Dept. HE, Box 5500, Kailua-Kona, Hawaii 96745. (808) 325-7707.

ATTRACTIVE ORIENTAL LADIES seeking correspondence, marriage. Dignified presentations by American/Asian couple. Asian Experience (since 1984), Box 1214TR, Novato, CA 94948. (415) 897-2742.

**CLASSIFIED ORDER FORM**
**Rates:** $1.00 per word
($5 extra for *TAS* box number if desired.)
$30 per column inch for classified display ads.
Pre-payment required for all ads.
**Special Discount Offer: Pre-pay for 3 ads—get a 4th ad free.**
Enclosed is: $_____ for ____ insertions.
Ad classification: _____
Name: _____ (please print)
Address: _____
City: _____
State: _____
Zip: _____
Send ad copy with this form to:
THE AMERICAN SPECTATOR
Classified Department
P.O. Box 10448, Arlington, VA 22210-1448



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

# CURRENT WISDOM

**Washington Post Book World**

How the lowly Vice President George Bush overcame the Dukakis hordes, as recounted by Mr. Reid Beddow whilst reviewing Peggy Noonan's White House memoir and consuming a little hooch:

Noonan stays at the White House for four years, quitting after a certain cynicism has set in and after her marriage has gone bad (the private Peggy Noonan is only hinted at here). At book's end, she comes roaring out of retirement like some queen in Irish mythology to rescue the floundering presidential candidacy of George Bush. A few months later, she writes for Bush the speech accepting the Republican nomination which arguably elects him president.

*[February 4, 1990]*

**The Great Pamphlets Series**

In a transcribed conversation with Marvin Kalb, Dan Rather once again proves that insanity can be amusing:

Now, who's responsible for teaching? I think those of us who have the trust and get whatever money and glory there is to be had in broadcast news, there's a heavy responsibility for us in this. But it's one that's also shared by a lot of other people in this society. And I think it's unrealistic to hold us totally responsible for an education system that badly needs restructuring and overhaul. That if 60%, or whatever the percentage figure is of high school students in this country that cannot locate Mexico or France on the map, that's a problem for me as a broadcast journalist and one that I want to address. And we have tried to address, saying wait a minute, maybe we aren't doing enough with geography in the news. Maybe we need to give a picture of the region, the country, and the city as we do this broadcast and we have made new attempts to do that. We have a responsibility, but that responsibility starts in elementary school and up through junior high school and high school, college, that there is a listener or viewer gap, to a large degree, that the society needs to address all the more so since we're dealing with an increasingly interdependent world. I think the case could have been made, probably was made in my mother and father's time and perhaps yours, of saying, well, after all we're a long way away and what happens in the Balkans, unless it happens to cause a world war or a worldwide economic depression, is not all that important. But nobody even makes that argument anymore.

So it's a long answer, but it was a long question. It's an important question and one that we have to keep groping with and trying to find better ways to do it.

*["A Conversation With Dan Rather," moderated by Marvin Kalb. The Joan Shorenstein Barone Center on the Press, Politics and Public Policy, John F. Kennedy School of Government, Harvard University, 1990]*

**Sacramento Bee**

How Miss Beverly Bird practices mind control to turn her red-blooded American students into complacent little artichokes:

The morning after the Douglas-Tyson fight, about six of my first-grade boys came in the classroom talking excitedly about the boxers. They were twisting their bodies and mimicking them.

I called them all up to the front and we sat down and talked about the fight. They were naturally quoting what they had heard from adults they had been around. Then I said, "Close your eyes and picture two grown men in a ring, bashing each other's brains out, hitting each other, throwing each other, making fat lips and blind eyes and brain damage. Can you think of one good thing about that? I'll give you one minute to think about it."

All of the excitement of the fight was gone. No one could think of one good reason, and we went on with our day.

*—Beverly Bird*
*Harkness Elementary School*
*[February 25, 1990]*

**Memorandum**

(American Embassy, Luxembourg)

Our State Department's secret police in action as revealed in an uncoded memorandum snatched by one of our own Daniel Ellsbergs:

TO: Bob Feller
Denis Boulianne
GySgt. Ciccarelli
THROUGH: ADMIN-Mr. Terry
FROM: DCM
SUBJECT: Smoking in Official Vehicles

In the memo of September 13, it was clearly stated that smoking in official vehicles is prohibited by Federal regulation. The memo made it clear that smoking in the vehicles is not permitted ever.

Despite this clear instruction personnel have continued to smoke in the vehicles. Several subterfuges to smoke in the vehicles are being used to get around the regulation: leaving the windows open while smoking in the car while moving, or leaving the windows open after leaving the car parked, or leaving the door opened while parked and waiting. All of these tricks are of no use as the unpleasant smoke odor remains.

Persons addicted to nicotine do not realize, or choose to ignore, the obnoxious odor left from tobacco/cigarettes/cigars: bad breath, yellowed teeth, smelly clothes, stained fingers and mess from cigarette/cigar ashes. The smell from cigarettes/cigars permeates fabric and remains in the vehicles. Federal health reports have repeatedly made clear the adverse affect [sic] of involuntary secondary smoke inhalation on non-smokers who are forced to put up with forced smoke inhalation from persons smoking. For these health and other safety reasons the Federal Government banned smoking in vehicles and in general office areas.

*[January 11, 1990]*

**New York Times**

Professor Arthur Schlesinger, Jr., college-educated and a personal acquaintance of many members of the literati, unveils a new spelling for "Know-Nothing." Incidentally, Professor Schlesinger appeared in this department two months ago spelling Tyrrell "Tyrell":

Bishop Vaughan and Cardinal O'Connor are pursuing a weird course. They seem to be doing their best to verify the fears long cherished by the No-Nothings. . . .

*[February 3, 1990]*

**Santa Barbara News-Press**

High society leaps still higher in progressive Santa Barbara:

Gail Serences Clark and Mary Elizabeth Savage recited vows in a holy union Dec. 2 in Santa Barbara, where a reception followed.

Clark, the daughter of the late Betty and Lou Serences, is a sales assistant with Paine Webber, Inc. She graduated from Hemet High School and earned her associate's degree from Santa Barbara City College.

Savage is an office manager and student. She graduated from Dos Pueblos High School and earned her bachelor's degree from Old Dominion University in Norfolk, Va.

The couple are at home in Santa Barbara after a honeymoon trip to San Diego.

*[December 24, 1989]*

**Handbill**

(Radcliffe College)

A promise of soporific proceedings at one of the great institutions of higher education in the Republic:

**From Asymmetrical Confrontation to Cooperation: U.S.-Caribbean Relations in the 1990's and Beyond**

Rising poverty and repeated military interventions in the Caribbean underscore the region's lack of self-determination. A genuine solution to this problem has, in the past, been preempted by the U.S. drive for "national security," defined by an all-too conservative scholarship and compliant domestic political constituency. Dessima Williams employs concepts of self-determination, common security and mutual survival, as well as the font of proposals from peace organizations, to open up new approaches to this complex field of international relations and public policy. Her work envisions a U.S.-Caribbean relations where the asymmetrical confrontation of today will be replaced by mutual survival and cooperation. Williams is a former ambassador from Grenada. She is a frequent public speaker, author of several articles on the Caribbean and is preparing a book on *Achieving Sovereignty Under Conditions of Hegemony.*

*[Wednesday, March 14, 1990 at 3:30 p.m. Gilman Room of Agassiz House at Radcliffe Yard, Cambridge, MA 02138]*

**High Country News**

(Paonia, Colorado)

A useful communiqué to a local intellectual review from a rising force in Academe:

Nice to know that there is now a book that addresses this other human impact that we would all rather not talk about . . . *How to Shit in the Woods*, by Kathleen Meyer, reviewed in *HCN* Nov. 6. But the book was published in California, and I would ask if it addresses the issue of proper defecation etiquette in the arid West?

As part of San Francisco State University's "Colorado Plateau Program," our class (fall 1986) was instructed on the essentials of proper pooping during a session on low-impact camping near Zion National Park. We were told that if you did not dig your "cat hole" over one foot deep, the chances were good that it would be dug up by some other critter. . . . Some arid region tips: 1) Bury your shit. 2) Covering the hole with a rock will help avoid re-excavation by our smaller mammal relations, but a deep burial is also important. 3) Do "it" on the north side of a boulder, tree or shady area. This will increase the odds of the moisture retention of the soil, and therefore the "decomposer organisms." 4) Carefully burn the toilet paper that you can, throw what you cannot into your cat hole and bury (or pack it out). 5) Keeping your "liquids and solids" in the same place will aid in the decomposition of the solid faction. 6) A stick or rock can be used to dig a hole, but may be more difficult than with a trowel. One trowel can be shared during backpacking adventures with a group, just as the stove may be seen as a community item.

*—James Dryer*
*Flagstaff, Arizona*

For his master's degree, the writer studies human coprolites (fossilized excrement) that are found in archaeological sites in the Glen Canyon area.

*[January 29, 1990]*

**New Republic**

The panorama of the present as depicted by Mr. David Rieff entoiled in a writerly rapture:

Now it is no longer morning in America, Reagan has given evidence in California, and minimalism is showing signs of running out of the extremely low-octane gas on which it has been operating. New clichés have begun elbowing their way forward. The Bush administration has already delivered up the War on Drugs and the invasion of Panama, ventures that, whatever else may be said about them, were anything but impassive. Where Reagan always seemed imperturbable, Bush splutters. And it's not so different out in literary land, tonally if not politically. If the 1980s were cool, a time of epic dispassion and the muting of origins, the 1990s will be almost certainly hot and fulminant, a time of strong effects and dueling ethnicities.

*[April 2, 1990]*



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"A Stag at Sharkey's", George Bellows, 1917.

# A success story that started with a four-letter word: Guts.

## Forbes now ranks second in ad pages among all magazines.

Over the course of 72 years, Forbes has built a tradition of gutsy, hard-hitting reporting that's made big fans of America's top executives. As well as savvy advertisers, who now have made biweekly Forbes second in ad pages ahead of traditional weeklies like TV Guide, People, Time, Newsweek, Sports Illustrated and U.S. News.

Forbes' success story is proof positive that top management prefers coverage that doesn't pull punches. In fact, more senior officers in America's largest companies say that Forbes gives them better information on companies—and offers them better judgments and insights—than either Business Week or Fortune.* And of the three, more rate Forbes their favorite.*

*1989 Market Facts

But while Forbes attracts the high and the mighty of the business firmament, advertisers are mighty glad to find that it's the lowest cost way of reaching them.

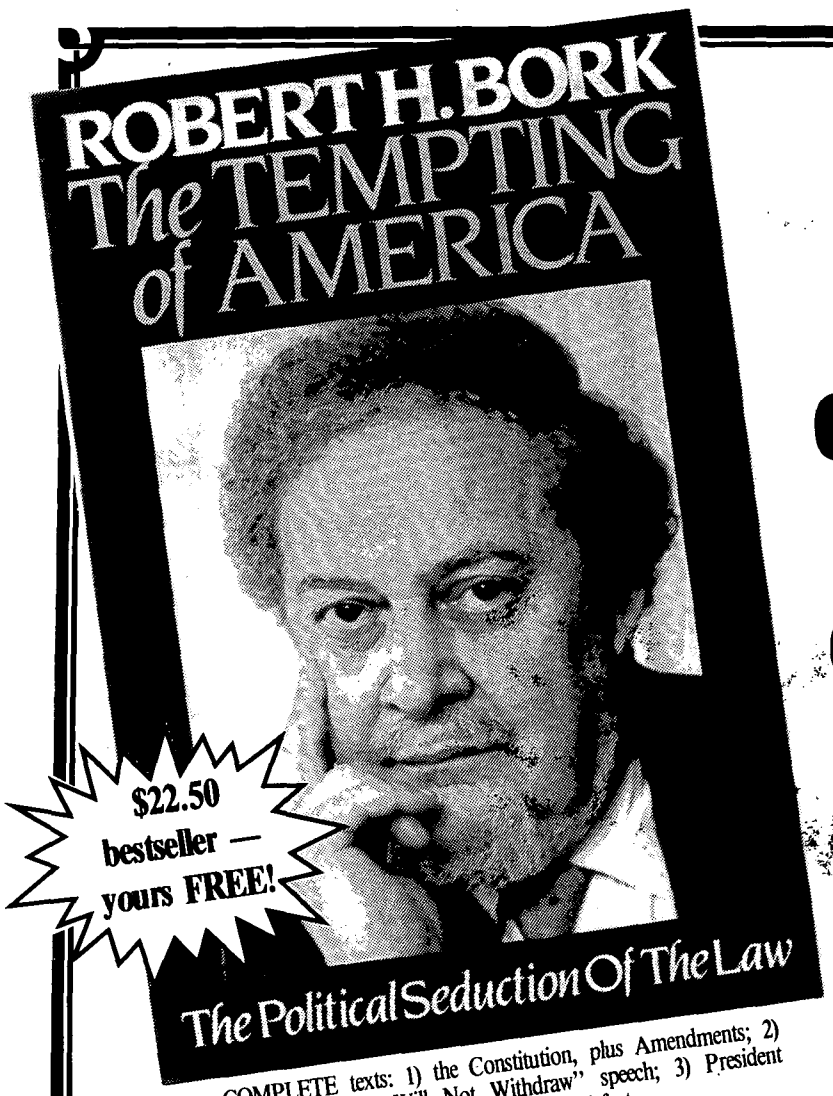
No doubt this is why Forbes is consistently ranked by the Publishers Information Bureau high among the topmost in advertising pages. And now only one magazine, which publishes twice as many issues a year, is—for now—still a bit ahead of us.

If you want what you're selling to be a hit with the heavyweights, run your ads in the magazine whose gutsy coverage grabs them. Forbes.

## No guts. No story.

Forbes
Capitalist Tool®
Forbes Magazine—60 Fifth Ave., N.Y., NY 10011

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED




COMPLETE texts: 1) the Constitution, plus Amendments; 2) Judge Bork's "I Will Not Withdraw" speech; 3) President Reagan's warm letter after Judge Bork's defeat.

# National bestseller — and the most important conservative book of our time

*"Belongs among the few masterpieces of American political reflection"*
—GEORGE WILL in *Newsweek*

**Now it's Judge Bork's turn, and he doesn't disappoint. Listen to this chorus of praise, each review vying with George Will's in enthusiasm . . .**

"Brilliant . . . profound, learned, and sophisticated, yet written with a style and passion that make it absorbing."—MILTON FRIEDMAN

"A blockbuster . . . may well alter the course of our legal and social history . . . Judge Bork, in writing it, has served his country almost as well as he would have served it on the court."—WILLIAM A. RUSHER, syndicated column

"Punctures liberalism's claim to moral superiority by showing the left as the source of today's anti-intellectual yahooism."—*Wall Street Journal*

"The most powerful, most readable — and wisest — book on constitutional law to have been published in this century."—IRVING KRISTOL

## *How to get this $22.50 bestseller FREE*

### How the Club Works

Every 4 weeks (13 times a year) you get a free copy of the Club Bulletin which offers you the Featured Selection plus a good choice of Alternates — all of interest to conservatives. ★ If you want the Featured Selection, do nothing; it will come automatically. ★ If you don't want the Featured Selection, or you do want an Alternate, indicate your wishes on the handy card enclosed with your Bulletin and return it by the deadline date. ★ The majority of Club books will be offered at 20-50% discounts, plus a charge for shipping and handling. ★ As soon as you buy and pay for 3 books at regular Club prices, your membership may be ended at any time, either by you or by the Club. ★ If you ever receive a Featured Selection without having had 10 days to decide if you want it, you may return it at Club expense for full credit. ★ Good service. No computers! ★ The Club will offer regular Superbargains, mostly at 70-90% discounts plus shipping and handling. Superbargains do NOT count toward fulfilling your Club obligation, but do enable you to buy fine books at giveaway prices. ★ Only one membership per household.

**CONSERVATIVE BOOK CLUB**
**15 OAKLAND AVENUE • HARRISON, N.Y. 10528**

Please accept my membership in the Club and send FREE my copy of Robert Bork's $22.50 bestseller, *The Tempting of America*. I agree to buy 3 additional books at regular Club prices over the next 18 months. I also agree to the Club rules spelled out in this coupon. AS-89

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED